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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

EIGHTH BOOK

"The Glimpse of Reynard in the Moonlight"

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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

EIGHTH BOOK

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PREFACE

There are many readers in the market which are highly satisfactory and of great merit, but there is little doubt that there is opportunity for a series of the type that is represented by this volume. In the upper grades of the elementary school the purpose of the work in reading is not merely to furnish an opportunity for drill in oral expression; it should also have as a distinct aim the development of interest in good literature and should expose the child to samples of many types of English prose and verse. While in some systems it is considered preferable to emphasize in the reading period the careful study of certain selected classics, in the judgment of the editors of this series it is highly desirable that our students be given an opportunity to come in contact with a more extended group of selections than is possible without the use of a school reader.

There has been a deliberate effort to bring together as large an amount of fresh material as is possible and it is believed that there will be found fewer selections in these volumes which have been used in other readers than in any other similar collection of material. Great care has been exercised in securing selections of inherent interest to the pupils. In too many cases in readers now in general use much of the material is distinctly beyond the intellectual comprehension of the child. While the editors are not averse to using some selections of this sort, yet the greater portion should be of a type which the child would be glad to pick up and read voluntarily. The teaching of English literature both in the elementary school and in secondary schools fails in the great majority of cases in the development of a taste for reading of a worthy character. It is too much to hope that students within the limited opportunities of a school reader, can go far in the develop-

ment of such interest, but many of these selections should operate to stimulate the child's desire to read more of a similar character. Teachers who have become interested in the unquestioned value of silent reading as a factor in the development of the child's equipment can make good use of these volumes for this purpose. The editors suggest that so far as possible children be encouraged to bring into the class for silent reading, selections suggested by the interests developed in the regular reading work. While keenly aware of the fact that the whole subject of English in the elementary and junior high school is in process of reconstruction, the editors submit this series, confident that it contains much of interest and value to the students of the upper grades of our elementary schools.

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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

EIGHTH BOOK

HANDS ALL ROUND

ALFRED TENNYSON

Gigantic daughter of the West,
  We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
  For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
  Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
  But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
    Hands all round!
  God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
  And the great name of England, round and round.

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
  When the war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe through your guns!
  They *can* be understood by kings.
You must not mix our Queen with those
  That wish to keep their people fools;
Our freedom's foemen are her foes,
  She comprehends the race she rules.
    Hands all round!
  God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
  And the great cause of Freedom, round and round.

NOTES

Born, at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809.
Died, at Aldsworth, England, October 6, 1892.
Tennyson as England's poet laureate wrote this poem as a toast to many lands. Part of the poem was sung at the Queen's birthday celebration May 24, 1882. For the complete poem see Tennyson's complete works.

THE BOY OF CADORE

KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

The boy's eyes were dark as the hearts of the daisies he carried, and they gazed wistfully after the horseman who was dashing along the white highway.

"Think of it, Catarina!" he exclaimed. "He rides to the wonderful city."

Catarina looked at her brother as if she did not understand. There were many towns along the road that ribboned away to the south, each of which seemed large indeed to the mountain girl, yet she had never thought of them as wonderful.

"The wonderful city?" she repeated. "Where is that, Tiziano?"

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in surprise. "As if it could be other than Venice, the great city of St. Mark!"

But the name did not thrill black-eyed Catarina. Older than her brother, and far less of a dreamer, she had heard that dreadful things happened in the city, and that sometimes people went hungry there. In the mountains there was food enough and to spare, and though no one was rich and lived in palaces with tapestried walls and gorgeous furnishings, neither were there any very poor. So she shrugged her shoulders and replied: "Oh, Venice! I don't know why you call that wonderful. Graziano, the weaver, has been there many times, and

he thinks it not half as nice as our own Cadore. There are no mountains there, nor meadows where wild flowers grow. Are you tired of the Dolomites, Tiziano?"

"Ah, no!" came the earnest reply. "But the artists live in the city, and if I could go there, I might study with Bellini, and paint some of the things that are in my heart."

Catarina was just a practical village girl, who thought that if one had enough to eat and wear, he ought to be satisfied. So her voice was chiding and a bit impatient as she answered.

"You talk so much about painting, and seeing things no one else sees, that the villagers say unless you get over your dreaming ways, you will grow up to be of no account. That is why father thinks of apprenticing you to Luigi, the cobbler. For he can teach you his trade, which would be far better than always thinking about Venice. For, Tiziano, there are other things in the world beside painting."

Tiziano shook his head, but did not reply. Nothing else mattered half so much to him, and many a night, when the rest of the family were sleeping, he lay in his bed wondering how he could persuade his father to let him go away to study. It was well known that he spent many hours drawing on boards, stones, and anything he could find, and that the village priest, the good padrone, had praised his work. But little was thought of that. Other youths of Cadore had sketched as well and amounted to nothing. So why should he be sent to the city just because he could copy a mountain or a bit of woodland? For he could not make them understand that color was what seemed to burn in his soul, because that he could not express with charcoal.

A whistle came from down the road, and Catarina saw her brother Francesco beckoning them to hurry.

"They must be ready to begin weaving the garlands!" she exclaimed.

So they broke into a run toward the village inn.

It was the glowing, fragrant June time of the Italian highlands,

when the hillsides and meadows of the fertile Dolomite valleys were masses of many colored bloom. The next day the Festival of Flowers was to take place. They had spent the afternoon blossom hunting, and now, when sunset was crimsoning the peaks, were homeward bound with their spoils, to aid in preparing for the revelry.

In a few minutes they joined the other young people at the inn, and began making garlands and planning games and frolics as they worked. Pieve di Cadore was very far from the world in those days of little travel, and when the time of a festival was at hand, the villagers were as light-hearted as the gay Venetians at carnival time. Songs and merry jests went round, and bits of gossip were told to eager listeners.

"Have you heard that Salvator, the miller's son, is going to Venice to study the art of carving?" asked the girl whose tongue kept pace with her hands. "Since his father has become rich, he has given up the idea of having him follow his own trade, and thinks it more elegant to become a sculptor. At first, Salvator did n't fancy it, but when told that an artist may get to be the favorite of a great lord or even of the doge himself, he was much pleased. Won't it be splendid if he becomes a noted man and lives in a fine house? Then we can say, 'Why, he is one of our Cadorini!'"

Sebastiano, whose uncle was a lawyer's clerk in Bergamo, and who knew more of city ways than the other village youths, remarked: "I did n't know he had the love of carving. It takes something beside a rich father to make an artist."

The talkative girl tossed her head.

"That may be!" she retorted. "But no money, no masters; and without them, pray, how can one do anything?"

"So I tell Tiziano when he talks about going to the city to study painting," Catarina broke in. "Father is not rich, and it would be better for him to think about learning cobbling with Luigi."

Peals of laughter followed the announcement, and some one

called out, "Tiziano! Why, he has n't had even a drawing-master. He builds the tower of his castle before he makes the foundation."

Tiziano's face turned very red. He had no teacher, it was true. But he believed he could prove he was worth one if given a chance.

"Oh, if I only had some paints!" he thought. "Maybe they would stop calling me a dreamer, for I am sure I could make a picture, and then perhaps I could go."

But pigments were rare and costly, and though his father was a well-to-do mountaineer, he had no gold to waste in buying colors for a lad who had never been taught to use them, and of course would spoil them.

The next morning, the boy noticed stains on the stone walk made by flowers crushed there the day before. They were bright and fresh as if painted, and it put an idea into his head. He did not speak of it, however, although it was on his mind so much that, when the gaily decked villagers danced on the green, he did not see them, but, as soon as a chance came, he crept from the revelers and went out into the meadows.

Catarina saw him go, and wondered what took him from the merriment. Her curiosity was greater than her desire for fun, so she followed, and overtook him just as he reached a hillside aglow with blossoms.

"What are you doing, Tiziano?" she called.

The boy looked up as if doubtful whether to tell or not. But he knew his sister loved him even though she did criticize his dreaming, and that she would keep his secret.

"I am going to paint a picture," he answered.

For a minute she stood and stared. Then, thinking he was teasing, she retorted: "Of course you are, without any paints!"

But his earnest face told he was not joking.

"I shall use blossoms," he continued, with a wonderful light in his eyes. "See, all the colors are here, and I have found that they will stain. I saw where they did it on the stone walk."

Catarina was not a dreamer like her brother, and never saw pictures where others found only a bit of color, but she believed that what he proposed to do was not impossible, for she too had noticed the stains on the stone. And she began to think that he must be a very bright lad, for no ordinary one would have thought of it, and that perhaps his wanting to go to Venice was not a wild idea after all. If it was a splendid thing for Salvator, the miller's son, to become a sculptor, would it not be more splendid for Tiziano to paint pictures, and might not Cadore be proud of him too? She had heard the padrone say that no undertaking that fills the heart is impossible to one who has patience and courage and persistence, and that help always comes to those who try to help themselves. So she decided to help Tiziano, even though it was only in the keeping of his secret and the gathering of materials for the work.

So into the fragrant patches they went and began collecting blossoms of every hue — reds, pinks, blues, and purples such as sunset painted on the mountains, and warm yellows and lavenders that the boy saw in the pictures of his fancy. Then they hurried to an old stone house that stood on land owned by their father. It was a vacant house, seldom visited by the family, and never by the villagers, and there, where he would be safe from molestation, he was to paint the picture that they hoped would be the means of taking him to Venice.

Catarina wanted to stay and watch the work, but Tiziano objected.

"I don't want even you to see it until it is finished, because at first it will not seem like a picture."

So she went away and left him outlining with a bit of charcoal on the wall.

For many days afterward, whenever he could steal away without being noticed, he worked with his flower paints. Catarina went over the meadows on feet that seemed to be winged, always watching that none of the villagers saw her put the blossoms in

at the window near which her brother worked. So, while each petal made only a tiny stain, and the boy painted with the rapidity of one inspired, he not once needed to stop for materials.

Little by little the picture grew beneath the magic of his touch, and he and Catarina kept the secret well. Only the flocks pasturing on the fragrant uplands went near the deserted house, so no one knew that a boy was at work there who was destined to win glory for Italy. Little did the villagers dream, as Catarina skipped over the meadows, that the blossoms she gathered were being put to an immortal use.

One evening, when the sun was dipping behind the peaks and the merry voices of shepherds homeward bound with their flocks sounded down from the heights, Tiziano stepped to the door of the house and called to his sister outside.

"It is finished, Catarina, and is the very best that I can do!"

She went dancing in, filled with joy that the task was done; but when she stood in front of the picture, the merriment went out of her face, and she spoke in tones of reverence:

"Oh, Tiziano, a madonna!"

"Yes," he agreed. "A madonna and child, with a boy like me offering a gift. It is what was in my heart, Catarina."

For some minutes she stood there, forgetting everything else in the beauty of the fresco. Then, thinking of what it would mean to her brother when the villagers knew he had done such a wonderful thing, she started out to spread the news.

"Come and see!" she called to Luigi, the cobbler, as she hurried past the door where he was sorting his leather. "Tiziano has painted a madonna on the walls of the old stone house."

Word travels fast when it goes by the tongues of villagers, and soon a group of folk moved toward the building where the lad waited. His father, coming down from a day's hunting in the mountains, saw them go, and followed, wondering what was the matter. But by the time he reached the place, such a crowd had gathered that he could not see the fresco.

Murmurs of "How did he do it!" "Where did he get his paints?" rose on all sides, and every one was so excited that the father could not find out why they were there. Then he heard Tiziano's voice: "I did it with flowers from the hillsides. Catarina gathered them while I worked."

Exclamations of amazement followed, and the village priest, the good padrone, spoke reverently: "With the juices of flowers! Il Divino Tiziano!"

Antonio Vecelli looked about him as if dazed, for he could not believe what he heard.

"Am I mad," he asked a villager who was standing close by, "or did the padrone call my Tiziano 'the divine'?"

"No," came the answer. "You are not mad."

And when they told him the story, and the crowd stepped back that he might see, he, too, thought it a wonderful thing.

Whether or not Salvator, the miller's son, went to the city to study sculpture, no one knows. But Tiziano did go, and the boy of Cadore became the marvel of Venice. There, guided by the master hand of Bellini, he began plying the brushes that were busy for almost eighty years, painting pictures whose glorious coloring has never been equaled, and proving to the mountain folk that it is n't bad, after all, to be a dreamer, for dreams combined with works do marvelous things.

That was back in the olden days, before Columbus sailed westward. But if the father, who thought he had gone mad when the village priest spoke his boy's name as reverently as he would a saint's, could come again to the valley of flowers in the Italian highlands, he would hear the selfsame words that were used that twilight time in speaking of his lad.

"Ecco;" the villagers say, as they point to a noble statue that looks out toward the meadows in which Catarina gathered blossoms for her brother, "Il Divino Tiziano.— See, the divine Titian!"

And by that name the world knows him to this very day.

They Had Spent the Afternoon Blossom Hunting

Notes

Describe the country of Cadore.

One of Titian's most renowned masterpieces is the "Assumption of the Madonna" now in the Venetian Academy. Titian's province was oil painting. His pictures abound with memories of his home-country and of the region which led from the hill-summits of Cadore to the queen city of the Adriatic. Titian was one of the greatest portrait painters of all times. He was the great painter of kings and nobles.

Words and Phrases

"tapestried walls"
"ribboned away."

A LEAF IN THE STORM

LOUISA DE LA RAMÉ (OUIDA)

The Berceau de Dieu was a small village in the valley of the Seine in France. As a lark drops its nest among the grasses, so a few peasants had dropped their little farms and cottages amidst the great green woods on the winding river. It was a pretty place, with one steep, stony street, shady with poplars and with elms; quaint houses, about whose thatch a cloud of white and gray pigeons fluttered all day long. All around it were the broad, flowering meadows, with the sleek cattle of Normandy fattening in them.

The Berceau de Dieu was very old indeed. Men said that the hamlet had been there in the days of the Maid of Orleans; and a great stone cross of the twelfth century still stood by the great pond of water at the bottom of the street under the chestnut-trees, where the villagers gathered to gossip at sunset when their work was done.

The oldest woman in the village, Reine Allix, numbering more than ninety years, was the happiest creature in the whole hamlet. "I am old: yes, I am old," she would say, looking up

from her spinning-wheel and shading her eyes from the sun, "very old,— ninety-two last summer. But when one has a roof over one's head, and a pot of soup always, and a family of young people about, then it is well to be old."

Reine Allix could neither read nor write. She had never been a greater distance than a league from the village nor longer than one day. Her husband and her sons were dead, but now in her old age she was happy in the companionship of her grandson Barnadou, his young wife Margot, and their baby boy with curls of gold, cheeks like apples, and a mouth that always smiled.

Bernadou was very good to her. The lad, as she called him, was five-and-twenty years old, tall and straight and clean-limbed, with eyes of blue and a gentle, frank face. He tended his grandmother with gracious courtesy and veneration. He was not very wise; he also could neither read nor write. He believed in his home and loved the ground that he had trodden ever since his first steps from the cradle had been guided by Reine Allix.

It was ripe midsummer. The fields were all russet and amber with an abundance of corn. The cattle and the flocks were in excellent health. There never had been a season of greater promise and prosperity for the little hamlet.

One evening in this gracious and golden time the people sat as usual when the day was done, talking from door to door, the old women knitting or spinning, the children playing on the sward that edged the stones of the street, and above all the great calm heavens and the glow of the sun that had set.

The little street was quiet in the evening light, only the laughter of the children and the gay gossip of their mothers breaking the pleasant stillness; it had been thus at evening with the Berceu for centuries before this time,— they thought that it would thus likewise be when centuries should have seen the youngest-born there in his grave.

Suddenly came along the road between the trees an old man and a mule: it was Mathurin the miller, who had been that day to

a little town four leagues off, which was the trade-mart and the corn-exchange of the district. He paused before the cottage of Reine Allix; he was dusty, travel stained, and sad. Margot ceased laughing among her flowers. None of them knew why, yet the sight of the miller made the air seem cold and the night seem near.

"There is terrible news," he said, drawing a sheet of printed words from his pocket,—"terrible news! We are to go to war."

"War!" The whole village clustered round him. They had heard of war, far off wars in Africa and Mexico, and some of their sons had been taken off like young wheat mown before its time; but it still remained to them a remote thing, with which they had nothing to do, nor ever would have anything.

"Read!" said the old man, stretching out his sheet. The only one there who could do so, Picot the tailor, took it and spelled the news out to their wondering ears. It was the declaration of France against Prussia.

There arose a great wail from the mothers whose sons were conscripts. The rest asked in trembling, "Will it touch us?"

"Us!" echoed Picot the tailor, in contempt. "How should it touch us? Our braves will be in Berlin within another fortnight. The paper says so."

The people were silent: they were not sure what he meant by Berlin, and they were afraid to ask.

"My boy! my boy!" wailed one woman, smiting her breast. Her son was in the army.

"Bread will be dear," muttered Mathurin the miller, going onward with his foot-weary mule. Bernadou stood silent.

"Why art thou sad?" whispered Margot with wistful eyes. "Thou art exempt from war-service?"

Bernadou shook his head. "The poor will suffer some how," was all he answered.

Yet to him, as to all in Berceau, the news was not very ter-

rible, because it was so vague and distant,— and evil so far off is shapeless.

Monsieur Picot the tailor, who alone could read, ran from house to house, from group to group, breathless, gay, and triumphant, telling them all that in two weeks more their brethren would sup in the king's palace at Berlin; and the people believed and laughed and chatted, and, standing outside their doors in the cool nights, thought that some good had come to them and theirs.

The sultry heats and the cloudless nights of the wondrous and awful summer of the year eighteen hundred and seventy passed by, and to the Berceau de Dieu it was a summer of fair promise and noble harvest, and never had the land brought forth in richer profusion for man and beast. Some of the youngest and ablest-bodied laborers were indeed drawn away to join those swift trains that hurried thousands and tens of thousands to the frontier of the Rhine. The most of the male population were married, and were the fathers of young children, and the village was only moved to a thrill of love and of honest pride to think how its young Louis and Jean and André and Valentine were gone full of high hope and high spirit, to come back, maybe,— who could say not? — with epaulets and ribbons of honor.

News came slowly and seldom to the Berceau. Unless some one of the men rode his mule to the little town, which was but very rarely, or unless some peddler came through the village with a news-sheet or so in his pack or rumors or tidings on his lips, nothing that was done beyond its fields and woods came to it. And the truth of what it heard it had no means of measuring or sifting. It believed what it was told, without questioning; and as it reaped the harvests in the rich hot sun of August, its peasants labored cheerily in the simple and firm belief that mighty things were being done for them by their great army, and that Louis and Jean and the rest — though no tidings had been heard of them — were safe and well and glorious somewhere, away

where the sun rose, in the sacked palaces of the German king. Reine Allix alone of them was serious and sorrowful,— she whose memories stretched back over the wide space of nearly a century.

"Why art thou anxious, Gran'mère?" they said to her. "There is no cause. Our army is victorious everywhere; and they say our lads will send us all the Prussians' corn and cattle, so that the very beggars will have their stomachs full."

But Reine Allix shook her head, sitting knitting in the sun: "My children, I remember the days of my youth. Our army was victorious then; at least they said so. Well, all I know is that little Claudis and the boys with him never came back; and as for bread, you could not get it for love nor money, and people lay dead of famine out on the public roads.

"But that is so long ago, Gran'mère!" they urged.

Reine Allix nodded. "Yes. It is a long time ago, my dears. But I do not think that things change very much."

One evening, when the sun was setting red over the reapen fields, two riders on trembling and sinking horses went through the village using whip and spur, and scarcely drew rein as they shouted to the cottagers to know whether they had seen a man go by running for his life. The people replied that they had seen nothing of the kind, and the horsemen pressed on. "If you see him, catch and hang him," they shouted as they scoured away; "he is a Prussian spy!"

"A Prussian!" the villagers echoed with stupid stare,—"a Prussian in France!"

One of the riders looked over his shoulder for a moment: "You fools! do you not know? We are beaten,— beaten everywhere,— and the Prussian pigs march on Paris."

The spy was not seen in the Berceau, but the news brought by his pursuers scared sleep from the eyes of every grown man that night in the village.

It did not alter their daily lives: it was still too far off. But

a foreboding, a dread, an unspeakable woe settled down on them. The little street at evening was mournful and very silent: the few who talked spoke in whispers, lest a spy should hear them, and the young ones had no strength to play: they wanted food.

"It is as it was in my youth," said Reine Allix, eating her piece of black bread and putting aside the better food prepared for her, that she might save it, unseen, for "the child." It was horrible to her to live in that continual terror of an unknown foe. They were quiet,— so quiet! — but by all they heard they knew that any night, as they went to bed, the thunder of cannon might awaken them; any morning, as they looked on their beloved fields, they knew that ere sunset the flames of war might have devoured them. They knew so little too: all they were told was so indefinite and garbled that sometimes they thought the whole was some horrid dream,— thought so, at least, until they looked at their empty stables, their untilled land, their children who cried for hunger, their mothers who wept for the conscripts.

November came. The storm which raged over the land had as yet spared this little green nest amongst the woods on the Seine.

"It is a cold night, Bernadou: put on more wood," said Reine Allix. Fuel at least was plentiful in that district, and Bernadou obeyed.

He sat at the table, working at a new churn for his wife: he had some skill at turnery and at invention in such matters. The child slept soundly in its cradle by the hearth, smiling while it dreamed. Margot spun at the wheel. Reine Allix sat at the fire seldom lifting her head from her long knitting-needles, except to look on her grandson or at the sleeping child.

Suddenly a great sobbing cry rose without,— the cry of many voices, all raised in woe together. Bernadou rose, took his musket in his hand, undid the door and looked out. All the people were turned out into the street, and the women, loudly lament-

ing, beat their breasts and strained their children to their bosoms. There was a sullen red light in the sky to the eastward, and on the wind a low, hollow roar stole to them.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The Prussians are on us!" answered twenty voices in one accord. "That red glare is the town burning."

Then they were all still,—a stillness that was more horrible than their lamentations.

Reine Allix came and stood by her grandson. "If we must die, let us die *here*," she said, in a voice that was low and soft and grave.

He took her hand and kissed it. She was content with his answer.

Margot stole forth too, and crouched behind him, holding her child in her arms. "What can they do to us?" she asked, trembling, with the rich colors of her face blanched white.

Bernadou smiled on her: "I do not know, my dear, I think even they can hardly bring death upon women and children."

"They can, and they will," said a voice from the crowd.

None answered. The street was very quiet in the darkness. Far away in the east the red glare glowed. On the wind was still that faint, distant, ravening roar, like the roar of famished wolves: it was the roar of fire and of war.

All night long they watched in the street,—they who had done no more to bring this curse upon them than the flower-roots that slept beneath the snow. They dared not go to their beds: they knew not when the enemy might be upon them. They dared not flee: even in their own woods the foe might lurk for them. One man indeed did cry aloud, "Shall we stay here in our houses to be smoked out like bees from their hives? Let us fly!"

But the calm voice of Reine Allix rebuked him: "Let who will, run like a hare from the hounds. For me and mine, we abide by our homestead."

And they were ashamed to be outdone by a woman, and a

woman ninety years old, and no man spoke any more of flight. All the night long they watched in the cold and the wind, the children shivering beneath their mothers' skirts, the men sullenly watching the light of the flames in the dark, starless sky. All night long they were left alone, though far off they heard the dropping shots of scattered firing, and in the leafless woods around them the swift flight of woodland beasts startled from their sleep, and the hurrying feet of sheep terrified from their folds in the outlying fields.

The daybreak came, gray, cheerless, very cold. A dense fog, white and raw, hung over the river: in the east, where the sun, they knew, was rising, they could only see the livid light of the still towering flames and pillars of black smoke against the leaden clouds.

"We will let them come and go in peace if they will," murmured old Mathurin. "What can we do? We have no arms, — no powder, hardly, — no soldiers, — no defense."

Bernadou said nothing, but he straightened his tall limbs and in his grave blue eyes a light gleamed.

Reine Allix looked at him as she sat in the doorway of her house. "Thy hands are honest, thy heart pure, thy conscience clear. Be not afraid to die if need there be," she said to him. He looked down and smiled on her.

By degrees the women crept timidly back into their houses, hiding their eyes, so that they should not see that horrid light against the sky, whilst the starving children clung to their breasts or to their skirts, wailing aloud in terror. The few men there were left, for the most part of them very old or else mere striplings, gathered together in a hurried council. Old Mathurin the miller and the patriots of the village were agreed that there could be no resistance, whatever might befall them, — that it would be best to hide such weapons as they had and any provisions that still remained to them, and yield up themselves and their homes with humble grace to the dire foe. "If we do otherwise," they

said, "the soldiers will surely slay us, and what can a miserable little hamlet like this achieve against cannon and steel and fire?"

Bernadou alone raised his voice in opposition. His eye kindled, his cheek flushed, his words for once sprang from his lips like fire. "What!" he said to them, "shall we yield up our homes and our wives and our infants without a single blow? Shall we be so vile as to truckle to the enemies of France, and show that we can fear them? It were a shame; a foul shame; we were not worthy of the name of men. Let us prove to them that there are people in France who are not afraid to die. Let us hold our own so long as we can. Our muskets are good, our walls are strong, our woods in this weather are morasses that will suck in and swallow them if only we have tact to drive them there. Let us do what we can. The camp of the francs-tireurs is but three leagues from us. They will be certain to come to our aid. At any rate, let us die bravely. We can do little,— that may be. But if every man in France does that little that he can, that little will be great enough to drive the invaders off the soil."

Mathurin and the others screamed at him and hooted.

"You are a fool!" they shouted. "You will be the undoing of us all. Do you not know that one shot fired, nay, only one musket found,— and the enemy puts a torch to the whole place?"

"I know," said Bernadou, with a dark radiance in his azure eyes. "But then it is a choice between disgrace and the flames; let us only take heed to be clear of the first,— the last must rage as God wills."

But they screamed and mouthed and hissed at him: "Oh yes! fine talk, fine talk! See your own roof in flames if you will, you shall not ruin ours. Do what you will with your own neck. Keep it erect or hang by it, as you choose. But you have no right to give your neighbors over to death, whether they will or no."

Bernadou's eyes flashed fire; his breast heaved; his nerves quivered; he shook them off and strode a step forward. "As you live," he muttered, "I have a mind to fire on you, rather than let you live to shame yourselves and me!"

Reine Allix, who stood by him silent all the while, laid her hand on his shoulder. "My boy," she said in his ear, "you are right and they are wrong. Yet let not dissension between brethren open the door, for the enemy to enter thereby into your homes. Do what you will with your own life, Bernadou,— it is yours,— but leave them to do as they will with theirs. You cannot make sheep into lions, and let not the first blood shed here be a brother's."

Bernadou's head dropped on his breast. "Do as you will," he muttered to his neighbors. They took his musket from him, and in the darkness of the night stole silently up the wooded chapel-hill and buried it, with all their other arms, under the altar. "We are safe now," said Mathurin the miller to the patriots of the tavern. "Had that madman had his way, he had destroyed us all."

Reine Allix softly led her grandson across his own threshold, and drew his head down to hers and kissed him. "You did what you could, Bernadou," she said to him, "let the rest come as it will."

Then she turned from him, and flung her cloak over her head and sank down, weeping bitterly, for she had lived through ninety-three years only to see this agony at the last.

Bernadou, now that all means of defense was gone from him, and the only thing left for him to deal with was his own life, had become quiet and silent and passionless, as was his habit. He would have fought like a mastiff for his home, but this they had forbidden him to do, and he was passive and without hope. He shut his door and sat down with Reine Allix and his wife. "There is nothing to do but wait," he said sadly. The day seemed very long in coming.

The firing ceased for a while; then its roll commenced afresh, and grew nearer to the village. Then again all was still.

At noon a shepherd staggered into the place, pale, bleeding, bruised, covered with mire. The Prussians, he told them, had forced him to be their guide, had knotted him tight to a trooper's saddle, and had dragged him with them until he was half dead with fatigue and pain. At night he had broken from them and had fled: they were close at hand, he said, and had burned the town from end to end because a man had fired at them from a housetop. That was all he knew. Bernadou, who had gone out to hear his news, returned into the house and sat down and hid his face within his hands. "If I resist you are all lost," he muttered. "And yet to yield like a cur!" It was a piteous question, whether to follow the instinct in him and see his birthplace in flames and his family slaughtered for his act, or to crush out the manhood in him and live, loathing himself as a coward forevermore.

Reine Allix looked at him, and laid her hand on his bowed head, and her voice was strong and tender as music: "Fret not thyself," she said. "When the moment comes, then do as thine heart and the whisper of God in it tell thee."

It grew dark. The autumn day died. The sullen clouds dropped scattered rain. The red leaves were blown in millions by the wind. The little houses on either side the road were dark, for the dwellers in them dared not show any light that might be a star to allure to them the footsteps of their foes.

Suddenly in the street without there was the sound of many feet of horses and of men, the shouting of angry voices, the splashing of quick steps in the watery ways, the screams of women, the flash of steel through the gloom. Bernadou sprang to his feet, his face pale, his blue eyes dark as night. "They are come!" he said under his breath. It was not fear that he felt, nor horror: it was rather a passion of love of birthplace

and his nation,— a passion of longing to struggle and to die for both. And he had no weapon!

He drew his house-door open with a steady hand, and stood out on his own threshold and faced these, his enemies. The street was full of them,— some mounted, some on foot: crowds of them swarmed in the woods and on the roads. They had settled on the village like vultures. It was a lowly place: it might well have been left in peace, but it came in the victors' way, and their mailed heel crushed it as they passed. They had heard that arms were hidden and francs-tireurs sheltered there, and they had swooped down on it and held it hard and fast. Some were told off to search the chapel; some to ransack the buildings; some to seize such food and bring such cattle as there might be left; and yet there remained in the little street hundreds of armed men, force enough to awe a citadel or storm a breach.

The people did not attempt to resist. They stood passive, dry-eyed in misery, looking on whilst the little treasures of their household lives were swept away forever, and ignorant what fate by fire or iron might be their portion ere the night was done. They saw the corn that was their winter store to save their offspring from famine, poured out like ditch-water. They saw oats and wheat flung down to be trodden into a slough of mud and filth. They saw the walnut presses in their kitchens broken open, and old heirlooms of silver, centuries old, borne away as booty. They saw the pet lamb of their infants, the silver ear-rings of their brides and the tame birds that flew to their whistle, all seized for food or for spoil. They saw all this and had to stand by with mute tongues and passive hands, lest any glance of wrath or gesture of revenge should bring the leaden bullets or the yellow flame into their midst. Greater agony the world cannot hold.

Under the porch of the cottage, by the sycamores, one group stood and looked, silent and very still,— Bernadou, erect, pale,

calm, with a fierce scorn burning in his eyes; Margot, quiet, because he wished her so, holding to her the rosy and golden beauty of her son; Reine Allix, with a patient horror on her face, her figure drawn to its full height. They stood thus, waiting they knew not what, only resolute to show no cowardice and meet no shame.

Suddenly a voice arose from the armed mass: "Bring me the peasant hither."

Bernadou was seized by several hands and forced and dragged from his door out to the place where the leader of the Uhlans sat on a white charger that shook and snorted in its exhaustion. Bernadou cast off the alien grasp that held him, and stood erect before his foes. He was no longer pale, and his eyes were clear and steadfast.

"You look less a fool than the rest," said the Prussian commander. "You know the country well?"

"Well!" The country in whose fields and woodlands he had wandered from his infancy, and whose every meadow-path and wayside tree and brook he knew so well.

"You have arms here?" pursued the Prussian.

"We had."

"What have you done with them?"

"If I had my way, you would not need ask. You would have felt them."

The Prussian looked at him keenly, doing homage to the boldness of the answer. "Will you confess where they are?"

"No."

"You know the penalty for the concealment of arms is death?"

"You have made it so."

"We have, and Prussian will is law. You are a bold man: you merit death. But still, you know the country well?"

Bernadou smiled.

"If you know it well," pursued the Prussian, "I will give you

a chance. Lay hold of my stirrup-leather and be lashed to it, and show me as a crow flies the way to the hidden weapons. If you do, I will leave you your life. If you do not —"

"If I do not?"

"You will be shot."

Bernadou was silent: he glanced to the little cottage under the trees opposite.

"Your choice?" asked the Uhlan impatiently, after a moment's pause.

Bernadou's lips were white, but they did not tremble as he answered, "I am no traitor." And his eyes as he spoke went softly to the little porch where the light glowed from that hearth beside which he would never again sit with the creatures he loved around him.

The German looked at him: "Is that a boast, or a fact?"

"I am no traitor," Bernadou answered simply once more.

The Prussian gave a sign to his troopers. There was the sharp report of a double shot, and Bernadou fell dead. The soldiers kicked aside the fallen body. It was only a peasant killed!

With a shriek that rose above the roar of the wind, and cut like steel to every human heart that beat there, Reine Allix forced her way through the throng, and fell on her knees beside the fallen Bernadou. "It is God's will, it is God's will," she muttered.

Margot followed her and looked, and stood dry-eyed and silent; then flung herself and the child she carried in her arms beneath the hoof of the white charger. The horse, terrified, reared and plunged and trampled them under foot. Some peasants sought to pull Margot and her child from under the lashing hoofs, but alas — it was too late.

The tumult of the soldiery increased: they found the arms hidden under the altar on the hill; they seized five peasants to slay them for the dire offense. The men struggled, and would not go as sheep to the shambles. They were shot down in the street, before the eyes of their children. Then the order was given to

fire the place in punishment and leave it to its fate. The torches were flung with a laugh on the dry thatched roofs,—brands snatched from the house-fires on the hearths were tossed amongst the dwelling-houses and the barns. The straw and timber flared like tow.

An old man, her nearest neighbor, rushed to the cottage of Reine Allix and seized her by the arm. "They fire the Berceau," he screamed. "Quick! quick! or you will be burned alive!"

"Go in peace and save yourself," she said in the old, sweet, strong tone of an earlier day. "As for me, I am very old. I and my dead will stay together at home."

The man fled, and left her to her choice.

From hill to hill the Berceau de Dieu broke into flames. The village was a lake of fire. Some few peasants, with their wives and children, fled to the woods, and there escaped one torture to perish more slowly by famine and cold. All other things perished. The rapid stream of the flame licked up all there was in its path. The bare trees raised their leafless branches on fire at a thousand points. The stores of corn and fruit were lapped by millions of crimson tongues. The pigeons flew screaming from their roosts, and sank into the smoke. The dogs were suffocated on the thresholds they had guarded all their lives. The calf was stifled in the byre. All things perished.

The Berceau de Dieu was as one vast furnace, in which every living creature was caught and consumed and changed to ashes. The tide of war has rolled on, and left it a blackened waste, a smoking ruin, wherein not so much as a mouse may creep or a bird may nestle. It is gone, and its place can know it nevermore.

Nevermore. But who is there to care? It was but as a leaf which the great storm swept away as it passed.

THE NAME OF FRANCE

HENRY VAN DYKE

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light.
I give you France!

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song.
I give you France!

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
I give you France!

DOMINO, THE SILVER FOX

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

"Fair play," they called it — thirty strong hounds against one worn-out fox, and the valley rang with baying. Again he bounded over the deep, wet snow, and for a time he won, forging far ahead. Down the long vale of Benton's Creek and across the hillside, over the ridge and back by the Goldur foot-hills and by a farm-house, whence out there rushed to join the pack a long-belated hound. The tall hunter welcomed him with a friendly call. What chance had Domino now, with this third fresh relay against him? One chance alone was left: the night was near; if only it would come with frost. But the evening breeze grew milder. All day the river had been running, with the warming winds. Now the Shawban was a mighty, growing flood of racing, broken ice, filling the broad valley from brim to brim; heaving and jarring, it went toward the west. The sun was setting on the water-gap away out there. Its splendor was on a noble scene; this surely was the splendid ending of a noble life. But neither hounds nor hunters stayed to look; it was on and on. The hounds were panting and lunging; their tongues hung long; their eyes were red. Far in the lead was the fresh hound — unbidden, hateful brute — and farther still, the silver fox. That famous robe was dragged in mud; that splendid brush was weighted and sagged with slush; his foot-pads, worn to the quick, left bloody tracks. He was wearied as never before. He might have reached the pathway ledge, but that way was his home, that way for long a noble instinct said, "Go not." But now in direst straits he headed for it, the one way left. He rallied his remaining power, racing by the mighty Shawban. His former speed for a little space was resumed, and he would have won but that there forged ahead of all the big, belated hound, and as he neared

the quarry, bellowed forth an awful, unmistakable cry — the horrid, brassy note of Hekla. Who can measure the speed and start it took away from the hunted one? Only this was known: he was turned, cut off, forced back along the river-bank, down along the rushing water, now blazing in the low sun-glow. His hope was gone, but on he went, his dark form feebly rocking, knowing he must die, but fighting for his life. The tall young huntsman — the only one in sight — now coming on, took in the scene, knew he was at the death, and gazed at the moving blots on the brightness.

O River, flashing the red and gold of the red and golden sky, and dappled with blocks of sailing ice! O River of the long chase, that ten times before had saved him and dashed red death aside! This is the time of times! Now thirty deaths are on his track, and the track is of feebling bounds. O River of the aspen-dale, will you turn traitor in his dire extremity, thus pen him in, deliver him to his foes?

But the great river went on, mighty, inexorable. Oh, so cruel! And the night came not, but lingered. And even as the victim ran, the fierce, triumphant cry of all the hunt became a hellish clamor in his ears. He was worn out. The brush — the prize and flag — was no longer borne aloft, but dragged, wet and heavy, a menace to his speed; yet still he loped along the glowing strand. The hounds, inspired by victory in sight, came on bellowing, bounding, blood-mad. To them the draggled, wounded creature, loping feebly on the shore, was not a hunted beast far overmatched, but a glorious triumph to be reached.

On he went, following, alas! a point into the stream — a trap, no less. His river had betrayed him, and the pack was closing in. Hekla, howling his deep-voiced hate, was first to block retreat, to corner him at last. It was an open view for all — the broad strand there, with the hunted one; the broad field, with the scattered, yelling pack; the wide river, with its blocks of ice, all rush-

ing on, with death on every side. Here had a faint heart failed and lost; here the strong heart kept on. The surging, roaring pack in Hekla's wake had reached the neck of land, and now came nearer. The surging, roaring river sang as it flowed by the aspen bank. The white hounds dappled the shore as the white ice dappled the flood; and white they moved together, like mighty teeth to crush the prey. Closer the ice-blocks came, so that now they mass for a moment, and touch the shore with jar and grating. The hunted turns as though at a sudden thought: better to choose the river death, to die in the river that long had been his friend, and feebly leaping on the ice, from cake to cake, he halted at the last before the plunge. But as he stood, the floe was broken up, was rushed away, with the dark water broadened between; and on that farthest block the dark fox crouched, riding the white saddle of the black flood. The pack on the shore yelled out their fury, and Hekla, rushing, reached the point of the ice-jam, sprang to the edge, to see the victim sail away. On the ice he blared his disappointment and his hate, not heeding, not knowing; and the river, irresistible, inexorable, drew swiftly out and whirled away the ice-block whereon he stood. And so they rode together to their doom, the hunted fox and the hunting hound. Down they went in that sunset blaze, and on the bank went the pack and the stripling hunter, riding.

A countryman of the other hunt leveled his gun at the fox; the hunter dashed the gun aside, and cursed the fool. Then there rose on his lips a long halloo, that died, and left the pack in doubt.

At the bend of the river was reached the race, as they call it — the long reach before the river takes the plunge of Harney's Fall; and there at gaze they stood, the lad and the hounds, staring into the purple and red sunset and the red and purple river, with blocks of shining ice that bore two living forms away into the blaze. The mists increased with the river's turmoil, the sunshafts danced more dazzlingly, the golden light turned the ice and the stream and the silver fox to gold, as the racing flood and the

blazing sky enveloped them from view. The strong heart on the floe gave forth no cry, but the night wind brought the cowering howl of a hound on whom was the fear of death.

"Good-by, old fellow," said the hunter — "the stanchest hound that ever lived!" His voice grew rough. "Good-by, Silver Fox! You have died victorious, as you lived. I wish I could save you both; but what a death you die! Good-by!" Abner saw no more, and the pack on the shore stood shivering and whining.

The shadows fell, the hunter's view was done, but other eyes there were to watch the scene. The current charged fiercely on the last point above the race, and here by reason of the swirl the near blocks took mid-stream, and the middle blocks the farther shore. So the white courser of the hunted one went for a moment grating on the rocks, and Domino saw his chance. He leaped with all his gathered strength; he cleared the dark and dangerous flood; he landed safe. The river of his youth was the river of his prime.

And away out on the middle floe there came the long-drawn wail of a hound that knows he is lost. Even as the mists had shut off the view, so now the voice of many waters hushed the cry, and the river keeps its secret to this day.

Notes

Ernest Thompson-Seton, born at South Shields, Eng., Aug. 14, 1860.

He lived in the backwoods of Canada 1866–1870 and on the western plains 1882–1887.

He was educated at Toronto Collegiate Institute and Royal Academy, London. He became official naturalist to the government of Manitoba; studied art in Paris 1890–96; was one of the chief illustrators of the "Century Dictionary"; and author and illustrator of "Wild Animals I Have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," "The Trail of the Sand-hill Stag," and "Lives of the Hunted."

In December, 1901, his name was legally changed from Seton-Thompson to Thompson-Seton.

Picture: "The sun was setting on the water gap out there."
Splendid motto: "On and On."
Explain how this was a relay race.

WORDS AND PHRASES

aspendale
"broad strand"
"dire extremity"
blared

SCYTHE SONG

ANDREW LANG

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush —'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

FALSE PEACE AND TRUE

RICHARD BURTON

There is a peace wherein man's mood is tame —
  Like clouds upon a windless summer day
The hours float by; the people take no shame
  In alien mocks; like children are they gay.
Such peace is craven-bought, the cost is great;
Not so is nourished a puissant state.

There is a peace amidst the shock of arms
  That satisfies the soul, though all the air
Hurtles with horror and is rude with harms;
  Life's gray gleams into golden deeds, and where,
The while swords slept, unrighteousness was done,
Wrong takes her death-blow, and from sun to sun
That clarion cry *My Country!* makes men one.

MINE HOST OF "THE GOLDEN APPLE"

THOMAS WESTWOOD

A goodly host one day was mine,
A Golden Apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe and fine.

My host was the bountiful apple-tree;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

And light-winged guests came not a few,
To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I slept at night on a downy bed
Of moss, and my Host benignly spread
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily: —
A blessing be thine, green Apple-tree!

AN EXCITING CANOE RACE

J. FENIMORE COOPER

The heavens were still studded with stars when Hawkeye came to arouse the sleepers. Casting aside their cloaks, Munro and Heyward were on their feet while the woodsman was still making his low calls at the entrance of the rude shelter where they had passed the night. When they issued from beneath its concealment, they found the scout awaiting their appearance nigh by, and the only salutation between them was the significant gesture for silence made by their sagacious leader.

His companions complied, though to two of them the reasons of this extraordinary precaution were yet a mystery. When they were in the low cavity that surrounded the earthen fort on three of its sides, they found the passage nearly choked by the ruins. With care and patience, however, they succeeded in clambering after the scout until they reached the sandy shore of the Horicon.

"That 's a trail that nothing but a nose can follow," said the satisfied scout, looking back along their difficult way; "grass is a treacherous carpet for a flying party to tread on, but wood and stone take no print from a moccasin. Had you worn your armed boots, there might indeed have been something to fear; but with the deerskin suitably prepared, a man may trust himself, generally, on rocks with safety. Shove in the canoe nigher to the land,

Uncas; this sand will take a stamp as easily as the butter of the Jarmans on the Mohawk. Softly, lad, softly; it must not touch the beach, or the knaves will know by what road we have left the place."

The young man observed the precaution; and the scout, laying a board from the ruins to the canoe, made a sign for the two officers to enter. When this was done, everything was studiously restored to its former disorder; and then Hawkeye succeeded in reaching his little birchen vessel without leaving behind him any of those marks which he appeared so much to dread.

"Now," continued the scout, looking back at the dim shore of William Henry, which was now fast receding, and laughing in his own silent but heart-felt manner, "I have put a trail of water between us; and unless the imps can make friends with the fishes, and hear who has paddled across their basin this fine morning, we shall throw the length of the Horicon behind us before they have made up their minds which path to take."

"With foes in front and foes in our rear, our journey is like to be one of danger."

"Danger," repeated Hawkeye, calmly; "no, not absolutely of danger, for, with vigilant ears and quick eyes, we can manage to keep a few hours ahead of the knaves; or, if we must try the rifle, there are three of us who understand its gifts as well as any you can name on the borders. No, not of danger; but that we shall have what you may call a brisk push of it is probable; and it may happen a brush, a scrimmage, or some such diversion, but always where covers are good and ammunition abundant."

It is possible that Heyward's estimate of danger differed in some degree from that of the scout, for, instead of replying, he now sat in silence, while the canoe glided over several miles of water. Just as the day dawned, they entered the narrows of the lake, and stole swiftly and cautiously among their numberless little islands. It was by this road that Montcalm had retired with

his army, and the adventurers knew not but he had left some of his Indians in ambush, to protect the rear of his forces and collect the stragglers. They, therefore, approached the passage with the customary silence of their guarded habits.

Chingachgook laid aside his paddle, while Uncas and the scout urged the light vessel through crooked and intricate channels, where every foot that they advanced exposed them to the danger of some sudden rising on their progress. The eyes of the sagamore moved warily from islet to islet and copse to copse as the canoe proceeded; and when a clearer sheet of water permitted, his keen vision was bent along the bald rocks and impending forests that frowned upon the narrow strait.

Heyward, who was a doubly interested spectator as well from the beauties of the place as from the apprehension natural to his situation, was just believing that he had permitted the latter to be excited without sufficient reason, when the paddle ceased moving, in obedience to a signal from Chingachgook.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Uncas, nearly at the moment that the light tap his father had made on the side of the canoe notified them of the vicinity of danger.

"What now?" asked the scout; "the lake is as smooth as if the winds had never blown, and I can see along its sheets for miles; there is not so much as the black head of a loon dotting the water."

The Indian gravely raised his paddle, and pointed in the direction in which his own steady look was riveted. Duncan's eyes followed the motion. A few rods in their front lay another of the low-wooded islets but it appeared as calm and peaceful as if its solitude had never been disturbed by the foot of man.

"I see nothing," he said, "but land and water; and a lovely scene it is."

"Hist!" interrupted the scout. "Aye, sagamore, there is always a reason for what you do. 'T is but a shade, and yet it is not natural. You see the mist, Major, that is rising above the

island; you can't call it a fog, for it is more like a streak of thin cloud —"

"It is a vapor from the water."

"That a child could tell. But what is the edging of blacker smoke that hangs along its lower side, and which you may trace down into the thicket of hazel? 'T is from a fire; but one that, in my judgment, has been suffered to burn low."

"Let us then push for the place, and relieve our doubts," said the impatient Duncan; "the party must be small that can lie on such a bit of land."

"If you judge of Indian cunning by the rules you find in books or by white sagacity, they will lead you astray, if not to your death," returned Hawkeye, examining the signs of the place with that acuteness which distinguished him. "If I may be permitted to speak in this matter, it will be to say that we have but two things to choose between: the one is, to return and give up all thought of following the Hurons —"

"Never!" exclaimed Heyward, in a voice far too loud for their circumstances.

"Well, well," continued Hawkeye, making a hasty sign to repress his impatience, "I am much of your mind myself; though I thought it becoming my experience to tell the whole. We must then make a push, and, if the Indians or Frenchers are in the narrows, run the gauntlet through these toppling mountains. Is there reason in my words, sagamore?"

The Indian made no further answer than by dropping his paddle into the water and urging forward the canoe. As he held the office of directing its course, his resolution was sufficiently indicated by the movement. The whole party now plied their paddles vigorously, and in a very few moments they had reached a point whence they might command an entire view of the northern shore of the island, the side that had hitherto been concealed.

"There they are, by all the truth of signs," whispered the scout;

" two canoes and a smoke. The knaves have n't yet got their eyes out of the mist, or we should hear the accursed whoop. Together, friends — we are leaving them, and are already nearly out of whistle of a bullet."

The well-known crack of a rifle, whose ball came skipping along the placid surface of the strait, and a shrill yell from the island, interrupted his speech and announced that their passage was discovered. In another instant several savages were seen rushing into the canoes, which were soon dancing over the water in pursuit. These fearful precursors of a coming struggle produced no change in the countenances and movements of his three guides, so far as Duncan could discover, except that the strokes of their paddles were longer and more in unison, and caused the little bark to spring forward like a creature possessing life and volition.

" Hold them there, sagamore," said Hawkeye, looking coolly backward over his left shoulder, while he still plied his paddle; " keep them just there. Those Hurons have never a piece in their nation that will execute at this distance; but ' Kill Deer ' has a barrel on which a man may calculate."

The scout, having ascertained that the Mohicans were sufficient of themselves to maintain the requisite distance, deliberately laid aside his paddle, and raised the fatal rifle. Then several times he brought the piece to his shoulder, and when his companions were expecting its report he as often lowered it to request the Indians to permit their enemies to approach a little nigher. At length his accurate and fastidious eye seemed satisfied, and throwing out his left arm on the barrel, he was slowly elevating the muzzle, when an exclamation from Uncas, who sat in the bow, once more caused him to suspend the shot.

" How now, lad? " demanded Hawkeye; " you saved a Huron from the death-shriek by that word; have you reason for what you do? "

Uncas pointed toward the rocky shore a little in their front,

whence another war canoe was darting directly across their course. It was too obvious now that their situation was imminently perilous to need the aid of language to confirm it. The scout laid aside his rifle, and resumed the paddle, while Chingachgook inclined the bows of the canoe a little toward the western shore, in order to increase the distance between them and this new enemy. In the meantime they were reminded of the presence of those who pressed on their rear, by wild and exulting shouts. The stirring scene awakened even Munro from his apathy.

"Let us make for the rocks on the main," he said, with the mien of a tried soldier, "and give battle to the savages. God forbid that I or those attached to me or mine should ever trust again to the faith of any servant of the Louises."

"He who wishes to prosper in Indian warfare," returned the scout, "must not be too proud to learn from the wit of a native. Lay her more along the land, sagamore; we are doubling on the varlets, and perhaps they may try to strike our trail on the long calculation."

Hawkeye was not mistaken; for, when the Hurons found that their course was likely to throw them behind their chase, they rendered it less direct, until, by gradually bearing more and more obliquely, the two canoes were, ere long, gliding on parallel lines, within two hundred yards of each other. It now became entirely a trial of speed. So rapid was the progress of the light vessels that the lake curled in their front in miniature waves, and their motion became undulating by its own velocity. It was, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, in addition to the necessity of keeping every hand employed at the paddles, that the Hurons had not immediate recourse to their firearms. The exertions of the fugitives were too severe to continue long, and the pursuers had the advantage of numbers. Duncan observed, with uneasiness, that the scout began to look anxiously about him, as if searching for some further means of assisting their flight.

"Edge her a little more from the sun, sagamore," said the stub-

born woodsman; "I see the knaves are sparing a man to the rifle. A single broken bone might lose us our scalps. Edge more from the sun, and we will put the island between us."

The expedient was not without its use. A long, low island lay at a little distance before them, and, as they closed with it, the chasing canoe was compelled to take a side opposite to that on which the pursued passed. The scout and his companions did not neglect this advantage, but, the instant they were hid from observation by the bushes, they redoubled efforts that before had seemed prodigious. The two canoes came round the last low point, like two coursers at the top of their speed, the fugitives taking the lead. This change had brought them nigher to each other, however, while it altered their relative positions.

"You showed knowledge in the shaping of birchen bark, Uncas, when you chose this from among the Huron canoes," said the scout, smiling apparently more in satisfaction at their superiority in the race, than from that prospect of final escape which now began to open a little upon them. "The imps have put all their strength again at the paddles, and we are to struggle for our scalps with bits of flattened wood, instead of clouded barrels and true eyes. A long stroke, and together, friends!"

"They are preparing for a shot," said Heyward; "and as we are in a line with them, it can scarcely fail."

A volley from the Hurons interrupted the discourse; and, as the bullets whistled about them, Duncan saw the head of Uncas turned, looking back at himself and Munro. Notwithstanding the nearness of the enemy, and his own great personal danger, the countenance of the young warrior expressed no other emotion, as the former was compelled to think, than amazement at finding men willing to encounter so useless an exposure. Chingachgook was probably better acquainted with the notions of white men, for he did not even cast a glance aside from the riveted look his eye maintained on the object by which he governed their course. A ball soon struck the light and polished pad-

dle from the hands of the chief, and drove it through the air far in advance. A shout rose from the Hurons, who seized the opportunity to fire another volley. Uncas described an arc in the water with his own blade, and, as the canoe passed swiftly on, Chingachgook recovered his paddle, and flourishing it on high, he gave the warwhoop of the Mohicans, and then lent his strength and skill again to the important task.

The clamorous sounds of "Le Gros Serpent!" "La Longue Carabine!" "Le Gerf Agile!" burst at once from the canoes behind, and seemed to give new zeal to the pursuers. The scout seized "Kill Deer" in his left hand, and, elevating it above his head, he shook it in triumph at his enemies. The savages answered the insult with a yell, and immediately another volley succeeded. The bullets pattered along the lake, and one even pierced the bark of their little vessel. No perceptible emotion could be discovered in the Mohicans during this critical moment, their rigid features expressing neither hope nor alarm; but the scout again turned his head, and, laughing in his own silent manner, he said to Heyward:

"The knaves love to hear the sounds of their pieces, but the eye is not to be found among the Mingoes that can calculate a true range in a dancing canoe! You see the dumb devils have taken off a man to charge, and by the smallest measurement that can be allowed we move three feet to their two."

Duncan, who was not altogether as easy under this nice estimate of distances as his companions, was glad to find, however, that, owing to their superior dexterity, and the diversion among their enemies, they were very sensibly obtaining the advantage. The Hurons soon fired again, and a bullet struck the blade of Hawkeye's paddle without injury.

"That will do," said the scout, examining the slight indentation with a curious eye; "it would not have cut the skin of an infant, much less of men who, like us, have been blown upon by the heavens in their anger. Now, Major, if you will try to use

this piece of flattened wood, I'll let Kill Deer take a part in the conversation."

Heyward seized the paddle and applied himself to the work with an eagerness that supplied the place of skill, while Hawkeye was engaged in inspecting the priming of his rifle. The latter then took a swift aim and fired. The Huron in the bow of the leading canoe had risen with a similar object, and he now fell backward, suffering the gun to escape from his hands into the water. In an instant, however, he recovered his feet, though his gestures were wild and bewildered. At the same moment his companions suspended their efforts, and the chasing canoes clustered together and became stationary. Chingachgook and Uncas profited by the interval to regain their wind, though Duncan continued to work with the most persevering industry. The father and son now cast calm but inquiring glances at each other, to learn if either had sustained any injury by the fire; for both well knew that no cry or exclamation would, in such a moment of necessity, have been permitted to betray the accident. A few large drops of blood were trickling down the shoulders of the sagamore, who, when he perceived that the eyes of Uncas dwelt too long on the sight, raised some water in the hollow of his hand, and, washing off the stain, was content to manifest, in this simple manner, the slightness of the injury.

The lake now began to expand, and their route lay along a wide reach, that was lined, as before, by high and rugged mountains. But the islands were few and easily avoided. The strokes of the paddles grew more measured and regular; while they who plied them continued their labor, after the close and deadly chase from which they had just relieved themselves, with as much coolness as though their speed had been tried in sport, rather than under such pressing, nay, almost desperate circumstances.

Instead of following the western shore, whither their errand led them, the wary Mohican inclined his course more toward those hills behind which Montcalm was known to have led his

army into the formidable fortress of Ticonderoga. As the Hurons, to every appearance, had abandoned the pursuit, there was no apparent reason for this excess of caution. It was, however, maintained for hours until they had reached a bay nigh the northern termination of the lake. Here the canoe was driven upon the beach, and the whole party landed. Hawkeye and Heyward ascended an adjacent bluff, where the former, after considering the expanse of water beneath him, pointed out to the latter a small black object, hovering under a headland, at a distance of several miles.

"Do you see it?" demanded the scout. "Now, what would you account that spot, were you left alone to white experience to find your way through this wilderness?"

"But for its distance and its magnitude, I should suppose it a bird. Can it be a living object?"

"'T is a canoe of good birchen bark, and paddled by fierce and crafty Mingoes. Though Providence has lent to those who inhabit the woods eyes that would be needless to men in the settlements where there are inventions to assist the sight, yet no human organs can see all the dangers which at this moment circumvent us. These varlets pretend to be bent chiefly on their sundown meal, but the moment it is dark they will be on our trail as true as hounds on the scent. We must throw them off. These lakes are useful at times, especially when the game takes the water," continued the scout, gazing about him with a countenance of concern; "but they give no cover, except it be to the fishes."

Hawkeye moved away from the lookout, and descended, musing profoundly, to the shore. He communicated the result of his observation to his companions, in Delaware, and a short and earnest consultation succeeded. When it terminated, the three instantly set about executing their new resolutions.

The canoe was lifted from the water, and borne on the shoulders of the party. They proceeded into the wood, making as broad and obvious a trail as possible. They soon reached a watercourse,

which they crossed, and continued onward until they came to an extensive and naked rock. At this point, where their footsteps might be expected to be no longer visible, they retraced their route to the brook, walking backward with the utmost care. They now followed the bed of the little stream to the lake, into which they immediately launched their canoe again. A low point concealed them from the headland, and the margin of the lake was fringed for some distance with dense and overhanging bushes. Under the cover of these natural advantages, they toiled their way, with patient industry, until the scout pronounced that he believed it would be safe once more to land.

The halt continued until evening rendered objects indistinct and uncertain to the eye. Then they resumed their route, and, favored by the darkness, pushed silently and vigorously toward the western shore. Although the rugged outline of mountain, to which they were steering, presented no distinctive marks to the eyes of Duncan, the Mohican entered the little haven he had selected with the confidence and accuracy of an experienced pilot.

The boat was again lifted and borne into the woods, where it was carefully concealed under a pile of brush. The adventurers assumed their arms and packs, and the scout announced to Munro and Heyward that he and the Indians were at last in readiness to proceed.

Notes

James Fenimore Cooper, born, at Burlington, N. J., Sept. 15, 1789. Died, at Cooperstown, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1851.

This selection is from "The Last of the Mohicans." Fenimore Cooper's vivid powers of description are most apparent in this story. He takes the reader back to a time when the red man was in his vigor and was a power to be reckoned with in the eastern part of America. "The Last of the Mohicans" is regarded as the masterpiece of Cooper's works.

Hawkeye is an American scout working with the English army. He is one of the most important characters in the book and under different names figures in the other volumes of "The Leather-stocking Tales."

Munro is the father of two young ladies who have been captured and carried away by the Indians. With his companions he is now following the trail of the captors, and this canoe race is but one of the many adventures through which they pass before they finally rescue the women.

Duncan Heyward is a British officer who was with the young ladies when they were captured.

Uncas is the son of the last chief of the Mohicans, a fine Indian whose sympathies are with the Americans, and is, in common with the members of his tribe, a bitter enemy of the Huron Indians.

Chingachgook (Chin gahk' gook), father of Uncas, chief of Delawares or Mohicans.

Kill Deer, his favorite rifle, has a particularly long barrel, much longer than the rifle used by soldiers.

Look up Huron tribe — their relations to the French and English.

La Gros Serpent — The Great Serpent — or Big Snake, a name which the Hurons gave to Chingachgook.

La Longue Carabine — The Long Rifle — meaning Hawkeye.

La Gerf Agile — The Nimble Deer — given to Uncas by the Hurons.

Interesting chapters to read:

Betrayed by the Redskins.
In the Nick of Time.
"The Jubilee of Devils."
Captive of the Hurons.
Hawkeye's Revenge.

MASTER SKYLARK SINGS BEFORE QUEEN BESS

JOHN BENNETT

NOTE.— Nicholas Attwood, a boy of eleven and a relative of William Shakespeare, was carried away from his home at Stratford-on-Avon by a company of wandering players and taken to London. There the players discovered that Nicholas had a wonderful voice and he was placed in the hands of Master Gyles, choirmaster of St. Paul's Cathedral, for training. One day an opportunity for fame and preferment came to Nicholas when he was summoned to sing before Queen Elizabeth.

Christmas morning came and went as if on swallow-wings, in a gale of royal merriment. Four hundred sat to dinner that day

in Greenwich halls, and all the palace streamed with banners and green garlands.

Within the courtyard two hundred horses neighed and stamped around a water-fountain playing in a bowl of ice and evergreen. Grooms and pages, hostlers and dames, went hurry-scurrying to and fro; cooks, bakers, and scullions steamed about, leaving hot, mouth-watering streaks of fragrance in the air; bluff men-at-arms went whistling here and there; and serving-maids with rosy cheeks ran breathlessly up and down the winding stairways.

The palace stirred like a mighty pot that boils to its utmost verge, for the hour of the revelries was come.

Over the beech-wood and far across the black heath where Jack Cade marshaled the men of Kent, the wind trembled with the boom of the castle bell. Within the walls of the palace its clang was muffled by a sound of voices that rose and fell like the wind upon the sea.

The ambassadors of Venice and France were there, with their courtly trains. The Lord High Constable of England was come to sit below the Queen. The earls, too, of Southampton, Montgomery, Pembroke, and Huntington were there; and William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the Queen's High Treasurer, to smooth his care-lined forehead with a Yule-tide jest.

Up from the entry ports came shouts of "Room! room! room for my Lord Strange! Room for the Duke of Devonshire!" and about the outer gates there was a tumult like the cheering of a great crowd.

The palace corridors were lined with guards. Gentlemen pensioners under arms went flashing to and fro. Now and then through the inner throng some handsome page with wind-blown hair and rainbow-colored cloak pushed to the great door, calling: "Way, sirs, way for my Lord — way for my Lady of Alderstone!" and one by one, or in blithe groups, the courtiers, clad in silks and satins, velvets, jewels, and lace of gold, came up through the lofty folding-doors to their places in the hall.

There, where the Usher of the Black Rod stood, and the gentlemen of the chamber came and went with golden chains about their necks, was bowing and scraping without stint, and reverent civility; for men that were wise and noble were passing by, men that were handsome and brave; and ladies sweet as a summer day, and as fair to see as spring, laughed by their sides and chatted behind their fans, or daintily nibbled comfits, lacking anything to say.

The windows were all curtained in, making a night-time in midday; and from the walls and galleries flaring links and great bouquets of candles threw an eddying flood of yellow light across the stirring scene. From clump to clump of banner-staves and burnished arms, spiked above the wainscot, garlands of red-berried holly, spruce, and mistletoe were twined across the tapestry, till all the room was bound about with a chain of living green.

There were sweet odors floating through the air, and hazy threads of fragrant smoke from perfumes burning in rich braziers; and under foot was the crisp, clean rustle of new rushes.

From time to time, above the hum of voices, came the sound of music from a room beyond — cornets and flutes, fifes, lutes, and harps, with an organ exquisitely played, and voices singing to it; and from behind the players' curtain, swaying slowly on its rings at the back of the stage, came a murmur of whispering childish voices, now high in eager questioning, now low, rehearsing some doubtful fragment of a song.

Behind the curtain it was dark — not total darkness, but twilight; for a dull glow came down overhead from the lights in the hall without, and faint yellow bars went up and down the dusk from crevices in the screen. The boys stood here and there in nervous groups. Now and then a sharp complaint was heard from the tire-woman when an impatient lad would not stand still to be dressed.

Master Gyles went to and fro, twisting the manuscript of the

Revel in his hands, or pausing kindly to pat some faltering lad upon the back. Nick and Colley were peeping by turns through a hole in the screen at the throng in the audience-chamber.

They could see a confusion of fans, jewels, and faces, and now and again could hear a burst of subdued laughter over the steadily increasing buzz of voices. Then from the gallery above, all at once there came a murmur of instruments tuning together; a voice in the corridor was heard calling, "Way here, way here!" in masterful tones; the tall folding-doors at the side of the hall swung wide, and eight dapper pages in white and gold came in with the Master of Revels. After them came fifty ladies and noblemen clad in white and gold, and a guard of gentlemen pensioners with glittering halberds.

There was a sharp rustle. Every head in the audience-chamber louted low. Nick's heart gave a jump — for the Queen was there!

She came with an air that was at once serious and royal, bearing herself haughtily, yet with a certain grace and sprightliness that became her very well. She was quite tall and well made, and her quickly changing face was long and fair, though wrinkled and no longer young. Her complexion was clear and of an olive hue; her nose was a little hooked; her firm lips were thin; and her small black eyes, though keen and bright, were pleasant and merry withal. Her hair was a coppery, tawny red, and false, moreover. In her ears hung two great pearls; and there was a fine small crown studded with diamonds upon her head, beside a necklace of exceeding fine gold and jewels about her neck. She was attired in a white silk gown bordered with pearls the size of beans, and over it wore a mantle of black silk, cunningly shot with silver threads. Her ruff was vast, her farthingale vaster; and her train, which was very long, was borne by a marchioness who made more ado about it than Elizabeth did of ruling her realm.

"The Queen!" gasped Colley.

"Dost think I did na know it?" answered Nick, his heart be-

ginning to beat tattoo as he stared through the peep-hole in the screen.

He saw the great folk bowing like a gardenful of flowers in a storm, and in its midst Elizabeth erect, speaking to those about her in a lively and good-humored way, and addressing all the foreigners according to their tongue — in French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch; but hers was funny Dutch, and while she spoke she smiled and made a joke upon it in Latin, at which they all laughed heartily, whether they understood what it meant or not. Then, with her ladies in waiting, she passed to a dais near the stage, and stood a moment, stately, fair, and proud, while all her nobles made obeisance, then sat and gave a signal for the players to begin.

"Rafe Fullerton!" the prompter whispered shrilly; and out from behind the screen slipped Rafe, the smallest of them all, and down the stage to speak the foreword of the piece. He was frightened, and his voice shook as he spoke, but every one was smiling, so he took new heart.

"It is a masque of Summer-time and Spring," said he, "wherein both claim to be best-loved, and have their say of wit and humor, and each her part of songs and dances suited to her time, the sprightly galliard and the nimble jig for Spring, the slow pavone, the stately peacock dance, for Summer-time. And win who may, fair Summer-time or merry Spring, the winner is but that beside our Queen!" — with which he snapped his fingers in the faces of them all — "God save Queen Bess!"

At that the Queen's eyes twinkled, and she nodded, highly pleased, so that every one clapped mightily.

The play soon ran its course amid great laughter and applause. Spring won. The English ever loved her best, and the quick-paced galliard took their fancy, too. "Up and be doing!" was its tune, and it gave one a chance to cut fine capers with his heels.

Then the stage stood empty and the music stopped.

At this strange end a whisper of surprise ran through the hall. The Queen tapped with the inner side of her rings upon the broad

arm of her chair. From the look on her face she was whetting her tongue. But before she could speak, Nick and Colley, dressed as a farmer boy and girl, with a garland of house-grown flowers about them, came down the stage from the arras, hand in hand, bowing.

The audience-chamber grew very still — *this* was something new. Nick felt a swallowing in his throat, and Colley's hand winced in his grip. There was no sound but a silky rustling in the room.

Then suddenly the boys behind the players' curtain laughed together, not loud, but such a jolly little laugh that all the people smiled to hear it. After the laughter came a hush.

Then the pipes overhead made a merry sound as of shepherds piping on oaten straws in new grass where there are daisies; and there was a little elfish laughter of clarionets, and a fluttering among the cool flutes like spring wind blowing through crisp young leaves in April. The harps began to pulse and throb with a soft cadence like raindrops falling into a clear pool where brown leaves lie upon the bottom and bubbles float above green stones and smooth white pebbles. Nick lifted up his head and sang.

It was a happy little song of the coming and the triumph of the spring. The words were all forgotten long ago. They were not much: enough to serve the turn, no more; but the notes to which they went were like barn swallows twittering under the eaves, goldfinches clinking in purple weeds beside old roads, and robins singing in common gardens at dawn. And wherever Nick's voice ran Colley's followed, the pipes laughing after them a note or two below; while the flutes kept gurgling softly to themselves as a hill brook gurgles through the woods, and the harps ran gently up and down like rain among the daffodils. One voice called, the other answered; there were echo-like refrains; and as they sang Nick's heart grew full. He cared not a stiver for the crowd, the golden palace, or the great folk there — the Queen no more — he only listened for Colley's voice coming up

lovingly after his own and running away when he followed it down, like a lad and a lass through the bloom of the May. And Colley was singing as if his heart would leap out of his round mouth for joy to follow after the song they sung, till they came to the end and the skylark's song.

There Colley ceased, and Nick went singing on alone, forgetting, caring for, heeding nought but the song that was in his throat.

The Queen's fan dropped from her hand upon the floor. No one saw it or picked it up. The Venetian ambassador scarcely breathed.

Nick came down the stage, his hands before him, lifted as if he saw the very lark he followed with his song, up, up, up into the sun. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were wet, though his voice was a song and a laugh in one.

Then they were gone behind the curtain, into the shadow and the twilight there, Colley with his arms about Nick's neck, not quite laughing, not quite sobbing. The manuscript of the Revel lay torn in two upon the floor, and Master Gyles had a foot upon each piece.

In the hall beyond the curtain was a silence that was deeper than a hush, a stillness rising from the hearts of men.

Then Elizabeth turned in the chair where she sat. Her eyes were as bright as a blaze. And out of the sides of her eyes she looked at the Venetian ambassador. He was sitting far out on the edge of his chair, and his lips had fallen apart. She laughed to herself. "It is a good song, signor," said she, and those about her started at the sound of her voice. "It is so! There are no songs like English songs — there is no spring like an English spring — there is no land like England, *my* England!" She clapped her hands. "I will speak with those lads," said she.

Straightway certain pages ran through the press and came behind the curtain where Nick and Colley stood together, still trembling with the music not yet gone out of them, and brought

them through the hall to where the Queen sat, every one whispering, "Look!" as they passed.

On the dais they knelt together, bowing, side by side. Elizabeth, with a kindly smile, leaning a little forward, raised them with her slender hand. "Stand, dear lads," said she, heartily. "Be lifted up by thine own singing, as our hearts have been uplifted by thy song. And name me the price of that same song — 't was sweeter than the sweetest song we ever heard before."

"Or ever shall hear again," said the Venetian ambassador, under his breath, rubbing his forehead as if just wakening out of a dream.

"Come," said Elizabeth, tapping Colley's cheek with her fan, "what wilt thou have of me, fair maid?"

Colley turned red, then very pale. "That I may stay in the palace forever and sing for your Majesty," said he. His fingers shivered in Nick's.

"Now that is right prettily asked," she cried, and was well pleased. "Thou shalt indeed stay for a singing page in our household — a voice and a face like thine are merry things upon a rainy Monday. And thou, Master Lark," said she, fanning the hair back from Nick's forehead with her perfumed fan — "thou that comest up out of the field with a song like the angels sing — what wilt thou have: that thou mayst sing in our choir and play on the lute for us?"

Nick looked up at the torches on the wall, drawing a deep, long breath. When he looked down again his eyes were dazzled and he could not see the Queen.

"What wilt thou have?" he heard her ask.

"Let me go home," said he.

There were red and green spots in the air. He tried to count them, since he could see nothing else, and everything was very still; but they all ran into one purple spot which came and went like a firefly's glow, and in the middle of the purple spot he saw the Queen's face coming and going.

"Surely, boy, that is an ill-considered speech," said she, "or thou dost deem us very poor, or most exceeding stingy!" Nick hung his head, for the walls seemed tapestried with staring eyes. "Or else this home of thine must be a very famous place."

The maids of honor tittered. Farther off somebody laughed. Nick looked up, and squared his shoulders.

They had rubbed the cat the wrong way.

It is hard to be a stranger in a palace, young, country-bred, and laughed at all at once; but down in Nick Attwood's heart was a stubborn streak that all the flattery on earth could not cajole nor ridicule efface. He might be simple, shy, and slow, but what he loved he loved: that much he knew; and when they laughed at him for loving home they seemed to mock not him, but home — and *that* touched the fighting-spot.

"I would rather be there than here," said he.

The Queen's face flushed. "Thou art more curt than courteous," said she. "Is it not good enough for thee here?"

"I could na live in such a place."

The Queen's eyes snapped. "In such a place? Marry, art thou so choice? These others find no fault with the life."

"Then they be born to it," said Nick, "or they could abide no more than I — they would na fit."

"Haw, haw!" said the Lord High Constable.

The Queen shot one quick glance at him. "Old pegs have been made to fit new holes before to-day," said she; "and the trick can be done again." The Constable smothered the rest of that laugh in his hand. "But come, boy, speak up; what hath put thee so out of conceit with our best-beloved palace?"

"There is na one thing likes me here. I can na bide in a place so fine, for there's not so much as a corner in it feels like home. I could na sleep in the bed last night."

"What, how? We commanded good beds!" exclaimed Elizabeth angrily, for the Venetian ambassador was smiling in his beard. "This shall be seen to."

"Oh, it *was* a good bed — a very good bed indeed, your Majesty!" cried Nick. "But the mattress puffed up like a cloud in a bag, and almost smothered me; and it was so soft and so hot that it gave me a fever."

Elizabeth leaned back in her chair and laughed. The Lord High Constable hastily finished the laugh that he had hidden in his hand. Everybody laughed. "Upon my word," said the Queen, "it is an odd skylark cannot sleep in feathers! What didst thou do, forsooth?"

"I slept in the coverlid on the floor," said Nick. "It was na hurt,— I dusted the place well,— and I slept like a top."

"Now verily," laughed Elizabeth, "if it be floors that thou dost desire, we have acres to spare — thou shalt have thy pick of the lot. Come, we are ill used to begging people to be favored — thou 'lt stay?"

Nick shook his head.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the Queen, "it is a queer fancy makes a face at such a pleasant dwelling! What is it sticks in thy throat?"

Nick stood silent. What was there to say? If he came here he never would see Stratford town again; and *this* was no abiding-place for him. They would not even let him go to the fountain himself to draw water with which to wash, but fetched it, three at a time, in a silver ewer and a copper basin with towels and a flask of perfume.

Elizabeth was tapping with her fan. "Thou art bedazzled like," she said. "Think twice — preferment does not gooseberry on the hedge-row every day; and this is a rare chance which hangs ripening on thy tongue. Consider well. Come, thou wilt accept?"

Nick slowly shook his head.

"Go then, if thou wilt go!" said she; and as she spoke she shrugged her shoulders, illy pleased, and turning toward Colley,

took him by the hand and drew him closer to her, smiling at his guise. "Thy comrade hath more wit."

"He hath no mother," Nick said quietly, loosing his hold at last on Colley's hand. "I would rather have my mother than his wit."

Elizabeth turned sharply back. Her keen eyes were sparkling, yet soft.

"Thou art no fool," said she.

A little murmur ran through the room.

She sat a moment, silent, studying his face. "Or if thou art, upon my word I like the breed. It is a stubborn, froward dog; but Hold-fast is his name. Aye, sirs," she said, and sat up very straight, looking into the faces of her court, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is better. A lad who loves his mother thus makes a man who loveth his native land — and it 's no bad streak in the blood. Master Skylark, thou shalt have thy wish; to London thou shalt go this very night."

"I do na live in London," Nick began.

"What matters the place?" said she. "Live wheresoever thine heart doth please. It is enough — so. Thou mayst kiss our hand." She held her hand out, bright with jewels. He knelt and kissed it as if it were all a doing in a dream, or in some unlikely story he had read. But a long while after he could smell the perfume from her slender fingers on his lips.

Then a page standing by him touched his arm as he arose, and bowing backward from the throne, came with him to the curtain and the rest. Old Master Gyles was standing there apart. It was too dark to see his face, but he laid his hand upon Nick's head.

"Thy cake is burned to a coal," said he.

"Master Skylark, Thou Shalt Have Thy Wish," said Queen Elizabeth

CHRISTMAS BELLS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

DOTHEBOYS HALL

CHARLES DICKENS

"EDUCATION.— At Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily from one till four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N.B. An able assistant wanted. Annual salary £5. A Master of Arts would be preferred."

When Mr. Nicholas Nickleby read the above advertisement in a London paper he carefully copied the address of Mr. Squeers and hurriedly set forth in quest of that accomplished gentleman. Nicholas was greatly in need of a position and this opening

seemed very attractive. Full of anxiety lest some more fortunate candidate might have preceded him, Nicholas arrived at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, where Mr. Wackford Squeers was temporarily lodged.

Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favor of two. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. He was about two or three and fifty, and a trifle below the middle size; he wore a white neckerchief and a suit of scholastic black; but his coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes.

Mr. Squeers was standing in a corner of the room near a very small deal trunk, tied round with a scanty piece of cord, and on the trunk was perched — his lace-up half-boots and corduroy trousers dangling in the air — a diminutive boy, with his shoulders drawn up to his ears, and his hands planted on his knees, who glanced timidly at the schoolmaster from time to time, with evident dread and apprehension. Suddenly the little boy gave a violent sneeze.

"Halloa, sir!" growled the schoolmaster, turning round. "What's that, sir?"

"Nothing, please sir," said the little boy.

"Nothing, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Squeers.

"Please, sir, I sneezed," rejoined the boy, trembling till the little trunk shook under him.

"Oh! sneezed, did you?" retorted Mr. Squeers. "Then what did you say 'nothing' for, sir?"

In default of a better answer to this question, the little boy screwed a couple of knuckles into each of his eyes and began to cry; wherefore Mr. Squeers knocked him off the trunk with a blow on one side of his face, and knocked him on again with a

blow on the other. "Wait till I get you down into Yorkshire, my young gentleman," said Mr. Squeers, "and then I'll give you the rest. Will you hold that noise, sir?"

"Ye-ye-yes," sobbed the little boy, rubbing his face very hard.

"Then do so at once, sir," said Squeers. "Do you hear?"

As this admonition was accompanied with a threatening gesture, and uttered with a savage aspect, the little boy rubbed his face harder, and between alternately sniffing and choking, gave no further vent to his emotions.

"Mr. Squeers," said the waiter, at this juncture, "here is a gentleman asking for you."

"Show the gentleman in, Richard," replied Mr. Squeers, in a soft voice. "Put your handkerchief in your pocket, you little scoundrel, or I 'll murder you when the gentleman goes."

The schoolmaster had scarcely uttered these words in a fierce whisper, when Nicholas Nickleby entered. Affecting not to see him, Mr. Squeers feigned to be intent upon mending a pen, and offering benevolent advice to his youthful pupil.

"My dear child," said Mr. Squeers, "all people have their trials. This early trial of yours that is fit to make your little heart burst, and your very eyes come out of your head with crying, what is it? Nothing; less than nothing. You are leaving your friends, but you will have a father in me, my dear, and a mother in Mrs. Squeers. At the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, where youth are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessities —"

At this point Nicholas interrupted with an inquiry concerning the advertisement in the paper.

Mr. Squeers after offering objections to his youth and lack of college degree finally engaged Nicholas as assistant master of Dotheboys Hall. Nicholas, overjoyed at his success, could almost have worshiped Squeers on the spot.

"At eight to-morrow morning, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers,

"the coach starts. You must be here at a quarter before, as we take these boys with us."

On arriving at the coffee-room next morning he found Mr. Squeers sitting at breakfast, with five little boys, whom he was to take down with him, ranged in a row on the opposite seat. Mr. Squeers had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef, but he was at that moment intent on preparing breakfast for the little boys.

"This is twopenn'orth of milk, is it, waiter?" said Mr. Squeers.

"That's twopenn'orth, sir," replied the waiter.

"What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London!" said Mr. Squeers, with a sigh. "Just fill that mug up with lukewarm water, William, will you?"

"To the wery top, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Why, the milk will be drownded."

"Never you mind that," replied Mr. Squeers. "Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three, did you?"

"Coming directly, sir."

"You need n't hurry yourself," said Squeers, "there 's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles." As he uttered this moral precept, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognized Nicholas.

"Sit down, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers. "Here we are, a breakfasting, you see."

Nicholas did *not* see that anybody was breakfasting, except Mr. Squeers; but he bowed with all becoming reverence, and looked as cheerful as he could.

"Oh, that's the milk and water, is it, William?" said Mr. Squeers. "Very good; don't forget the bread and butter presently."

At this fresh mention of the bread and butter, the five little boys looked very eager, and followed the waiter out, with their eyes; meanwhile Mr. Squeers tasted the milk and water.

"Ah," said that gentleman, smacking his lips, "here is richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys. A shocking thing hunger is, is n't it, Mr. Nickleby."

"Very shocking, sir," said Nicholas.

"When I say number one," pursued Mr. Squeers, putting the mug before the children, "the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say number two, the boy next him will go in, and so till we come to number five, which is the last boy. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," cried all the little boys with great eagerness.

"That 's right," said Squeers, calmly getting on with his breakfast; "keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you 've conquered human nature. This is the way we inculcate strength of mind, Mr. Nickleby," said the schoolmaster, turning to Nicholas and speaking with his mouth full of beef and toast.

Nicholas murmured something — he knew not what — in reply; and the little boys, dividing their gaze between the mug, the bread and butter (which by this time had arrived), and every morsel which Mr. Squeers took into his mouth, remained with strained eyes in torments of expectation.

"Thank God for a good breakfast," said Squeers when he had finished. "Number one may take a drink."

Number one seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to number three; and the process was repeated until the milk and water terminated with number five.

"And now," said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread and butter for three into as many portions as there were children, "you had better look sharp with your breakfast, for the horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off."

Permission being thus given to fall to, the boys began to eat

voraciously, and in desperate haste; while the schoolmaster (who was in a high good humor after his meal) looked smilingly on. In a very short time the horn was heard. "I thought it would n't be long," said Squeers, jumping up and producing a little basket from under his seat; "put what you have n't had time to eat in here, boys. You 'll want it on the road!"

Nicholas was considerably startled by these very economical arrangements; but he had no time to reflect upon them, for the little boys had to be got up to the top of the coach, and their boxes had to be brought out and put in, and Mr. Squeers's luggage was to be seen carefully deposited in the boot, and all these offices were in his department.

A minute's bustle, a banging of the coach doors, a swaying of the vehicle to one side, as the heavy coachman climbed into his seat, a cry of all right, a few notes from the horn and the coach was off. At six o'clock the following night, Nicholas, Mr. Squeers, and the little boys, were all put down together at the George and New Inn, Greta Bridge.

"Is it much farther to Dotheboys Hall, sir?" asked Nicholas, when they had started off, the little boys in one vehicle, he and Mr. Squeers in another.

"About three miles from here," replied Squeers. "But you need n't call it a hall down here. The fact is, it ain't a hall," observed Squeers, drily.

"Oh, indeed!" said Nicholas, whom this piece of intelligence much astonished.

"No," replied Squeers. "We call it a hall up in London, because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts. A man may call his house an island if he likes; there 's no act of Parliament against that, I believe?"

"I believe not, sir," rejoined Nicholas.

Squeers eyed his companion slily at the conclusion of this little dialogue, and finding that he had grown thoughtful and appeared in nowise disposed to volunteer any observations, contented

himself with lashing the pony until they reached their journey's end.

"Jump out," said Squeers. "Hallo there! Come and put this horse up. Be quick, will you!"

While the schoolmaster was uttering these and other impatient cries, Nicholas had time to observe that the school was a long, cold-looking house, only one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining. Presently a tall, lean boy, with a lantern in his hand, issued forth. Mr. Squeers had dismounted, and after ordering the boy, whom he called Smike, to see to the pony, and to take care that he had n't any more corn that night, he told Nicholas to wait at the front door a minute while he went round and let him in.

A host of unpleasant misgivings, which had been crowding upon Nicholas during the whole journey, thronged into his mind. His great distance from home, and the impossibility of reaching it, except on foot, should he feel ever so anxious, presented itself to him in most alarming colors; and as he looked up at the dreary house and dark windows, and upon the wild country round, covered with snow, he felt a depression of heart and spirit which he never had experienced before.

"Now, then!" cried Squeers, poking his head out at the front door. "Where are you, Nickleby?"

"Here, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Come in, then," said Squeers; "the wind blows in, at this door, fit to knock a man off his legs."

Nicholas sighed and hurried in. Mr. Squeers ushered him into a small parlor scantily furnished with a few chairs, a yellow map hung against the wall, and a couple of tables; one of which bore some preparations for supper. Presently a young servant girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers meanwhile was emptying his great-coat pockets of letters to different boys, which he had brought down. Smike

glanced, with an anxious and timid expression, at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once; for it told a long and very sad history. He considered the boy more attentively, and was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in keeping with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, but now too patched and tattered for a beggar. He was lame, and as he feigned to be busy arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smike?" cried Mrs. Squeers; "let the things alone, can't you?"

"Eh," said Squeers, looking up. "Oh, it 's you, is it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control, by force, the nervous wandering of his fingers. "Is there —"

"Well!" said Squeers.

"Have you — did anybody — has anything been heard — about me?"

"Not a word," resumed Squeers, "and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, is n't it, that you should have been left here, all these years, and no money paid after the first six — nor no notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It 's a pretty sort of thing, that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, is n't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

Wearied by a ride of two hundred miles in severe weather, Nicholas slept soundly and dreamed sweet dreams until he was rudely awakened by the voice of Squeers.

"Past seven, Nickleby," said he.

"Come now, tumble up, will you?"

When Nicholas came downstairs he found the good Mrs. Squeers in an excited state of mind.

"I can't find the school spoon anywhere," she said anxiously.

"Never mind it, my dear," observed Squeers in a soothing manner; "it 's of no consequence."

"No consequence? Why, how you talk!" retorted Mrs. Squeers sharply; "is n't it brimstone morning?"

"I forgot, my dear," rejoined Squeers; "yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' bloods now and then, Nickleby."

"Oh! nonsense," rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand, at once, that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they had n't something or other in the way of medicine they 'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So, it does them good and us good at the same time, and that 's fair enough, I 'm sure!"

"But come," said Squeers, "let 's go to the schoolroom; and lend me a hand with my school-coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting jacket, and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard, to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby!"

The place was a bare and dirty room, with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long, old rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked, and damaged, in every possible way; two or three forms; a detached

desk for Squeers; and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported, like that of a barn, by cross beams and rafters; and the walls were so stained and discolored that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

But the pupils! How the last faint traces of hope faded from the mind of Nicholas as he looked in dismay around! There were pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, boys of stunted growth; little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; vicious-faced boys, brooding with leaden eyes, with every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down.

And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large installment to each boy in succession: using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably: they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp.

In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night: at no great distance from these was seated the juvenile son and heir of Mr. Squeers, Wackford by name — a striking likeness of his father — kicking, with great vigor, under the hands of Smike, who was fitting upon him a pair of new boots that bore a most suspicious resemblance to those which the least of the little boys had worn on the journey down — as the little boy himself seemed to think, for he was regarding the appropriation with a look of rueful amazement.

"Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the spoon to restore him. "Here you, Smike; take away now. Look sharp!"

Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers hurried out after him into a wash-house where there were a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board. Into these bowls, Mrs. Squeers poured a brown composition, which was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of it, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said in a solemn voice, "For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!" —and went away to his own.

After eating a bowl of porridge, and having further disposed of a slice of bread and butter, allotted to him in virtue of his office, Nicholas sat himself down, to wait for school-time. He could not but observe how silent and sad the boys seemed to be. There was none of the noise and clamor of a schoolroom; none of its boisterous play, or hearty mirth. The only pupil who evinced the slightest tendency towards locomotion or playfulness was Master Squeers, and, as his chief amusement was to tread upon other boys' toes in his new boots, his flow of spirits was rather disagreeable than otherwise.

After some half-hour's delay, Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books. Then Mr. Squeers called the first class.

"This is the class in English spelling, and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We 'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where 's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he 's cleaning the back parlor window," answered one of the class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the

practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C—l—e—a—n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. Where 's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he 's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers. "So he is. B—o—t, bot, t—i—n, tin, n—e—y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. Third boy, what 's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain 't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there is n't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped 's Latin for beast, as everybody that 's gone through the grammar knows. As you 're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy; "go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I 'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it 's washing day to-morrow."

So saying, he dismissed the class, and eyed Nicholas with a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

"That 's the way we do it, Nickleby," he said, after a pause. Nicholas shrugged his shoulders, and said he saw it was.

"And a very good way it is, too," said Squeers. "Now just take them fourteen little boys and hear them some reading, because, you know, you must begin to be useful."

Mr. Squeers said this as if it had suddenly occurred to him, either that he must not say too much to his assistant, or that his assistant did not say enough to him in praise of the establishment. The children were arranged in a semi-circle round the new master, and he was soon listening to their dull, drawling, hesitating recital of stories to be found in the old spelling books. In this exciting occupation the morning lagged heavily on. At one o'clock, the boys sat down in the kitchen to some hard salt

beef. After this there was another hour of crouching in the schoolroom and shivering with cold, and then school began again.

"Let any boy speak without leave," said Mr. Squeers mildly, "and I'll take the skin off his back."

This special proclamation had the desired effect, and a death-like silence immediately prevailed, in the midst of which Mr. Squeers went on to say:

"Boys, I've been to London, and have returned as strong and well as ever."

According to half-yearly custom, the boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers! Sighs of extra strength with the chill on.

"Now let us see," said Squeers. "A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey."

A boy stood up and eyed the letter very hard, while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

"Oh," said Squeers; "Cobbey's grandmother is dead, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteenpence, which will just pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money?"

The worthy lady pocketed the eighteenpence with a most business-like air, and Squeers passed on to the next boy, as coolly as possible. "Mobb's step-mother," said Squeers, "took to her bed on hearing that he would n't eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know, by an early post, where he expects to go to if he quarrels with his vittles; and with what feelings he could turn up his nose at the cow's liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. This was told her in the London newspapers — not by Mr. Squeers, for he is too kind and good to set anybody against anybody — and it has vexed her so much, Mobbs can't think. She is sorry to find he is discontented, which is sinful and horrid, and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind; and with this view, she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket-money, and given

a double-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it to the Missionaries, which she had bought on purpose for him.

"A sulky state of feeling," said Squeers, after a terrible pause. "Cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. Mobbs, come to me."

Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so; and he soon afterwards retired by the side door, with as good a cause as a boy need have.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters; some enclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers "took care of"; and others referring to small articles of apparel, all of which the same lady stated to be too large, or too small, and calculated for nobody but young Squeers, who would appear indeed to have had most accommodating limbs, since everything that came into the school fitted him to a nicety. His head, in particular, must have been singularly elastic, for hats and caps of all dimensions were alike to him.

There was a small stove at that corner of the room which was nearest to the master's desk, and by it Nicholas sat down, depressed and degraded by the consciousness of his position. But for the present his resolve was taken. He had written to his mother and sister, announcing the safe conclusion of his journey, and saying as little about Dotheboys Hall, and saying that little as cheerfully as he could. He hoped that by remaining where he was, he might do some good, even there.

SMIKE FINDS A FRIEND

Poor Nicholas in addition to bad food, dirty lodgings, and being compelled to witness one dull unvarying round of squalid misery was treated with every special indignity that malice could suggest. Nor was this all. There was another system of annoyance which nearly drove him wild, by its injustice and cruelty. Upon the wretched creature Smike, all the spleen and ill-humor that could not be vented on Nicholas were unceasingly bestowed.

Drudgery would have been nothing — Smike was well used to that. Buffetings inflicted without cause would have been equally a matter of course, for to them also he had served a long and weary apprenticeship; but it was no sooner observed that he had become attached to Nicholas, than stripes and blows, morning, noon, and night, were his only portion. Squeers was jealous of the influence which his new teacher had so soon acquired; and his family hated him, and Smike paid for both. Nicholas saw this, and ground his teeth at every repetition of the savage and cowardly attack.

Some weeks later as the cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the window, Nicholas was aroused from his slumbers by the voice of Squeers.

"Where 's that boy Smike?" cried that gentleman.

"He is not here, sir," said Nicholas.

"Please, sir. I think Smike 's run away, sir," cried one of the small boys.

"Yes, he is off," said Mrs. Squeers, angrily. "The cowhouse and stable are locked up, so he can't be there; and he 's not downstairs anywhere. He must have gone York way, and by a public road too. Then of course," continued Mrs. Squeers, "he had n't any money, had he? He must beg his way, and he could do that nowhere but on the public road."

"That 's true," exclaimed Squeers, clapping his hands.

"True! Yes; but you would never have thought of it, if I had n't said so," replied his wife. "Now, if you take the chaise and go one road and I borrow Squallow's chaise and go the other, one or other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him!"

The worthy lady's plan was adopted and put in execution without a moment's delay.

After a very hasty breakfast, Squeers started forth in the pony chaise, intent upon discovery and vengeance. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Squeers issued forth in another chaise and another direc-

tion, taking with her a good-sized bludgeon, several odd pieces of strong cord, and a stout laboring man.

Nicholas remained behind, in a tumult of feeling, sensible that whatever might be the upshot of the boy's flight, nothing but painful and deplorable consequences were likely to ensue from it. The unhappy being had established a hold upon his sympathy and compassion, which made his heart ache at the prospect of the suffering he was destined to undergo.

The next evening Squeers returned alone and unsuccessful. Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped. The voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard in exultation. Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window; but he did so, and the very first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike; so bedabbled with mud and rain, so haggard, and worn, and wild, that, but for his garments being such as no scarecrow was ever seen to wear, he might have been doubtful, even then, of his identity.

"Lift him out," said Squeers, after he had literally feasted his eyes upon the culprit. "Bring him in; bring him in!"

"Take care!" cried Mrs. Squeers. "We tied his legs under the apron and made 'em fast to the chaise to prevent his giving us the slip again."

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord; and Smike, more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar.

It may be a matter of surprise to some persons that Mr. and Mrs. Squeers should have taken so much trouble to repossess themselves of an incumbrance of which it was their wont to complain so loudly; but the services of the drudge, if performed by any one else, would have cost some ten or twelve shillings per week in the shape of wages; and furthermore, all runaways were, as a matter of policy, made severe examples of, at Dotheboys

Hall, as, in consequence of the limited extent of its attractions, there was but little inducement, beyond the powerful impulse of fear, for any pupil, provided with the usual number of legs and the power of using them, to remain.

The news that Smike had been caught and brought back in triumph ran like wild-fire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it was destined to remain, however, until afternoon; when the luckless Smike, trembling with fear, was brought before the entire school.

"Have you anything to say?" demanded Squeers, giving his right arm two or three flourishes to try its power and suppleness. "Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!" cried Smike.

"Oh! that's all, is it?" said Squeers. "Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

"I was driven to do it," said Smike faintly, and casting an imploring look about him.

"Driven to it, were you?" said Squeers. "Oh! it was n't your fault; it was mine, I suppose — eh?"

Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body — he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain — it was raised again, and again about to fall — when Nicholas Nickleby, suddenly starting up, cried, "Stop!" in a voice that made the rafters ring.

"Who cried stop?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.

"I," said Nicholas, stepping forward. "This must not go on!"

"Must not go on!" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

"No!" thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupefied by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and, falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

"I say must not," repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; "shall not. I will prevent it."

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually, for the moment, bereft him of speech.

"You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf," said Nicholas; "you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I."

"Sit down, beggar!" screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

"Wretch," rejoined Nicholas, fiercely; "touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by Heaven I will not spare you, if you drive me on!"

"Stand back," cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

"I have a long series of insults to avenge," said Nicholas, flushed with passion; "and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do rouse the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!"

He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

Leaving Squeers's family to restore him as best they might, Nicholas retired to consider what course he had better adopt.

After a brief consideration, he packed up a few clothes in a small leathern valise, and, finding that nobody offered to oppose

his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road which led to Greta Bridge.

When he had cooled sufficiently to be enabled to give his present circumstances some little reflection, they did not appear in a very encouraging light; he had only four shillings and a few pence in his pocket, and was something more than two hundred and fifty miles from London, whither he resolved to direct his steps.

He lay, that night, at a cottage where beds were let at a cheap rate to the more humble class of travelers; and, rising betimes next morning, made his way before night to Boroughbridge. Passing through that town in search of some cheap resting-place, he stumbled upon an empty barn within a couple of hundred yards of the roadside; in a warm corner of which he stretched his weary limbs, and soon fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning, and tried to recollect his dreams, which had been all connected with his recent sojourn at Dotheboys Hall, he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and stared — not with the most composed countenance possible — at some motionless object which seemed to be stationed within a few yards in front of him.

"Strange!" cried Nicholas, "can this be some lingering creation of the visions that have scarcely left me? It cannot be real — and yet I — I am awake! Smike!"

The form moved, rose, advanced, and dropped upon its knees at his feet. It was Smike indeed.

"Why do you kneel to me?" said Nicholas, hastily raising him.

"To go with you — anywhere — everywhere — to the world's end — to the churchyard grave," replied Smike, clinging to his hand. "Let me, oh, do let me. You are my home — my kind friend — take me with you, pray."

"I am a friend who can do little for you," said Nicholas kindly. "How came you here?"

He had followed him, it seemed; had never lost sight of him all the way; had watched while he slept, and when he halted for refreshment; and had feared to appear before, lest he should be

sent back. He had not intended to appear now, but Nicholas had awakened more suddenly than he looked for, and he had had no time to conceal himself.

"Poor fellow!" said Nicholas; "your hard fate denies you any friend but one, and he is nearly as poor and helpless as yourself."

"May I — may I go with you?" asked Smike timidly. "I will be your faithful, hard-working servant. I only want to be near you."

"And you shall!" cried Nicholas. "The world shall deal by you as it does by me, till one or both of us shall quit it for a better. Come!"

With these words, he strapped his burden on his shoulders, and, taking his stick in one hand, extended the other to his delighted charge; and so they passed out of the old barn together.

Notes

Charles Dickens, born, at Landport, England, Feb. 7, 1812.

Died, at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, England, June 9, 1870.

This story is taken from Dickens' story, "Nicholas Nickleby," written in 1839. The place is about two hundred fifty miles north of London.

Name the principal characters. In which ones were you most interested?

Describe Mr. Squeers's appearance.

How did Nicholas get the position of assistant teacher for Dotheboys Hall?

Why did they travel by coach?

What piece of intelligence astonished Nicholas on their arrival? Why was this?

How does Smike first appear, and what is your impression of him?

Compare this school room with your own.

In truth why were the boys given brimstone and treacle?

Would you like to have been one of the boys of Dotheboys Hall? Why?

Give a good reason why Nicholas decided to stay.

How was Smike treated because he had become attached to Nicholas, and what was the result of this treatment?

Do you feel that Squeers deserved what he received from Nicholas?

Why was it right for Nicholas to allow Smike to go with him?

How was the school finally broken up?

In after years it was found that Nicholas and Smike were cousins.

There were many drawings made for Dickens' books by "Phiz," whose real name was H. K. Burne. Mr. Dickens went down to Yorkshire to examine the schools before he wrote "Nicholas Nickleby." Mr. Burne was with him on the trip during the month of March, 1837, and made sketches true to life as they found it.

Read a copy of "Nicholas Nickleby" with sketches by "Phiz."

Read "Oliver Twist" with sketches by the English caricaturist, George Cruikshank.

SIR LAUNFAL AND THE LEPER

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate
  He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
  And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;

But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

— From "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

EVENING SONG

JOHN FLETCHER

Shepherds all and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dewdrops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads:
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapors fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,

Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And forever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell

Notes

John Fletcher, born, at Rye, in Sussex, England, in 1579.

Died, at London, England, 1625.

From "The Faithful Shepherdess." It is Scene I of Act II. A Pasture. An old Shepherd enters, with a bell ringing; and the Priest of Pan following. This evening knell is by the Priest.

Of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" it is great praise to say that Milton borrowed many of its thoughts and much of its fable for his "Comus."

What division of the poem can be made at the sixteenth line?

In prose give a description of the coming of night.

What precautions are urged and what promises given in Lines 17–31?

Express "Sweetest slumbers . . . my evening's knell" in common form of speech.

Words and Phrases

"fold your flocks"
"some . . . course hath run"
"clouds low falling"

IN THE DESERT

HONORE DE BALZAC

During the expedition undertaken by General Desaix into upper Egypt, a Provençal soldier fell into the hands of the Maugrabins and was carried away by these Arabs into the desert beyond the cataracts of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march, resting only by night. They camped about a well hidden by palm-trees, where they had previously concealed provisions. Not suspecting that the idea of escape would enter the mind of their prisoner, they merely tied his hands, and when they had eaten some dates and fed their horses, they went to sleep. When the courageous Frenchman saw that his enemies were no longer in a condition to watch him, he managed to use his teeth to get hold of a scimiter, and fixing the blade between his knees, cut the cord which restrained his hands, and in a moment found himself free. He then seized a carbine and a poniard, took the precaution of providing himself with some dry dates, a little sack of barley, and powder and balls. He buckled the scimiter about his waist, mounted a horse, and quickly spurred away in the direction in which he thought the French army must lie. So impatient was he to see the mess tent once more, that he urged on his already tired courser at such a speed that the poor animal, its flanks lacerated by the spurs, soon breathed its last and left its rider in the midst of the desert.

After walking on for some time in the sand with all the courage of an escaped convict, the soldier was obliged to stop, as the day was at an end. In spite of the beauty of an Oriental night, he felt that he had not the strength to continue his journey.

He had been fortunate enough to gain an eminence on the top of which grew palms, whose foliage had been visible for a long time and had filled his heart with gentle hopes. His weariness was so great that he lay down on a granite boulder, by chance hollowed out like a camp-bed, and fell asleep without taking any precaution for his safety during the night. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His last thought was one of regret. He already repented of having left the Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to smile upon him, now that they were far away and he was helpless.

He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays, beating straight down upon the granite rock, produced an unbearable heat; for this Frenchman had been awkward enough to place himself on the opposite side from the shade thrown by the verdant and majestic heads of the palm-trees. But when, after having counted the palms, he cast his eyes on the surrounding plain, the most frightful despair settled on his soul. He saw a limitless ocean. The dark sands of the desert extended as far as the eye could reach in every direction, and glittered like a steel blade in bright sunlight. The horizon ended, as it does at sea on a clear day, in one line of light as sharp as the cut of a saber. The man hugged the trunk of one of the palms as if it were a friend; then, in the shelter of the narrow shadow which the tree threw upon the granite rock, he wept as he sat immovable, contemplating with profound sadness the relentless scene which presented itself to his eyes. He cried out, to try the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hill, returned a feeble sound far off without wakening an answering echo: the echo was in his own heart. The Frenchman was twenty-two years old. He loaded his carbine: "It will always be ready," he said to himself as he placed on the ground the means of his deliverance.

Looking now at the black expanse, now at the blue expanse, the soldier dreamed of France. He smelt with delight the gut-

ters of Paris, he recalled the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his comrades, and the slightest circumstances of his life's history.

Finally he went down the opposite side of the hill from that he had come up the evening before. Great was his joy on discovering a kind of grotto, naturally shaped in the immense blocks of granite which formed the base of the tiny mountain. The remains of a mat announced that this retreat had once been inhabited. A few steps farther on, he saw some trees loaded with dates. Then the instinct which draws us to life reawakened in his heart. He hoped he might live long enough to attract the notice of some passing Maugrabins, or, perhaps, hear once more the roar of cannon; for, at this moment, Bonaparte was overrunning Egypt.

Roused by this thought, he knocked down some ripe fruit to eat, for the date-trees seemed bending under the weight of it, and in the taste of this unhoped-for manna he found assurance that the inhabitant of the cave had cultivated the trees. The fresh, savory meat argued the care of his predecessor. The Frenchman suddenly passed from the shadow of despair to an almost idiotic joy. He remounted to the top of the hill, and occupied himself the remainder of the day in cutting one of the sterile palms which the night before had served him for shelter. A vague recollection made him think of the animals of the desert; and reflecting that they might come to drink at the spring which could be seen at the base of the rocks, but disappeared in the sands, he resolved to guard himself by placing a barrier at the entrance to his retreat. In spite of his toil, in spite of the strength given by the fear of being devoured in his sleep, he found it impossible to cut the palm into pieces that day; but he succeeded in felling it. When, toward evening, this king of the desert toppled over, the noise of its fall resounded far and wide, and it was like a moan uttered by the solitude. He despoiled the beautiful tree of the broad green leaves which

are its poetic adornment, and made use of them to repair the mat on which he was to sleep.

Worn out by the heat and the labor, he fell asleep under the red roof of his damp cave.

In the middle of the night his sleep was disturbed by an unusual noise. He sat up, and the deep silence which reigned about him permitted him to recognize the alternating accents of a respiration whose savage energy could belong to no human creature. A profound fear, increased by the gloom, the silence, and the phantoms of imagination, froze his heart. He almost felt his hair stand on end when, dilating the pupils of his eyes, he perceived in the shadow two feeble yellow sparks. At first he attributed these lights to some reflection of his own eyeballs; but soon, as the brilliancy of the night assisted him gradually to distinguish the various objects within the cave, he perceived an enormous animal lying only two steps away.

Was it a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile? The Frenchman was unable to tell under what species his enemy should be classed, but his fright was all the greater because his lack of knowledge made him imagine every misfortune at once. He endured the cruel torture of listening, of catching every variation in that respiration and missing nothing, without daring to make the slightest movement. Soon the reflection of the moon as it neared the horizon illumined the cave and by degrees revealed the resplendent spotted coat of a panther.

This lion of Egypt was sleeping, curled up like a great dog, the peaceable possessor of a sumptuous corner at the door of this hostelry; its eyes opened for a moment, then closed again. Its face was turned toward the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the mind of the panther's prisoner. At first he thought of killing it with a shot from his gun, but he soon saw there was not room enough to take aim, and that the shot would fail to take effect. And if it should awake! The supposition made him stiff with fear. Listening to the beat-

ing of his own heart, clearly heard in the silence, he cursed the too strong pulsations which the rush of blood produced, fearing to disturb that sleep which allowed him time to think of some expedient to preserve his life. Twice he placed his hand on his scimiter with the design of cutting off the head of his enemy, but the difficulty of cutting through the stiff, short hair obliged him to renounce this daring project. To fail? that would surely mean death, thought he. He preferred the chances of combat, and resolved to await the day.

And the day did not give him long to wait. The Frenchman could now examine the panther: its muzzle was smeared with blood. "She has had a good meal," he thought with no disquieting conjecture that she might have been feasting on human flesh. "She will not be hungry when she wakes up."

The tranquil hostess breathed heavily as she lay in an attitude as graceful as that of a cat on a rug by the fire. Her blood-stained paws, nervous and well armed, extended in front of her head, which rested upon them, and from which extended her thin, straight whiskers, like threads of silver. If she had been in a cage, forsooth, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the grace of this beast, and the sharp contrasts of living colors which gave to her coat an imperial splendor. The soldier's courage vanished for a moment before this danger, though doubtless it would have risen at the mouth of a cannon belching forth grape-shot. However, one bold thought made daylight in his heart and sealed up the pores from which the cold sweat had been oozing out on his forehead. Hardy as those men who, driven to the last extremity, come to defy death and offer themselves to her fell blows, he resolved to view this adventure merely as a tragic drama, and play out his part with honor to the final scene.

"Day before yesterday, perhaps the Arabs would have killed me," said he to himself. Considering himself as dead, he awaited bravely and with anxious curiosity the awakening of his enemy.

When the sun appeared, the panther suddenly opened her eyes;

then she violently stretched out her paws; at last she yawned, and thereby displayed a frightful row of teeth and a slender tongue, as rough as a rasp.

"A regular beauty," thought the Frenchman, as he watched. She licked off the blood which smeared her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head with repeated strokes. "We shall presently be wishing each other good morning," said the Frenchman to himself as he seized the short little dagger which he had taken from the Maugrabins.

At this moment the panther turned her head toward the Frenchman and looked at him steadily without moving. Her metallic eyes made the man shudder, especially when the beast walked toward him; but he watched her, staring at her as if to hypnotize her. He let her come quite near him. Then, by a gentle movement he passed his hand over her from the head to the tail. The beast suddenly straightened her tail, her eyes grew gentle, and she began to purr, as our cats do in expressing their pleasure; but this murmur proceeded from a throat so powerful and deep, that it resounded through the cave like the bass chords of a church organ. When he felt assured of having extinguished the ferocity of the animal, whose hunger had so fortunately been satisfied the evening before, he rose to go out of the cave. The panther indeed let him pass; but when he had ascended the hill, she came bounding up with the lightness of a sparrow hopping from branch to branch. The Frenchman watched for the propitious moment to kill her; but the hardness of the bone made him tremble lest he should not succeed. He suddenly fancied that to assassinate this savage princess at a single stroke, he must stab her in the throat, and he raised the blade, when the panther, doubtless surfeited, lay down at his feet, from time to time casting up glances at him, in which, in spite of their native fierceness, was mingled a confused goodwill. The poor fellow ate some dates, leaning against one of the palms, in turn casting a searching eye on the desert to see if he might discern

a liberator, and on his terrible companion that he might watch her uncertain clemency. The panther kept looking at the place where the date stones fell, and each time he threw one down, her eyes expressed a certain mistrust. She examined the Frenchman with the prudence of a merchant; but this examination was favorable to him, for when he had finished his meager repast she licked his shoes, and, with a tongue rough and strong, she removed in a marvellous manner the dust that had hardened in the creases.

"But when she shall be hungry!" thought the Frenchman. In spite of the shudder which this thought caused him, the soldier began from curiosity to measure the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most beautiful individuals of the species, for she was three feet high, and five feet long, without counting her tail. This powerful member, shaped like a cudgel, was almost three feet long. The head, almost as large as that of a lion, was distinguished by an expression of rare craftiness; and the cold cruelty of the tiger dominated it.

The soldier began to walk up and down; the panther left him free, contenting herself with following the movements of her master with her eyes, indeed resembling less a faithful dog, than a great restless angora. When he turned he saw by the spring the remains of his horse: the panther had dragged the carcass all that distance. About two-thirds had been devoured. The sight gave reassurance. It was now easy to explain the absence of the panther, and why she had respected his slumbers. This first piece of good fortune emboldened him to tempt the future. He came back to her and had the unspeakable happiness of seeing her wag her tail in an almost imperceptible movement. He then sat down without fear beside her. She allowed him to do as he would, and when he undertook to stroke the hair on her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, which were curved like damsons. The Frenchman, keeping his hand on his dagger, thought even then of plunging it into her, but he feared

being strangled in the last convulsion which would seize her. And besides, he felt in his heart a sort of compunction which cried out to him to respect an inoffensive creature. He seemed to have found a friend in this limitless desert.

But the soldier awaited with impatience the hour of his flight, and when it arrived he ran swiftly in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he made a quarter of a league in the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, and uttering at intervals that rasping cry, more frightening even than the sound of her leaping.

At that moment the man fell into one of those quicksands so dreaded by travelers, since it is impossible to escape from them. Feeling that he was fast, he gave forth a cry of alarm. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and leaping backward with vigor, she dragged him from the danger as by magic. Thenceforth he seemed no longer alone. The desert contained a being to whom the man could talk, whose ferocity had been softened for him, though he was unable to explain the reasons for this remarkable friendship. His loneliness having passed, the Frenchman began to admire the sublime beauties of the desert. In the rising and the setting of the sun he found spectacles unknown to the civilized world. He knew what it was to tremble when he heard over his head the soft whirr of the wings of a bird—rare visitor,—or when he saw the clouds, those changing and many colored travelers, melting into one another. At night he studied the effect of the moon on the ocean of sand; and often, after having enjoyed the terrible spectacle of a hurricane on this plain, where the sands were lifted up and formed red, dry mists, death-bearing clouds, he watched with joy for the coming of night, for then a healing refreshment fell from the stars, to whose imaginary music he would listen. Whether the Frenchman had modified the character of his companion, or the panther had found abundant nourishment, thanks to the fighting then going on in the desert, she respected his life, and he ended by

abandoning his mistrust, so thoroughly tamed did she appear. He spent the greater part of his time in sleep, but he was obliged to watch, like a spider in the heart of her web, that the moment of his deliverance might not escape him, when some one should pass across the circle marked by the horizon. He had given up his shirt to make a flag, which he hoisted at the top of a palm branch stripped of its leaves. Taught by necessity, he found out how to keep it spread out by stretching it on little twigs, since the wind might not make it wave at the moment when some passing traveler in the desert was looking in that direction.

One day, when the sun was shining brightly, an immense bird cut through the air. The Frenchman left his panther, to examine this new visitor; but after a moment's waiting, the deserted animal, feeling she was being abandoned, gave a harsh growl.

He did not know what injury he had done her, but she turned as if enraged, and with her sharp teeth seized him by the leg, certainly with no great violence. But, thinking she was about to devour him, he plunged his dagger into her neck. She rolled over, uttering a cry which seemed to freeze his heart. He saw her struggling, still watching him but without anger. He would have given the world, his cross (which he had not then received), to bring her back to life. It was as if he had assassinated a real friend. And the soldiers, who had seen his signal and had hastened to his rescue, found him in tears.

" Surely," said he, " she was an animal with a soul."

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the Shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!
To-who! — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!
To-who! — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
— From "Love's Labor's Lost."

NOTES

To keel the pot is to cool by stirring or perhaps to scum the pot in order to keep it from boiling.

The parson's saw is his maxim.

It gives us a delightful reminiscence of Shakespeare's child-life at Stratford.

WORDS AND PHRASES

"blows his nail"
"blood is nipped"

A BATTLE WITH A CANNON

VICTOR HUGO

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pound cannon, had become loose.

This is perhaps the most dreadful thing that can take place at sea. Nothing more terrible can happen to a man-of-war under full sail.

A cannon that breaks loose from its fastenings is suddenly transformed into a supernatural beast. It is a monster developed from a machine. This mass runs along on its wheels as easily as a billiard ball; it rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, comes and goes, stops, seems to meditate, begins anew, darts like an arrow from one end of the ship to the other, whirls around, turns aside, evades, rears, hits out, crushes, kills, exterminates. It is a ram battering a wall at its own pleasure. Moreover, the battering-ram is iron, the wall is wood. It is matter set free; one might say that this eternal slave is wreaking its vengeance; it would seem as though the evil in what we call inanimate objects had found vent and suddenly burst forth; it has the air of having lost its patience, and of taking a mysterious, dull revenge; nothing is so inexorable as the rage of the inanimate. The mad mass leaps like a panther; it has the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of the ox; it takes one by surprise, like the surge of the sea; it flashes like lightning; it is deaf as the tomb; it weighs ten thousand pounds; and it bounds like a child's ball; it whirls as it advances, and the circles it describes are intersected by right angles. And what help is there? How can it be overcome? A calm succeeds the tempest, a cyclone passes over, a wind dies away, we replace the broken mass, we check the leak, we extinguish the fire; but what is to be done with this enormous bronze beast? How can it be subdued? You can reason with a mastiff, take a bull by surprise, fascinate a snake, frighten a tiger, mollify a lion; but there is no resource with the monster known as a loosened gun. You cannot kill it — it is already dead, and yet it lives. It breathes a sinister life bestowed on it by the Infinite. The plank beneath sways it to and fro; it is moved by the ship; the sea lifts the ship, and the wind keeps the sea in motion. This destroyer is a toy. Its terrible vitality is fed by the ship, the waves, and the wind, each lending its aid. What is to be done with this complication? How fetter this monstrous mechanism of shipwreck? How foresee its com-

ings and goings, its recoils, its halts, its shocks? Any one of those blows may stave in the side of the vessel. How can one guard against these terrible gyrations? One has to do with a projectile that reflects, that has ideas, and changes its direction at any moment. How can one arrest an object in its course, whose onslaught must be avoided? The dreadful cannon rushes about, advances, recedes, strikes to right and to left, flies here and there, baffles their attempts at capture, sweeps away obstacles, crushing men like flies.

When the fastening broke, the gunners were in the battery, singly and in groups, clearing the ship for action. The carronade, thrown forward by the pitching, dashed into a group of men, killing four of them at the first blow; then, hurled back by the rolling, it cut in two an unfortunate fifth man, and struck and dismounted one of the guns of the larboard battery. Hence the cry of distress which had been heard. All the men rushed to the ladder. The gun deck was empty in the twinkling of an eye.

The monstrous gun was left to itself. It was its own mistress, and mistress of the ship. It could do with it whatsoever it wished. This crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, now trembled. It would be impossible to describe their terror.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant la Vieuville, brave men though they were, paused at the top of the ladder, silent, pale, and undecided, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow, and descended. It was their passenger — the peasant — the man about whom they were talking a moment ago.

Having reached the bottom of the ladder he halted.

The cannon was rolling to and fro on the deck. It might have been called the living chariot of the Apocalypse. A dim wavering of lights and shadows was added to this spectacle by the marine lantern, swinging under the deck. The outlines of the cannon were indistinguishable, by reason of the rapidity of its motion; sometimes it looked black when the light shone upon it, then

again it would cast pale, glimmering reflections in the darkness.

It was still pursuing its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and made two breaches in the ship's side, fortunately above the waterline, but which would leak in case of rough weather. It rushed frantically against the timbers; the stout riders resisted — carved timbers have great strength; but one could hear them crack under this tremendous assault brought to bear simultaneously on every side, with a certain omnipresence truly appalling.

There was just sea enough to render this accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been welcome. It might have upset the cannon, and with its four wheels once in the air, it could easily have been mastered. Meanwhile the havoc increased. There were even incisions and fractures in the masts, that stood like pillars grounded firmly in the keel, and piercing the several decks of the vessel. The mizzenmast was split, and even the mainmast was damaged by the convulsive blows of the cannon. The destruction of the battery still went on. Ten out of the thirty pieces were useless. The fractures in the side increased, and the corvette began to leak.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun deck, looked like one carved in stone as he stood motionless at the foot of the stairs and glanced sternly over the devastation. It would have been impossible to move a step upon the deck.

Each bound of the liberated carronade seemed to threaten the destruction of the ship. But a few moments longer, and the shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must either overcome this calamity or perish; some decisive action must be taken. But what?

The waves beating the ship from without answered the blows of the cannon within, very much like a couple of hammers striking in turn.

Suddenly in the midst of this inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon was tossing from side to side, a man appeared,

grasping an iron bar. It was the author of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, whose criminal negligence had caused the accident — the captain of the gun. Having brought about the evil, his intention was to repair it. Holding a handspike in one hand, and in the other a tiller rope with the slip-noose in it, he had jumped through the hatchway to the deck below.

Then began a terrible struggle; a titanic spectacle; a combat between cannon and cannoneer; a contest between mind and matter; a duel between man and the inanimate. The man stood in one corner in an attitude of expectancy, leaning on the rider and holding in his hands the bar and the rope; calm, livid, and tragic, he stood firmly on his legs, that were like two pillars of steel.

He was waiting for the cannon to approach him.

The gunner knew his piece, and he felt as though it must know him. They had lived together a long time. How often had he put his hand in its mouth! It was his domestic monster. He began to talk to it as he would to a dog. "Come," said he. Possibly he loved it.

He seemed to wish for its coming, and yet its approach meant sure destruction for him. How to avoid being crushed was the question. All looked on in terror.

Not a breath was drawn freely, except perhaps by the old man, who remained on the gun deck gazing sternly on the two combatants.

He himself was in danger of being crushed by the piece; still he did not move.

Beneath them the blind sea had command of the battle. When, in the act of accepting this awful hand-to-hand struggle, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, it happened that the surging sea held the gun motionless for an instant, as though stupefied.

"Come on!" said the man. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it leaped towards him. The man dodged. Then the struggle began — a contest unheard of; the fragile wrestling with

the invulnerable; the human warrior attacking the brazen beast; blind force on the one side, soul on the other.

All this was in the shadow. It was like an indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul! — strangely enough it seemed as if a soul existed within the cannon, but one consumed with hate and rage. The blind thing seemed to have eyes. It appeared as though the monster were watching the man. There was, or at least one might have supposed it, cunning in this mass. It also chose its opportunity. It was as though a gigantic insect of iron was endowed with the will of a demon. Now and then this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then falling back on its four wheels, like a tiger on all four, rush upon the man. He — supple, agile, adroit — writhed like a serpent before these lightning movements. He avoided encounters; but the blows from which he escaped fell with destructive force upon the vessel. A piece of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This bit of chain had twisted in some incomprehensible way around the breech button.

One end of the chain was fastened to the gun carriage, the other end thrashed wildly around, aggravating the danger with every bound of the cannon The screw held it as in a clenched hand, and this chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by those of the thong, made a terrible whirlwind around the gun — a lash of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the combat.

Despite all this, the man fought. He even attacked the cannon at times, crawling along by the side of the ship and clutching his handspike and the rope; the cannon seemed to understand his movements, and fled as though suspecting a trap. The man, nothing daunted, pursued his chase.

Such a struggle must necessarily be brief. Suddenly the cannon seemed to say to itself, " Now, then, there must be an end to this." And it stopped. A crisis was felt to be at hand. The

cannon, as if in suspense, seemed to meditate, or — for to all intents and purposes it was a living creature — it really did meditate, some furious design. All at once it rushed on the gunner, who sprang aside with a laugh, crying out, "Try it again!" as the cannon passed him. The gun in its fury smashed one of the larboard carronades; then, by the invisible sling in which it seemed to be held, it was thrown to the starboard, towards the man, who escaped. Three carronades were crushed by its onslaught; then, as though blind and beside itself, it turned from the man, and rolled from stern to stem, splintering the latter, and causing a breach in the walls of the prow. The gunner took refuge at the foot of the ladder, a short distance from the old man, who stood watching. He held his handspike in readiness. The cannon seemed aware of it, and without taking the trouble to turn, it rushed backward on the man, as swift as the blow of an ax. The gunner, if driven up against the side of the ship, would be lost.

One cry arose from the crew.

The old passenger — who until this moment had stood motionless — sprang forward more swiftly than all those mad whirls. He had seized a bale of the false assignats, and at the risk of being crushed succeeded in throwing them between the wheels of the carronade.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may block a log; a branch sometimes changes the course of an avalanche. The carronade stumbled, and the gunner, availing himself of the perilous opportunity, thrust his iron bar between the spokes of the back wheels. Pitching forward, the cannon stopped; and the man, using his bar for a lever, rocked it backward and forward. The heavy mass upset, with the resonant sound of a bell that crashes in its fall. The man, reeking with perspiration, threw himself upon it, and passed a slip-noose of the tiller rope around the neck of the defeated monster.

The combat was ended. The man had conquered. The ant

had overcome the mastodon; the pygmy had imprisoned the thunderbolt.

The soldiers and sailors applauded.

The crew rushed forward with chains and cables, and in an instant the cannon was secured.

Saluting the passenger, the gunner exclaimed,

"Sir, you have saved my life!"

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and made no reply.

The man had conquered; but it might be affirmed that the cannon also had gained a victory. Immediate shipwreck was averted; but the corvette was still in danger. The injuries the ship had sustained seemed irreparable. There were five breaches in the sides, one of them — a very large one — in the bow, and twenty carronades out of thirty lay shattered in their frames. The recaptured gun, which had been secured by a chain, was itself disabled. The screw of the breech button being wrenched, it would consequently be impossible to level the cannon. The battery was reduced to nine guns; there was a leakage in the hold. All these damages must be repaired without loss of time, and the pumps set in operation. Now that the gun deck had become visible, it was frightful to look upon. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more thoroughly devastated. However important it might be for the corvette to avoid observation, the care for its immediate safety was still more imperative. They were obliged to light the deck with lanterns placed at intervals along the sides.

In the meantime, while this tragic entertainment had lasted, the crew, entirely absorbed by a question of life and death, had not noticed what was going on outside of the ship. The fog had thickened, the weather had changed, the wind had driven the vessel at will; they were out of their course, in full sight of Jersey and Guernsey, much farther to the south than they ought to have been, and confronting a tumultuous sea. The big waves

kissed the wounded sides of the corvette with kisses that savored of danger. The heaving of the sea grew threatening; the wind had risen to a gale; a squall, perhaps a tempest, was brewing. One could not see four oars' length before one.

While the crew made haste with their temporary repairs on the gun deck, stopping the leaks and setting up the cannons that had escaped uninjured, the old passenger returned to the deck.

He stood leaning against the mainmast.

He had taken no notice of what was going on in the ship. The Chevalier de la Vieuville had drawn up the marines on either side of the mainmast, and at a signal whistle of the boatswain the sailors, who had been busy in the rigging, stood up on the yards. Count Boisberthelot approached the passenger. The captain was followed by a man who, haggard and panting, with his dress in disorder, still wore on his countenance an expression of content.

It was the gunner who had so opportunely displayed his power as a tamer of monsters, and gained the victory over the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the old man in the peasant garb, and said to him,

"Here is the man, General."

The gunner, with downcast eyes, stood erect in a military attitude.

"General," resumed Count Boisberthelot, "considering what this man has done, do you not think that his superiors have a duty to perform?"

"I think so," replied the old man.

"Be so good as to give your orders," resumed Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them; you are the captain."

"But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

"Step forward," he said.

The gunner advanced a step.

Turning to Count Boisberthelot, the old man removed the cross

of Saint Louis from the captain's breast, and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner. The sailors cheered, and the marines presented arms.

Then pointing to the bewildered gunner he added,

"Now let the man be shot!"

Stupor took the place of applause.

Then, amid a tomb-like silence, the old man, raising his voice, said,

"The ship has been endangered by an act of carelessness, and may even yet be lost. It is all the same whether one be at sea or face to face with the enemy. A ship at sea is like an army in battle. The tempest, though unseen, is ever present; the sea is an ambush. Death is the fit penalty for every fault committed when facing the enemy. There is no fault that can be retrieved. Courage must be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other slowly and gravely, with a certain implacable rhythm, like the strokes of the ax upon the oak-tree. Looking at the soldiers, the old man added,

"Do your duty!"

Notes

This dramatic incident is taken from Victor Hugo's famous story, "Ninety-Three." The struggle took place on board a vessel called the *Claymore* as it was passing the Channel Islands in the year 1793. This vessel had the appearance of a trader but was in fact a war vessel.

The voyage of the *Claymore* took place during the French Revolution. The French king had been killed and a Republic established. The *Claymore* was an English vessel but her entire crew consisted of Frenchmen on the side of the King. The peasant was a nobleman in disguise who was bound for France to aid the Royalists. As a result of the catastrophe the disabled ship was destroyed when it later met the squadron of the French Republic.

A carronade is a short cannon of large bore used for close range.

Explain the meaning of "this eternal slave is wreaking its vengeance."

What does the author mean by "nothing is so inexorable as the rage of the inanimate"?

Why did the men rush to the ladder?

Apocalypse — a name sometimes given to the last book in the New Testament.

Corvette — a sloop of war.

How did the cannon become loose? Read the sentence which answers this question.

Explain "the fragile wrestling with the invulnerable."

Battering-ram — an ancient Greek and Roman war machine used to batter down city walls. It was so called because at the end of the long timber was an iron resembling a ram's head.

Assignats — a form of paper money issued in France at that time.

Tell clearly how the cannon was overcome.

Why was it important for the *Claymore* to escape observation?

What does the author mean by "kisses that savored of danger"?

How was the gunner's courage rewarded?

State clearly the seriousness of the offense which cost him his life.

Do you think the peasant's sentence was just?

Words and Phrases

"supernatural beast"
"agility of a mouse"
"omnipresence truly appalling"
"inaccessible circus"

A TRIP IN A MODERN SUBMARINE

FARMAN BISHOP

Lieutenant Perry Scope, commanding the X-class flotilla, was sitting in his comfortable little office on the mother-ship *Ozark*, when I entered with a letter from the secretary of the navy, giving me permission to go on board a United States submarine. Without such authorization no civilian may set foot on the narrow decks of our undersea destroyers, though he may visit a battleship with no more formality than walking into a public park.

"We're too small and full of machinery to hold a crowd," explained the lieutenant, "and the crowd wouldn't enjoy it if

they came. No nice white decks for the girls to dance on or fourteen-inch guns for them to sit on while they have their pictures taken. Besides, everything 's oily — you 'd better put on a suit of overalls instead of those white flannels."

There were plenty of spare overalls on the *Ozark,* for she was the mother-ship of a family of six young submarines. Built as a coast defense monitor shortly after the Spanish War, she had long since been retired from the fighting-line, and was now the floating headquarters, dormitory, hospital, machine-shop, bakery, and general store for the six officers and the hundred and fifty men of the flotilla.

Moored alongside the parent-ship, the submarine *X-4* was filling her fuel-tanks with oil through a pipe-line, in preparation for the day's cruise and target-practice I was to be lucky enough to witness. Two hundred fifty feet long, flat-decked and straight-stemmed, she looked, except for the lack of funnels, much more like a surface-going torpedo-boat than the landsman's conventional idea of a submarine.

" I thought she would be cigar-shaped," I said as we went on board.

" She is — underneath," answered Lieutenant Scope. " What you see is only a light-weight superstructure or false hull built over the real one. See those holes in it, just above the water line? They are to flood the superstructure with whenever we submerge, otherwise the water pressure would crush in these thin steel plates like veneering. But it makes us much more seaworthy for surface work, gives us a certain amount of deckroom, and stowage-space for various useful articles."

Part of the deck rose straight into the air, like the top of a freight-elevator coming up through the sidewalk. Beneath the canopy thus formed was a short-barreled, three-inch gun.

" Fires a twelve-pound shell, like the field-pieces the landing-parties take ashore from the battleships," explained the naval officer, as he trained the vicious-looking little cannon all around

the compass. "Small enough to be handy, big enough to sink any merchant ship afloat, or smash anything that flies."

Here he pointed the muzzle straight up as if gunning for hostile aëroplanes.

"And please observe," he concluded, as the gun sank into its lair again, "how that armored hatch-cover protects the gun-crew from shrapnel or falling bombs."

"She is n't a submarine at all," I replied presently, as the *X-4* swept on down the coast at a good twenty-two knots, her foredeck buried in foam and the sea-breeze singing through the antennæ of her wireless. "She 's nothing but a big motor-boat."

"And she 's got some big motors," replied the lieutenant. "Better step below and have a look at them."

I went down through the open hatchway to the interior of the boat and aft to the engine-room. There I found two long, many-cylindered oil-engines of strange design, presided over by a big blond engineer whose grease-spotted dungarees gave no hint as to his rating.

"What kind of machines are these?" I shouted above the roar they made. "And why do you need two of them?"

"Diesel heavy-oil engines," he answered. "One for each propeller."

"What is the difference between one of these and the gasoline engine of a motor-car? I know a little about that."

"Do you know what the carburetor is?" asked the engineer.

"That 's where the gasoline is mixed with air, before it goes into the cylinder."

The engineer nodded.

"The mixture is sucked into the cylinder by the down-stroke of the piston. The up-stroke compresses it, and then the mixture is exploded by an electric spark from the spark-plug. The force of the explosion drives the piston down, and the next stroke up drives out the refuse gases. That 's how an ordinary, four-cycle gasoline motor works.

"But the Diesel engine," he continued, "does n't need any carburetor or spark-plug. When the piston makes its first upward or compression-stroke, there is nothing in the cylinder but pure air. This is compressed to a pressure of about 500 pounds a square inch — and when you squeeze anything as hard as that, you make it mighty hot —"

"Like a blacksmith pounding a piece of cold iron to a red heat?" I suggested.

The engineer nodded again.

"That compressed air is so hot that the oil which has been spurted in through an injection-valve is exploded, and drives the piston down on the power-stroke. The waste gases are then blown out by compressed air. There are an air-compressor and a storage tank just for scavenging, or blowing the waste gases out of every three power-cylinders."

"What are the advantages of the Diesel over the gasoline engine?"

"In the first place, it gives more power. In the second place, it is cheaper, because instead of gasoline it uses heavy, low-price oil. And this makes it much safer, for the heavy oil does not vaporize so easily. The air in some of the old submarines that used gasoline motors would get so that it was like trying to breathe inside a carburetor, and there was always the chance of a spark from the electric motors exploding the whole business, and your waking up to find the trained nurse changing your bandages. The German navy refused to build a submarine as long as there was nothing better than gasoline to propel it on the surface. They did n't launch their *U-1* till 1906, after Dr. Diesel had got his motor into practicable shape. It cost him twenty years of hard work, but without his motor we could n't have the modern submarine. And they 're using it more and more in ocean freighters. There 's a line of motor-ships running to-day between Scandinavia and San Francisco, through the Panama Canal.

"Aft of the Diesel, here," continued the engineer, "is our

electric motor, for propelling her when submerged. Reverse it and have it driven by the Diesel engine, and the motor serves as a dynamo to generate electricity for charging the batteries. As long as we can get oil and come to the surface to use it, we can never run short of 'juice.'

"Besides turning the propeller, the electricity from the batteries lights the boat, and turns the ventilating fans, works the air-compressor for the torpedo-tubes, drives all the big and little pumps, runs a lot of auxiliary motors that haul up the anchor, turn the rudders, and do other odd jobs, it heats the boat in cold weather —"

"And cooks the grub all the year round, don't forget that, Joe," said another member of the crew. "Luncheon is served in the palm room."

We ate from a swinging table let down from the ceiling of the main- or living-compartment of the submarine, that extended forward from the engine-room to the tiny officers' cabin and the torpedo room in the bows. Tiers of canvas bunks folded up against the walls showed where the crew slept when on a cruise. For lunch that day we had bread baked on the mother-ship, butter out of a can, fried ham, fried potatoes, and coffee hot from a little electric stove such as you can see in the kitchenette of a light-housekeeping apartment on shore. The lieutenant's lunch was carried up to him on the bridge.

When the meal was over, most of the men went on deck, and my friend the engineer put a large cigar in his mouth. I took out a box of matches and was about to strike one for his benefit when he stopped me, saying,

"Don't ever strike a light in a submarine or a dynamite factory. It 's unhealthy."

I apologized profusely.

"The air is so much better than I had expected that I forgot where I was."

"Yes," said the engineer, chewing his unlighted cigar, "there

is plenty of good air in a big modern boat like this, running on the surface in calm weather and with the main hatch and all ventilators open. But come with us when we 're bucking high seas or running submerged on a breathing-diet of canned air flavored with oil, and you 'll understand why so many good men have been invalided out of the flotilla with lung-trouble. We 're the only warships without any dogs or parrots or other mascots on board, for no animal could endure the air in a submarine."

" I thought every submarine carried a cage of white mice, because they began to squeak as soon as the air began to get bad and so warned the crew."

" That was a crude device of the early days," replied the engineer. " We don't carry white mice any more, though I believe they still use them in the British navy."

I went up on deck, to find that the *X-4* had reached the practice-grounds and was being made ready for a dive. Her crew were busy dismantling and stowing away the bridge and the light deck-railing, hauling down the flag, and closing all ventilators and other openings.

" How long has it taken you to get ready? " I asked Lieutenant Scope.

" Twenty minutes," he answered. " But the real diving takes only two minutes. We 'll go below now, sink her to condition, and run her under with the diving rudders."

" What are those things unfolding themselves on either side of the bows? " I asked. " I thought the diving rudders were carried astern."

" Modern submarines are so long that they need them both fore and aft," replied the lieutenant. " As you see, the diving rudders fold flat against the side of the boat where they will be out of harm's way when we are running on the surface or lying alongside the mother-ship. Better come below now, for we 're going to dive."

We descended into the turret and the hatch was closed. The

Diesel engines had already been stopped and the electric motors were now turning the propellers.

"Why are those big electric pumps working down there?" I asked.

"Pumping water into the ballast-tanks."

"But does n't the water run into the tanks anyhow, as soon as you open the valves?" I asked the lieutenant.

"Turn a tumbler upside down and force it down into a basin of water," he replied, "and you trap some air in the top of the tumbler, which prevents the water from rising beyond a certain point. The same thing takes place in our tanks, and to fill them we have to force in the water with powerful pumps that compress the air in the tanks to a very small part of its original bulk. This compressed air acts as a powerful spring to drive the water out of the tanks again when we wish to rise. By blowing out the tanks, a submarine can come to the surface in twenty seconds or one sixth the time it takes to submerge."

"When are we going under?" I asked him. The lieutenant looked at his watch and answered,

"We have been submerged for the last four minutes."

I experienced a feeling of the most profound disappointment. Ever since I had been a very small boy I had been looking forward to the time when I should go down in a submarine boat, and now that time had passed without my realizing it.

"But why did n't I feel the boat tilt when she dived?" I demanded.

"Because she went down a very gentle slope, between two and three degrees at the steepest. The only way you could have noticd it would have been to watch these gages."

Large dials on the wall of the turret indicated that the *X-4* was running on what was practically an even keel at a depth of sixteen feet and under a consequent water-pressure of 1024 pounds on every square foot of her hull.

"How deep could she go?"

"One hundred and fifty feet — if she had to. The strong inner hull of a modern submarine is built up of three quarter inch plates of the best mild steel and well braced and strengthened from within. But as a rule there is no need of our diving below sixty feet at the deepest.

"You can see what's ahead of you through the periscope."

"Who invented that?"

"The idea is a very old one. Certain French and Dutch inventors designed submarines with periscopes as long ago as the eighteen-fifties. In the Civil War, the light-draft river-monitor *Osage* had attached to her turret a crude periscope made by her chief engineer, Thomas Doughty, out of a piece of three-inch steam-pipe with holes cut at each of its ends at opposite sides, and pieces of looking-glass inserted as reflectors. By means of this instrument her captain, now Rear-Admiral, Thomas O. Selfridge, was able to look over the high banks of the Red River when the *Osage* had run aground in a bend and was being attacked by three thousand dismounted Confederate cavalry, who were repulsed with the loss of four hundred killed or wounded by the fire of the monitor's 11-inch guns, directed through the periscope.

"By turning this little crank," the lieutenant continued, "I can revolve the reflector at the top of the tube. This reflector contains a prism which reflects the image of the object in view down through a system of lenses in the tube to another prism here at the bottom, where the observer sees it through an eyepiece and telescope lenses."

I looked into the eyepiece, which was so much like that of an old-fashioned stereoscope that I felt that it, too, ought to work back and forth after the manner of a slide trombone. I found myself looking out over the broad blue waters of a sunlit bay. I noticed a squall blackening the surface of the water, a catboat running before it, and the gleam of the brass instruments of the band playing on the after deck of a big white excursion steamer half a mile away.

"I can almost imagine I can hear the music of that band," I exclaimed. "The optical illusion is perfect."

"It has to be," rejoined the lieutenant. "If the image were in the least distorted or out of perspective, we could n't aim straight."

"What do you do when the periscope is wet with spray?" I asked him.

"Wash the glass with a jet of alcohol and dry it from the inside with a current of warm air passing up and down the tube. We can raise and lower the periscopes at will, and all our larger boats have two of them, so that they can keep a lookout in two directions at once, besides having a spare eye in case the first is put out."

"What are those two little things that big naval tug is towing over there?" I inquired.

"The target for our torpedo practice," replied Lieutenant Scope. "We shall try to put four Whiteheads between those two buoys as the tug tows them past at an unknown range and speed. If you step forward to the torpedo room you can see them loading the tubes."

Stripped to the waist like an old-time gun-crew, four beautifully muscled young gunner's mates were hoisting, with an ingenious arrangement of chains and pulleys, a torpedo from the magazine. The breach of the tube was opened and the long Whitehead thrust in, two flanges on its sides being fitted into deep grooves in the sides of the tube, so that the torpedo would not spin like a rifle-bullet but be launched on an even keel. The breach was closed, and the men stood by expectantly.

"Skipper 's up in the conning-tower, taking aim through the periscope," explained the man who had told me about trimming-tanks. "The tubes being fixed in the bow, he has to train the whole boat like a gun. Likewise he 's got to figure out how far it is to the target and how fast the tug is towing it, how many seconds it 's going to take the torpedo to get there, and how much he 's got to allow for its being carried off its course by tide and

currents. When he gets good and ready, the lieutenant 'll press a little electric button and you 'll hear —"

"THUD!" went the compressed air in the tube, and the submarine shuddered slightly with the shock of the recoil. But that was all.

"There she goes!" said my friend the tank-expert, as soon as the Whitehead was expelled.

Four of the ten torpedoes carried in the magazine were sped on their way to the unseen target. I returned to the turret as the wireless operator entered and handed a typewritten slip to Lieutenant Scope, who smiled happily and said to me,

"The captain of the tug reports that all four shots were hits and all four torpedoes have been safely recovered."

I was too astonished to congratulate him on his marksmanship, as I should have done.

"How in the name of miracles," I gasped, "can you receive a wireless telegram under the sea?"

"By the Fessenden oscillator," he replied, and added to the wireless man,

"Take this gentleman below and show him how it works."

"Did you ever have another chap knock two stones together under water when you were taking a dive?" asked the operator.

I nodded in vivid recollection.

"Then you have some idea how sounds are magnified under water. It is an old idea to put submarine bells down under lighthouses and fit ships with some kind of receiver so that the bells can be heard and warning given when it is too foggy to see the light. The advantage over the old-style bell-buoy lies in the fact that sound travels about four times as fast through water as through air, and goes further and straighter because it is n't deflected by winds or what the aviators call 'air-pockets.'

"Fastened outside the hull of this boat is one of the Fessenden oscillators: a steel disk eighteen inches in diameter, that can be vibrated very rapidly by electricity. These vibrations travel

through the water, like wireless waves through the ether, till they strike the oscillator on another vessel and set it to vibrating in sympathy. To send a message, I start and stop the oscillator with this key so as to form the dots and dashes of the Morse code. To receive, I sit here with these receivers over my ears and 'listen in,' just like a wireless operator, till I pick up our call '*X-4*,' '*X-4*.'"

"How far can you send a message under water?"

"Ten miles is the furthest I've ever sent one."

"Even now, could n't a surface vessel act as eyes for a whole flotilla of submarines and tell them where to go and when to strike by coaching them through the Fessenden oscillator?"

The operator nodded.

"We're doing it to-day, in practice. But don't forget that an enemy's ship carrying a pair of oscillators can hear a submarine coming two miles away. You can make out the beat of a propeller at that distance every time."

"But how can you tell how far away and in what direction it is?"

"I can't, with a single oscillator like ours. But a ship carries two of them, one on each side of the hull, like the ears on a man's head. And just as a man knows whether a shout he hears comes from the right or left, because he hears it more with one ear than the other, so the skipper of a surface craft can look at the indicator that registers the relative intensity of the vibrations received by the port and starboard oscillators and say,

"'There's somebody three points off the starboard bow, mile and three quarters away, and heading for us. Nothing in sight, so it must be one of those blamed submarines.'

"And away he steams, full speed ahead and cutting zigzags. Or maybe he gets his rapid-fire guns ready and watches for Mr. Submarine to rise — like the *X-4*'s doing now."

Freed of the dead weight of many tons of sea water blown from her ballast-tanks by compressed air, the submarine rose to

the surface like a balloon. Ventilators and hatch-covers were thrown open and we swarmed up on deck to fill our grateful lungs with the good sea air. Three motor-boats from the tug throbbed up alongside with the four torpedoes we had discharged.

"Those boats wait, one this side of the target, one near it and the third over on the far side, to mark the shots and catch the torpedoes after they rise to the surface at the end of their run," said Lieutenant Scope. "We very seldom lose a torpedo nowadays. They tell a story about one that dived to the bottom and was driven by the force of its own engines into forty feet of soft mud, where it stayed till it happened to be dug up by a dredger."

The four torpedoes were hoisted aboard, drained of the sea water that had flooded their air-chambers, cleaned and lowered through the torpedo hatch forward down into the magazine. By this time the bridge and railing were again in place and the flags fluttering over the taffrail as the *X-4,* her day's work done, sped swiftly up the coast to home and mother-ship.

— From "The Story of a Submarine."

THE REVEILLE

BRET HARTE

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick
Alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;

Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the
Solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the
Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,
— Come!"

Thus they answered — hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
"Lord, we come!"

NOTES

Bret Harte, born, at Albany, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1839.
Died, at Camberley, near London, Eng., May 5, 1902.
Who were assembled in the first stanza?
What reasons are given for not answering the appeal of the drum?
According to the last stanza what brought the people?
What meaning do you infer from "You must do the sum to prove it"?
Reveille — a beat of a drum or a bugle call at daybreak to awaken soldiers.
What is meant by "Ere your heritage is wasted"? What was this heritage?
Explain "Better there in death united than in life a recreant."

A DEAL IN WHEAT

FRANK NORRIS

I

As Sam Lewiston backed the horse into the shafts of his buckboard and began hitching the tugs to the whiffletree, his wife came out from the kitchen door of the house and drew near, and stood for some time at the horse's head, her arms folded and her apron rolled around them. For a long moment neither spoke. They had talked over the situation so long and so comprehensively the night before that there seemed to be nothing more to say.

The time was late in summer, the place a ranch in southwestern Kansas, and Lewiston and his wife were two of a vast population of farmers, wheat growers, who at that moment were passing through a crisis — a crisis that at any moment might culminate in tragedy. Wheat was down to sixty-six.

At length Emma Lewiston spoke.

"Well," she hazarded, looking vaguely out across the ranch toward the horizon, leagues distant; "well, Sam, there 's always

that offer of Brother Joe's. We can quit — and go to Chicago — if the worst comes."

"And give up!" exclaimed Lewiston, running the lines through the torets. "Leave the ranch! Give up! After all these years!"

His wife made no reply for a moment. Lewiston climbed into the buckboard and gathered up the lines. "Well, here goes for the last try, Emmie," he said. "Good-by, girl. Maybe things will look better in town to-day."

"Maybe," she said gravely. She kissed her husband good-by and stood for some time looking after the buckboard traveling toward the town in a moving pillar of dust

"I don't know," she murmured at length; "I don't know just how we 're going to make out."

When Lewiston reached town, he tied his horse to the iron railing in front of the Odd Fellows' Hall, the ground floor of which was occupied by the post-office, and went across the street and up the stairway of a building of brick and granite — quite the most pretentious structure of the town — and knocked at a door upon the first landing. The door was furnished with a pane of frosted glass, on which, in gold letters, was inscribed "Bridges & Co., Grain Dealers."

Bridges himself, a middle-aged man who wore a velvet skull-cap and who was smoking a Pittsburgh stogie, met the farmer at the counter and the two exchanged perfunctory greetings.

"Well," said Lewiston, tentatively, after a while.

"Well, Lewiston," said the other, "I can't take that wheat of yours at any better than sixty-two."

"Sixty-two!"

"It 's the Chicago price that does it, Lewiston. Truslow is bearing the stuff for all he is worth. It 's Truslow and the bear clique that stick the knife into us. The price broke again this morning. We 've just got a wire."

"Good heavens," murmured Lewiston, looking vaguely from

side to side. "That — ruins me. I can't carry my grain any longer — what with storage charges and — and — Bridges, I don't see just how I 'm going to make out. Sixty-two cents a bushel! Why, man, what with this and what with that it 's cost me nearly a dollar a bushel to raise that wheat, and now Truslow — "

He turned away abruptly with a gesture of infinite discouragement.

He went downstairs, and making his way to where his buckboard was hitched, got in, and, with eyes vacant, the reins slipping and sliding in his limp, half-open hands, drove slowly back to the ranch. His wife had seen him coming, and met him as he drew up before the barn.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Emmie," he said as he got out of the buckboard, laying his arm across her shoulder, "Emmie, I guess we 'll take up with Joe's offer. We 'll go to Chicago. We 're cleaned out!"

II

THE BREAD LINE

The street was very dark and absolutely deserted. It was a district on the "South Side," not far from the Chicago River, given up largely to the wholesale stores, and after nightfall was empty of all life. The echoes slept but lightly hereabouts, and the slightest footfall, the faintest noise, woke them upon the instant and sent them clamoring up and down the length of the pavement between the iron-shuttered fronts The only visible light came from the side door of a certain "Vienna" bakery, where at one o'clock in the morning loaves of bread were given away to any who should ask. Every evening about nine o'clock the outcasts began to gather about the side door. The stragglers came in rapidly, and the line — the "bread line," as it was called — began to form. By midnight it was usually some hundred

yards in length, stretching almost the entire length of the block.

Toward ten in the evening, his coat collar turned up against the fine drizzle that pervaded the air, his hands in his pockets, his elbows gripping his sides, Sam Lewiston came up and silently took his place at the end of the line.

Unable to conduct his farm on a paying basis at the time when Truslow, the "Great Bear," had sent the price of grain down to sixty-two cents a bushel, Lewiston had turned over his entire property to his creditors, and, leaving Kansas for good, had abandoned farming, and had left his wife at his sister's boarding-house in Topeka with the understanding that she was to join him in Chicago as soon as he had found a steady job. Then he had come to Chicago and had turned workman. His brother Joe conducted a small hat factory on Archer Avenue, and for a time he found there a meager employment. But difficulties had occurred, times were bad, the hat factory was involved in debts, the repealing of certain import duty on manufactured felt had overcrowded the home market with cheap Belgian and French products, and in the end his brother had assigned and gone to Milwaukee.

Thrown out of work, Lewiston drifted aimlessly about Chicago, from pillar to post, working a little, earning here a dollar, there a dime, but always sinking, sinking, till at last the ooze of the lowest bottom dragged at his feet and the rush of the great ebb went over him and engulfed him and shut him out from the light, and a park bench became his home and the "bread line" his chief makeshift of subsistence.

He stood now in the enfolding drizzle, sodden, stupefied with fatigue. Before and behind stretched the line. There was no talking. There was no sound. The street was empty. It was so still that the passing of a cable-car in the adjoining thoroughfare grated like prolonged rolling explosions, beginning and ending in immeasurable distances. The drizzle descended incessantly. After a long time midnight struck.

There was something ominous and greatly impressive in this interminable line of dark figures, close-pressed, soundless; a crowd, yet absolutely still; a close-packed, silent file, waiting, waiting in the vast deserted, night-ridden street; waiting without a word, without a movement, there under the night and under the slow-moving mists of rain.

Few in the crowd were professional beggars. Most of them were workmen, long since out of work, forced into idleness by the long-continued "hard times," by ill luck, by sickness. To them the "bread-line" was a godsend. At least they could not starve. Between the jobs here in the end was something to hold them up — a small platform, as it were, above the sweep of black water, where for a moment they might pause and take a breath before the plunge.

The period of waiting on this night of rain seemed endless to those silent, hungry men; but at length there was a stir. The line moved. The side door was opened. Ah, at last! They were going to hand out the bread.

But instead of the usual white-aproned under-cook with his crowded hampers there now appeared in the doorway a new man — a young fellow who looked like a bookkeeper's assistant. He bore in his hand a placard, which he tacked to the outside of the door. Then he disappeared within the bakery, locking the door after him.

A shudder of poignant despair, an unformed, inarticulate sense of calamity, seemed to run from end to end of the line. What had happened? Those in the rear, unable to read the placard, surged forward, a sense of bitter disappointment clutching at their hearts.

The line broke up, disintegrated into a shapeless throng — a throng that crowded forward and collected in front of the shut door whereon the placard was affixed. Lewiston, with the others, pushed forward. On the placard he read these words:

"Owing to the fact that the price of grain has been increased

to two dollars a bushel, there will be no distribution of bread from this bakery until further notice."

Lewiston turned away, dumb, bewildered. Till morning he walked the streets, going on without purpose, without direction. But now at last his luck had turned. Over night the wheel of his fortune had creaked and swung upon its axis, and before noon he had found a job in the street-cleaning brigade. In the course of time he rose to be first shift boss, then deputy inspector, then inspector, promoted to the dignity of driving a red wagon with rubber tires and drawing a salary instead of mere wages. The wife was sent for and a new start made.

But Lewiston never forgot. Dimly he began to see the significance of things. Caught once in the cogs and wheels of a great and terrible engine, he had seen — none better — its workings. Of all the men who had stood in the "bread line" on that rainy night in early summer, he, perhaps, had been the only one who had struggled up to the surface again. How many others had gone down in the great ebb? Grim question; he dared not think how many.

He had seen the two ends of a great wheat operation — a battle between Bear and Bull. The farmer — he who raised the wheat — was ruined upon one hand; the working-man — he who consumed it — was ruined upon the other. But between the two, the great operators, who never saw the wheat they traded in, bought and sold the world's food, gambled in the nourishment of entire nations, practiced their tricks, their chicanery and oblique shifty "deals," were reconciled in their differences, and went on through their appointed way, jovial, contented, enthroned, and unassailable.

Notes

The Stock Exchange is a building wherein stock-brokers assemble to buy or sell public stocks or shares. "Bear" is a term current on the exchange as applied to a person who, having sold stock or shares which he

does not actually hold, strives to depreciate the value of such securities in order that he may buy at a profit. It is the correlative to "Bull."

Have you ever been within a Stock Exchange? If so, you will recall the deafening shouts of the excited brokers buying and selling wheat. Fortunes are made and lost daily.

Contrast that picture with the seemingly boundless fields of waving grain of our prairie states.

Where is the scene of this story laid?

What time of the year?

What is meant by wheat-growers "passing through a crisis"?

Why does wheat "at sixty-six" seem to forbode a tragedy?

What impression do you get of Sam Lewiston when his wife suggests they can quit?

Note contrast between the farmer and the prosperous Bridges.

What reason does he give for the low price of wheat? How does his explanation affect Sam?

Do you get the contrast between life on a ranch and life in the crowded city of Chicago?

Trace Sam Lewiston's downfall after leaving Bridges' office.

Can you picture a "Bread-Line"?

How do you account for this "close-packed silent file"?

What tragic news did the placard bear one morning? How was it received by the hungry men?

Note the steps by which Sam Lewiston rose from his degradation.

What of the others in the "Line"?

What was the result of the "two ends of a great wheat operation"?

Why is it sinful to gamble in food-stuffs?

Dramatize two scenes from Part I.

Make a tableau of the bread line and the notice.

What do you admire in Lewiston's character?

What effect do you think this experience had on him?

Words and Phrases

"the wheel of fortune had creaked and swung upon its axis"

"Caught once in the cogs and wheels of a great and terrible engine"

THE CHIVALRY OF THE AIR

FRANCIS A. COLLINS

In facing the appalling hazards of aërial warfare the air men of the embattled armies show themselves to be incomparable sportsmen. They fight without rancor, and even when their lives hang in the balance, observe a rigid etiquette. Although the danger of such warfare has increased beyond all precedent, the air men on every front have vied with one another in the display of gallantry. During many encounters at terrifying altitudes, where the slightest miscalculation invited instant death, the duelists of the air have refused to take an unfair advantage.

In the ancient etiquette of knighthood, there was no tribute to a fallen foe more chivalrous than the "round of honor" commonly observed to-day among air men. When an antagonist is "driven down," the survivor willingly endangers his life to pay a unique tribute. On the day following the duel, the victor returns and decorates the place where his antagonist fell. His aëroplane may be the target for many batteries of anti-aircraft guns, which mistake his errand, so that he may be obliged to fly at high altitudes, facing adverse air conditions, but the "round of honor," nevertheless, is carefully observed. On reaching the region of the encounter, flowers are thrown out to float gently down to the scene of the tragic landing.

It is astounding to find these duelists of the air sinking all personal animosity in their encounters. The men who meet aloft are often well-known to one another by reputation, perhaps are personal friends. Should both survive the duel and chance to meet afterwards, it is in a spirit of good-comradeship. A desperate encounter took place one day between the famous German aviator Boelke and a Frenchman, in which the French pilot was wounded and forced to descend in German territory. He landed safely, and was instantly made a prisoner of war. The following

day Boelke called at the military prison and invited his vanquished foe to lunch with him, when the details of the encounter were recalled with perfect good-nature.

When the great Boelke fell, the news of his death spread quickly. It must have been by some roundabout route that the news reached France which made the promptness of her tribute remarkable. Boelke was credited with having brought down two-score aëroplanes of the Allies in brilliant air-duels, but his good sportsmanship was highly esteemed by his enemies. Within a few hours after his fall, a French aëroplane appeared over his camp and dropped an elaborate wreath with a message of respect. It is part of the etiquette that at such times no trouble be spared in forwarding these tributes.

It is understood when an air man is disabled that he may signal his surrender by holding both arms above his head. The steering-control of the aëroplane, meanwhile, may be fixed so that the craft continues to guide itself. On recognizing this signal the air man instantly ceases his attack. To fire on an enemy after such a surrender would be equivalent to firing on a white flag, and it is a point of honor among all air men never to abuse the signal. Even though an air man could save his life with a gesture, by gaining time to escape, the chivalry of the air would not permit him to purchase his life at such a price.

The air men in the eastern theater of war are no less chivalrous. Both the Austrian and Russian aviators are extremely punctilious. When an aëroplane is brought down in the territory of either combatant, it is the duty of the victor to inform the friends of the fallen enemy of his condition. The day following the encounter, the victor flies over the enemy's territory and drops a small bomb in open country to attract attention. He then drops a stone carrying a long streamer which may be seen from a considerable distance which guides the soldiers to the spot where it falls. Wrapped around the stone will be found a complete statement of the condition of the fallen air man. If he has been killed, the

disposition of the body and location of the grave is given, while if he survives, his exact condition is stated and messages may even be sent to his friends. Daily bulletins of his condition may follow.

The parents of a German air man whose home is in New York recently received a touching letter from a French officer announcing with respectful sympathy the death of their son at the front. The writer explained that he had engaged his antagonist at a high altitude somewhere above French territory, and after a spirited air duel had driven him down. The Frenchman had learned his name and the New York address of his parents from papers found in his pockets and wrote to explain that his antagonist had died like a soldier and had been buried with military honors.

Such communications are always expressed with formal politeness. There is never a word of insult or abuse. The air men vie with one another in courtesy. At times, either side may permit themselves a little irony, but even then, incredible as it may seem, the letters are written in a spirit of good-natured fun. The air men who have met in perilous encounter several miles in air, actually joke with one another over dangers which might have daunted Cæsar. When the death of a fallen air man is announced, the letter is written with respectful sympathy. To understand this spirit, it must be remembered that the air men are recruited from the best families of the countries engaged, many of them being titled.

A particularly daring Russian raider appeared over Austrian territory one day, and was quickly engaged at a high altitude. After a spirited encounter, the Russian signaled surrender by throwing up his arms, and drifted slowly to earth. When the Austrians below made him prisoner, they were surprised to find him sobbing bitterly. They supposed naturally the Russian had been told he would be treated badly, and hastened to reassure him. When he could control his voice, he explained that he was not worried about his treatment, but that on the following day he was

Above the Clouds

to have gone to Petrograd on leave of absence to be married.

Although the country for miles about was devastated, the Austrian officers searched until they found a beautiful bouquet of flowers. On the following day, the victor of the air duel flew above the Russian aviation headquarters and dropped the flowers with a long streamer of silk ribbon. Tied to the flowers was a charming letter addressed to the fiancée of the fallen air man. The message described the brave fight their captive had made, and his courage and loyalty in fighting for his flag. He was unavoidably detained from keeping his appointment at Petrograd, the letter explained, but the lady was assured he was among sympathetic friends who would consider it a point of honor to return him, after the war, safe and sound. The letter was signed by all the officers of the aviation corps. The message reached its destination, and a few days later a Russian air man flew over the Austrian trenches and dropped a letter in reply from the lady herself. The heroes of pageantry, who fought valiantly for a lady's glove or kerchief, could scarcely have done more.

Invariably, when an air man is brought down and captured, he is paid more than the customary honors of war. He is received as a social equal and often becomes the hero of the camp. One of the first attentions is to assign an orderly to wait upon him, who replaces the valet he probably left at home. The prisoner is established in the best quarters available and granted every personal liberty consistent with his position. It is even common to place an automobile with a chauffeur at his disposal. The prisoner is supplied with books, papers and delicacies. He is visited regularly by his fellow air men and entertained as far as military regulations will permit. His hosts bring photographs and drawings of their aëroplanes, and he discusses the technical points of their machines. There have been many such meetings on French, German, and Russian soil.

The captors often go to extraordinary trouble to serve their enforced "guest." Two English air men were once brought down

without injury in German territory. By some chance, they had flown that day without their uniforms. The German officers managed in some way to notify the Englishmen's comrades of this fact, and a few hours later a British aëroplane appeared over the German base and dropped packages which contained the proper uniforms with a change of underclothing and toilet articles.

The spirit of chivalry is common to the air men of all the embattled armies. During one of the German air-raids upon London, a Zeppelin was brought down, all the crew being killed in the fall. Public feeling against the invaders ran high, and there was a general feeling against burying the dead with military honors. Despite violent opposition, the British aviators insisted that the Germans be buried with all the honors of war. It was due to their efforts that the plans were finally changed, and in the funeral British aviators acted as pall-bearers.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

LORD BYRON

The King was on his throne,
  The Satraps throng'd the hall:
A thousand bright lamps shone
  O'er the high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
  In Judah deem'd divine —
Jehovah's vessels hold
  The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
  The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
  And wrote as if on sand:

The fingers of a man —
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw — but knew no more

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw the writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night —
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,

He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

Notes

Lord Byron, born, at London, Eng., Jan. 22, 1788.
Died, at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1824.

Belshazzar, the last king of Babylon of the Chaldean dynasty, began to reign about 554 B. C. It is recorded that at this famous feast when the vision appeared to him, that he entertained a thousand of his lords or Satraps. They drank wine from the golden vessels taken from the house of God and praised the gods of gold, silver, brass, and stone. In that same hour a man's fingers came forth and wrote a message on the wall which none of the wise men could interpret. Then King Belshazzar was greatly troubled, but his queen told him of a man of great wisdom in his kingdom who had been brought there captive by Nebuchadnezzar. She suggested that he be called and it was done. His interpretation of the mysterious writing was as follows: "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Săt'răp, a governor of a province or satrapy in ancient Persia.

Babel, the capital of Babylonia.

Chaldea, the country between the Tigris and Euphrates, in Asia Minor. The name of Chaldeans was applied to the entire class of learned men in Babylon.

Can you picture this wonderful feast, the dazzling lights, the costly drinking vessels, the gorgeous apparel of the guests?

"The fingers wrote as if on sand,"—the plaster of the wall of the King's palace.

Read the lines which show the King's terror. What did he command to have done? What reward did he promise to the interpreter of the lines? (See Daniel v: 7 — Bible.)

What is the meaning of "men deep in lore"?

Whom did the King consider the wisest men of his kingdom?

He also sent for magicians, astrologers, and soothsayers. What was the peculiar power claimed by each of these groups of men?

"A captive in the land" refers to Daniel, whom Nebuchadnezzar had brought after he had captured Jerusalem.

OUR LADY OF THE RED CROSS

MARY R. PARKMAN

"A Christmas baby! Now is n't that the best kind of a Christmas gift for us all?" cried Captain Stephen Barton, who took the interesting flannel bundle from the nurse's arms and held it out proudly to the assembled family.

No longed-for heir to a waiting kingdom could have received a more royal welcome than did that little girl who appeared at the Barton home in Oxford, Massachusetts, on Christmas Day, 1821. Ten years had passed since a child had come to the comfortable farm-house, and the four big brothers and sisters were very sure that they could not have had a more precious gift than this Christmas baby. No one doubted that she deserved a distinguished name, but it was due to Sister Dorothy, who was a young lady of romantic seventeen and something of a reader, that she was called Clarissa Harlowe, after a well-known heroine of fiction. The name which this heroine of real life actually bore and made famous, however, was Clara Barton; for the Christmas baby proved to be a gift not only to a little group of loving friends, but also to a great nation and to humanity.

The sisters and brothers were teachers rather than playmates for Clara, and her education began so early that she had no recollection of the way they led her toddling steps through the beginnings of book-learning. On her first day at school she announced to the amazed teacher who tried to put a primer into her hands that she could spell the "artichoke words." The teacher had

other surprises besides the discovery that this mite of three was acquainted with three-syllabled lore.

Brother Stephen, who was a wizard with figures, had made the sums with which he covered her slate seem a fascinating sort of play at a period when most infants are content with counting the fingers of one hand. All other interests, however, paled before the stories that her father told her of great men and their splendid deeds.

Captain Barton was amused one day at the discovery that his precocious daughter, who always eagerly encored his tales of conquerors and leaders, thought of their greatness in images of quite literal and realistic bigness. A president must, for instance, be as large as a house, and a vice-president as spacious as a barn door at the very least. But these somewhat crude conceptions did not put a check on the epic recitals of the retired officer, who, in the intervals of active service in plowed fields or in pastures where his thoroughbreds grazed with their mettlesome colts, liked to live over the days when he served under "Mad Anthony" Wayne in the Revolutionary War, and had a share in the thrilling adventures of the Western frontier.

Clara was only five years old when Brother David taught her to ride. "Learning to ride is just learning a horse," said this daring youth, who was the "Buffalo Bill" of the surrounding country.

"How can I learn a horse, David?" quavered the child, as the high-spirited animals came whinnying to the pasture bars at her brother's call

"Catch hold of his mane, Clara, and just feel the horse a part of yourself — the big half for the time being," said David, as he put her on the back of a colt that was broken only to bit and halter, and, easily springing on his favorite, held the reins of both in one hand, while he steadied the small sister with the other by seizing hold of one excited foot.

They went over the fields at a gallop that first day, and soon

little Clara and her mount understood each other so well that her riding feats became almost as far-famed as those of her brother. The time came when her skill and confidence on horseback — her power to feel the animal she rode a part of herself and keep her place in any sort of saddle through night-long gallops — meant the saving of many lives.

David taught her many other practical things that helped to make her steady and self-reliant in the face of emergencies. She learned, for instance, to drive a nail straight, and to tie a knot that would hold. Eye and hand were trained to work together with quick decision that made for readiness and efficiency in dealing with a situation, whether it meant the packing of a box, or first-aid measures after an accident on the skating-pond.

She was always an outdoor child, with dogs, horses, and ducks for playfellows. The fuzzy ducklings were the best sort of dolls. Sometimes when wild ducks visited the pond and all her waddling favorites began to flap their wings excitedly, it seemed that her young heart felt, too, the call of large, free spaces.

"The only real fun is to do things," she used to say.

She rode after the cows, helped in the milking and churning, and followed her father about, dropping potatoes in their holes or helping weed the garden. Once, when the house was being painted, she begged to be allowed to assist in the work, even learning to grind the pigments and mix the colors. The family was at first amused and then amazed at the persistency of her application as day after day she donned her apron and fell to work.

They were not less astonished when she wanted to learn the work of the weavers in her brothers' satinet mills. At first, her mother refused this extraordinary request; but Stephen, who understood the intensity of her craving to do things, took her part; and at the end of her first week at the flying shuttle Clara had the satisfaction of finding that her cloth was passed as first-quality goods. Her career as a weaver was of short duration, however, owing to a fire which destroyed the mills.

The young girl was as enthusiastic in play as at work. Whether it was a canter over the fields on Billy while her dog, Button, dashed along at her side, his curly white tail bobbing ecstatically, or a coast down the rolling hills in winter, she entered into the sport of the moment with her whole heart.

When there was no outlet for her superabundant energy, she was genuinely unhappy. Then it was that a self-consciousness and morbid sensitiveness became so evident that it was a source of real concern to her friends.

"People say that I must have been born brave," said Clara Barton. "Why, I seem to remember nothing but terrors in my early days. I was a shrinking little bundle of fears — fears of thunder, fears of strange faces, fears of my strange self." It was only when thought and feeling were merged in the zest of some interesting activity that she lost her painful shyness and found herself.

When she was eleven years old she had her first experience as a nurse. A fall which gave David a serious blow on the head, together with the bungling ministrations of doctors, who, when in doubt, had recourse only to the heroic treatment of bleeding and leeches, brought the vigorous brother to a protracted invalidism. For two years Clara was his constant and devoted attendant. She schooled herself to remain calm, cheerful, and resourceful in the presence of suffering and exacting demands. When others gave way to fatigue or "nerves," her wonderful instinct for action kept her, child though she was, at her post. Her sympathy expressed itself in untiring service.

In the years that followed her brother's recovery Clara became a real problem to herself and her friends. The old blighting sensitiveness made her school-days restless and unhappy in spite of her alert mind and many interests.

At length her mother, at her wit's end because of this baffling, morbid strain in her remarkable daughter, was advised by a man of sane judgment and considerable understanding of child nature,

to throw responsibility upon her and give her a school to teach.

It happened, therefore, that when Clara Barton was fifteen she "put down her skirts, put up her hair," and entered upon her successful career as a teacher. She liked the children and believed in them, entering enthusiastically into their concerns, and opening the way to new interests. When asked how she managed the discipline of the troublesome ones, she said, "The children give no trouble; I never have to discipline at all," quite unconscious of the fact that her vital influence gave her a control that made assertion of authority unnecessary.

"When the boys found that I was as strong as they were and could teach them something on the playground, they thought that perhaps we might discover together a few other worth-while things in school hours," she said.

For eighteen years Clara Barton was a teacher Always learning herself while teaching others, she decided in 1852 to enter Clinton Liberal Institute in New York as a pupil for graduation, for there was then no college whose doors were open to women. When she had all that the Institute could give her, she looked about for new fields for effort.

In Bordentown, New Jersey, she found there was a peculiar need for some one who would bring to her task pioneer zeal as well as the passion for teaching. At that time there were no public schools in the town or, indeed, in the State.

"The people who pose as respectable are too proud and too prejudiced to send their boys and girls to a free pauper school, and in the meantime all the children run wild," Miss Barton was told.

"We have tried again and again," said a discouraged young pedagogue. "It is impossible to do anything in this place."

"Give me three months, and I will teach free," said Clara Barton.

This was just the sort of challenge she loved. There was something to be done. She began with six unpromising gamins in a dilapidated empty building. In a month her quarters proved

too narrow. Each youngster became an enthusiastic and effectual advertisement. As always, her success lay in an understanding of her pupils as individuals, and a quickening interest that brought out the latent possibilities of each. The school of six grew in a year to one of six hundred, and the thoroughly converted citizens built an eight-room school-house where Miss Barton remained as principal and teacher until a breakdown of her voice made a complete rest necessary.

The weak throat soon made it evident that her teaching days were over; but she found at the same time in Washington, where she had gone for recuperation, a new work.

"Living is doing," she said. "Even while we say there is nothing we can do, we stumble over the opportunities for service that we are passing by in our tear-blinded self-pity."

The over-sensitive girl had learned her lesson well. Life offered moment by moment too many chances for action for a single worker to turn aside to bemoan his own particular condition.

The retired teacher became a confidential secretary in the office of the Commissioner of Patents. Great confusion existed in the Patent Office at that time because some clerks had betrayed the secrets of certain inventions. Miss Barton was the first woman to be employed in a Government department; and while ably handling the critical situation that called for all her energy and resourcefulness, she had to cope not only with the scarcely veiled enmity of those fellow-workers who were guilty or jealous, but also with the open antagonism of the rank and file of the clerks, who were indignant because a woman had been placed in a position of responsibility and influence. She endured covert slander and deliberate disrespect, letting her character and the quality of her work speak for themselves. They spoke so eloquently that when a change in political control caused her removal, she was before long recalled to straighten out the tangle that had ensued.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Miss Barton was, therefore, at the very storm-center.

The early days of the conflict found her binding up the wounds of the Massachusetts boys who had been attacked by a mob while passing through Baltimore, and who for a time were quartered in the Capitol. Some of these recruits were boys from Miss Barton's own town who had been her pupils, and all were dear to her because they were offering their lives for the Union. We find her with other volunteer nurses caring for the injured, feeding groups who gathered about her in the Senate Chamber, and, from the desk of the President of the Senate, reading them the home news from the Worcester papers.

Meeting the needs as they presented themselves in that time of general panic and distress, she sent to the Worcester "Spy" appeals for money and supplies. Other papers took up the work, and soon Miss Barton had to secure space in a large warehouse to hold the provisions that poured in.

Not for many days, however, did she remain a steward of supplies. When she met the transports which brought the wounded to the city, her whole nature revolted at the sight of the untold suffering and countless deaths which were resulting from delay in caring for the injured. Her flaming ardor, her rare executive ability, and her tireless persistency won for her the confidence of those in command, and, though it was against all traditions, to say nothing of iron-clad army regulations, she obtained permission to go with her stores of food, bandages, and medicines to the firing-line, where relief might be given on the battle-field at the time of direst need. The girl who had been a "bundle of fears" had grown into the woman who braved every danger and any suffering to carry help to her fellow-countrymen.

People who spoke of her rare initiative and practical judgment had little comprehension of the absolute simplicity and directness of her methods. She managed the sulky, rebellious drivers of her army-wagons, who had little respect for orders that placed a woman in control, in the same way that she had managed children in school. Without relaxing her firmness, she spoke to them

courteously, and called them to share the warm dinner she had prepared and spread out in appetizing fashion. When, after clearing away the dishes, she was sitting alone by the fire, the men returned in an awkward, self-conscious group.

"We did n't come to get warm," said their spokesman, as she kindly moved to make room for them at the flames, "we come to tell you we are ashamed. The truth is we did n't want to come. We know there is fighting ahead, and we 've seen enough of that for men who don't carry muskets, only whips; and then we 've never seen a train under charge of a woman before, and we could n't understand it. We 've been mean and contrary all day, and you 've treated us as if we 'd been the general and his staff, and given us the best meal we 've had in two years. We want to ask your forgiveness, and we sha'n't trouble you again."

She found that a comfortable bed had been arranged for her in her ambulance, a lantern was hanging from the roof, and when next morning she emerged from her shelter, a steaming breakfast awaited her and a devoted corps of assistants stood ready for orders.

"I had cooked my last meal for my drivers," said Clara Barton. "These men remained with me six months through frost and snow and march and camp and battle; they nursed the sick, dressed the wounded, soothed the dying, and buried the dead; and, if possible, they grew kinder and gentler every day."

An incident that occurred at Antietam is typical of her quiet efficiency. According to her directions, the wounded were being fed with bread and crackers moistened in wine, when one of her assistants came to report that the entire supply was exhausted, while many helpless ones lay on the field unfed. Miss Barton's quick eye had noted that the boxes from which the wine was taken had fine Indian meal as packing. Six large kettles were at once unearthed from the farm-house in which they had taken quarters, and soon her men were carrying buckets of hot gruel for miles over the fields where lay hundreds of wounded and dying. Sud-

denly, in the midst of her labors, Miss Barton came upon the surgeon in charge sitting alone, gazing at a small piece of tallow candle which flickered uncertainly in the middle of the table.

"Tired, Doctor?" she asked sympathetically.

"Tired indeed!" he replied bitterly; "tired of such heartless neglect and carelessness. What am I to do for my thousand wounded men with night here and that inch of candle all the light I have or can get?"

Miss Barton took him by the arm and led him to the door, where he could see near the barn scores of lanterns gleaming like stars.

"What is that?" he asked amazedly.

"The barn is lighted," she replied, "and the house will be directly."

"Where did you get them?" he gasped.

"Brought them with me."

"How many have you?"

"All you want — four boxes."

The surgeon looked at her for a moment as if he were waking from a dream; and then, as if it were the only answer he could make, fell to work. And so it was invariably that she won her complete command of people as she did of situations, by always proving herself equal to the emergency of the moment.

Though, as she said in explaining the tardiness of a letter, "my hands complain a little of unaccustomed hardships," she never complained of any ill, nor allowed any danger or difficulty to interrupt her work.

"What are my puny ailments beside the agony of our poor shattered boys lying helpless on the field?" she said. And so, while doctors and officers wondered at her unlimited capacity for prompt and effective action, the men who had felt her sympathetic touch and effectual aid loved and revered her as "The Angel of the Battlefield."

One incident well illustrates the characteristic confidence with which she moved about amid scenes of terror and panic. At

Fredericksburg, when "every street was a firing-line and every house a hospital," she was passing along when she had to step aside to allow a regiment of infantry to sweep by. At that moment General Patrick caught sight of her, and, thinking she was a bewildered resident of the city who had been left behind in the general exodus, leaned from his saddle and said reassuringly:

"You are alone and in great danger, madam. Do you want protection?"

Miss Barton thanked him with a smile, and said, looking about at the ranks, "I believe I am the best-protected woman in the United States."

The soldiers near overheard and cried out, "That 's so! that 's so!" And the cheer that they gave was echoed by line after line until a mighty shout went up as for a victory.

The courtly old general looked about comprehendingly, and, bowing low, said as he galloped away, "I believe you are right, madam."

Clara Barton was present on sixteen battlefields; she was eight months at the siege of Charleston, and served for a considerable period in the hospitals of Richmond.

When the war was ended and the survivors of the great armies were marching homeward, her heart was touched by the distress in many homes where sons and fathers and brothers were among those listed as "missing." In all, there were 80,000 men of whom no definite report could be given to their friends. She was assisting President Lincoln in answering the hundreds of heart-broken letters, imploring news, which poured in from all over the land when his tragic death left her alone with the task Then, as no funds were available to finance a thorough investigation of every sort of record of States, hospitals, prisons, and battle-fields, she maintained out of her own means a bureau to prosecute the search.

Four years were spent in this great labor, during which time Miss Barton made many public addresses, the proceeds of which

were devoted to the cause. One evening in the winter of 1868, while in the midst of a lecture, her voice suddenly left her. This was the beginning of a complete nervous collapse. The hardships and prolonged strain had, in spite of her robust constitution and iron will, told at last on the endurance of that loyal worker.

When able to travel, she went to Geneva, Switzerland, in the hope of winning back her health and strength. Soon after her arrival she was visited by the president and members of the "International Committee for the Relief of the Wounded in War," who came to learn why the United States had refused to sign the Treaty of Geneva, providing for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. Of all the civilized nations, our great republic alone most unaccountably held aloof.

Miss Barton at once set herself to learn all she could about the ideals and methods of the International Red Cross, and during the Franco-Prussian War she had abundant opportunity to see and experience its practical working on the battle-field.

At the outbreak of the war in 1870 she was urged to go as a leader, taking the same part that she had borne in the Civil War.

"I had not strength to trust for that," said Clara Barton, "and declined with thanks, promising to follow in my own time and way; and I did follow within a week. As I journeyed on," she continued, "I saw the work of these Red Cross societies in the field accomplishing in four months under their systematic organization what we failed to accomplish in four years without it — no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag made its way — a whole continent marshaled under the banner of the Red Cross. As I saw all this and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself, 'if I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty.'"

Months of service in caring for the wounded and the helpless victims of siege and famine were followed by a period of nervous

exhaustion from which she but slowly crept back to her former hold on health. At last she was able to return to America to devote herself to bringing her country into line with the Red Cross movement. She found that traditionary prejudice against "entangling alliances with other powers," together with a singular failure to comprehend the vital importance of the matter, militated against the great cause.

"Why should we make provision for the wounded?" it was said. "We shall never have another war; we have learned our lesson."

It came to Miss Barton then that the work of the Red Cross should be extended to disasters, such as fires, floods, earthquakes, and epidemics — "great public calamities which require, like war, prompt and well-organized help."

Years of devoted missionary work with preoccupied officials and a heedless, short-sighted public at length bore fruit. After the Geneva Treaty received the signature of President Arthur on March 1, 1882, it was promptly ratified by the Senate, and the American National Red Cross came into being, with Clara Barton as its first president. Through her influence, too, the International Congress of Berne adopted the "American Amendment," which dealt with the extension of the Red Cross to relief measures in great calamities occurring in times of peace.

The story of her life from this time on is one with the story of the work of the Red Cross during the stress of such disasters as the Mississippi River floods, the Texas famine in 1885, the Charleston earthquake in 1886, the Johnstown flood in 1899, the Russian famine in 1892, and the Spanish-American War. The prompt, efficient methods followed in the relief of the flood sufferers along the Mississippi in 1884 may serve to illustrate the sane, constructive character of her work.

Supply centers were established, and a steamer chartered to ply back and forth carrying help and hope to the distracted human

creatures who stood "wringing their hands on a frozen, fireless shore — with every coal-pit filled with water." For three weeks she patrolled the river, distributing food, clothing, and fuel, caring for the sick, and, in order to establish at once normal conditions of life, providing the people with many thousands of dollars' worth of building material, seeds, and farm implements, thus making it possible for them to help themselves and in work find a cure for their benumbing distress.

"Our Lady of the Red Cross" lived past her ninetieth birthday, but her real life is measured by deeds, not days. It was truly a long one, rich in the joy of service. She abundantly proved the truth of the words: "We gain in so far as we give. If we would find our life, we must be willing to lose it."

Notes

Explain how the "Christmas baby" was a gift to a great nation and to humanity.

Can you tell why the older brothers and sisters were teachers rather than playmates to Clara?

Why was she called a "precocious child"?

Clara Barton had "superabundant energy." Just what does that mean?

Why was her mother advised to have Clara teach school?

Explain how she came to be in the Patent Office and tell the conditions there.

What things did Miss Barton do when the Civil War broke out?

What did she do which was against the army regulations, and why did she do it?

What things learned in early life helped her on the battle field?

The same thing caused her to get along with the school children and the drivers of her army-wagons. What was it?

What incidents proved her ready for emergencies?

During what European war did she study the work of the Red Cross?

What great things did she do when she returned to America?

What is meant by "entangling alliances with other powers"?

Whose influence caused the Red Cross to extend its work to relief of suffering due to great calamities?

Name some instances in the United States where Clara Barton directed such relief.

Clarissa Harlowe — the heroine of Samuel Richardson's novel, "The History of Clarissa Harlowe."

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat
And has exalted them of low degree,"
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant, monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty and there was no light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound,
He groped towards the door but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked;
He uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and bespent with mire,
And sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,

And hurried up the broad and sounding stair
His white face ghastly in the torch's glare,
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel: and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exultation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognized.

A moment, speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? And why comest thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall."

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch.
Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast,
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate,
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend, the ape, his only food
What others left,— he still was unsubdued,
And when the Angel met him on his way
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,

Sternly, though tenderly that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes and cloaks and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur,

And, lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an imposter in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor baffled Jester, in disgrace,
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when, once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bid the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him, "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monk's chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street;
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there,
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

NIGHT

ROBERT SOUTHEY

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

NOTES

What is a "dewy freshness"?
What do you think the author means by "desert-circle"?
Read Longfellow's "Hymn to the Night."
Note that "serene" is a noun in this sentence.
This poem is taken from Robert Southey's "Thalaba."

IN THE OCTOBER MOON

DALLAS LORE SHARP

An October night, calm, crisp, and moonlit! There is a delicate aroma from the falling leaves in the air, as sweet as the scent of fresh-filled haymows. The woods are silent, shadowy, and sleepful, lighted dimly by the moon, as a vague, happy dream lights the dark valley of our sleep. Dreamful is this night world, but yet not dreaming. When, in the highest noon, did every leaf, every breeze, seem so much a self, so full of ready life? The very twigs that lie brittle and dead beneath our feet seemed wakeful

now and on the alert. In this silence we feel myriad movings everywhere; and we know that this sleep is but the sleep of the bivouac fires, that an army is breaking camp to move under cover of the night. Every wild thing that knows the dark will be stirring to-night. And what softest foot can fall without waking the woods?

> Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
> They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

Not a mouse can scurry, not a chestnut drop, not a wind whisper among these new-fallen leaves without discovery; even a weasel cannot dart across the moon-washed path and not leave a streak of brown upon the silver, plain enough to follow.

A morning in May is best of all the year to be afield with the birds; but to watch for the wild four-footed things, a moonlight night in October is the choice of the seasons. There is abundance of food; and now the only passions of the furry breasts are such gentle desires as abide with the curious and the lovers of peace and plenty. The animals are now engrossed with the task of growing fat and furry. Troubled with no higher ambitions, curiosity, sociability, and a thirst for adventure begin to work within them these long autumn nights and not one of them, however wild and fearful, can resist his bent to prowl in the light of the October moon.

To know much of the wild animals at home one must live near their haunts, with eyes and ears open, forever on the watch. For you must await their pleasure. You cannot entreat them for the sake of science, nor force them in the name of the law. You cannot set up your easel in the meadow, and hire a mink or muskrat to pose for you any time you wish; neither can you call, when you like, at the hollow gum in the swamp and interview a coon. The animals flatly refuse to sit for their pictures, and to see reporters and assessors. But carry your sketch-book and pad with you, and, after a while, in the most unlikely times and places, the wari-

est will give you sittings for a finished picture, and the most reticent will tell you nearly all that he knows.

At no time of the year are the animals so loquacious, so easy of approach, as along in the October nights. There is little to be seen of them by day. They are cautious folk. By nature most of them are nocturnal; and when this habit is not inherited, fear has led to its acquisition. But protected by the dark, the shy and suspicious creep out of their hiding-places; they travel along the foot-paths, they play in the wagon-roads, they feed in our gardens, and I have known them to help themselves from our chicken-coops. If one has never hunted the fields and woods at night he little knows their multitude of wild life. Many a hollow stump and uninteresting hole in the ground — tombs by day — give up their dead at night, and something more than ghostly shades come forth.

If one's pulse quickens at the sight and sound of wild things stirring, and he has never seen, in the deepening dusk, a long, sniffling snout poked slowly out of a hollow chestnut, the glint of black, beady eyes, the twitch of papery ears, then a heavy-bodied possum issue from the hole, clasping the edge with its tail, to gaze calmly about before lumbering off among the shadows — then he still has something to go into the woods for.

Who ever had a good look at a muskrat in the glare of day? I was drifting noiselessly down the river, recently, when one started to cross just ahead of my boat. He got near midstream, recognized me, and went under like a flash. Even a glimpse like this cannot be had every summer; but in the autumn nights you cannot hide about their houses and fail to see them. In October they are building their winter lodges, and the clumsiest watcher may spy them glistening in the moonlight as they climb with loads of sedge and mud to the roofs of their sugar-loaf houses. They are readily seen, too, making short excursions into the meadows; and occasionally the desire to rove and see the world will take such hold upon one as to drive him a mile from water, and he will slink along

in the shadow of the fences and explore your dooryard and premises. Frequently, in the late winter, I have followed their tracks on these night journeys through the snow between ponds more than a mile apart.

But there is larger game abroad than muskrats and possums. These October nights the quail are in covey, the mice are alive in the dry grass, and the foxes are abroad. Lying along the favorite run of Reynard, you *may* see him. There are many sections of the country where the rocks and mountains and wide areas of sterile pine-land still afford the foxes safe homes; but in most localities Reynard is rapidly becoming a name, a creature of fables and folk-lore only. The rare sight of his clean, sharp track in the dust, or in the mud along the margin of the pond, adds flavor to a whole day's tramping; and the glimpse of one in the moonlight, trotting along a cow-path or lying low for Br'er Rabbit, is worth many nights of watching.

There is promise of a future for the birds in their friendship for us and in our interest and sentiment for them. Everybody is interested in birds; everybody loves them. There are bird-books and bird-books and bird-books — new volumes in every publisher's spring announcements. Every one with wood ways knows the songs and nests of the more common species. But this is not so with the four-footed animals. They are fewer, shyer, more difficult of study.

But nights of watching, when every fallen leaf is a sentinel and every moonbeam a spy, will let us into some secrets about the ponds and fields that the sun, old and all-seeing as he is, will never know. Our eyes were made for daylight; but I think if the anatomists tried they might find the rudiments of a third, a night eye, behind the other two. From my boyhood I certainly have seen more things at night than the brightest day ever knew of. If our eyes were intended for day use, our other senses seem to work best by night. Do we not take the deepest impressions when the plates of these sharpened senses are exposed in the dark?

Even in moonlight our eyes are blundering things; but our hearing, smell, and touch are so quickened by the alertness of night that, with a little training, the imagination quite takes the place of sight — a new sense, swift and vivid, that adds an excitement and freshness to the pleasure of our-of-door study, impossible to get through our two straightforward, honest day eyes.

Albeit, let us stay at home and sleep when there is no moon; and even when she climbs up big and round and bright, there is no surety of a fruitful excursion before the frosts fall. In the summer the animals are worn with home cares and doubly wary for their young; the grass is high, the trees dark, and the yielding green is silent under even so clumsy a crawler as the box-turtle. But by October the hum of insects is stilled, the meadows are mown, the trees and bushes are getting bare, the moon pours in unhindered, and the crisp leaves crackle and rustle under the softest-padded foot.

Notes

Do you know what is meant by "delicate aroma"?

What are "bivouac fires"?

What army does the author mean is breaking camp to move under cover of night?

Explain why an October night is the best time to study wild four-footed animals?

What idea do you get from, "Every leaf is a sentinel and every moonbeam a spy"?

What senses help our eyes at night?

Why wait until after a frost?

Explain "dreamful — not dreaming."

Read "Winter," by Dallas Lore Sharp. Compare Milton's idea of the October moon in "Paradise Lost," Book I.

> "Fairy elves
> Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
> Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
> Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
> Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
> Wheels her pale chariot."

TO-DAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day was born;
Into Eternity,
  At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

BECKY SHARP'S SCHOOL DAYS

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig. A black

servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute observer might have recognized the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium-pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

"It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima. "Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat."

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?" asked Miss Pinkerton herself.

"The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss Jemima; "we have made her a bow-pot."

"Say a bouquet, sister Jemima, 't is more genteel."

"Well a 'booky' as big almost as a hay-stack; I have put up two bottles of the gillyflower-water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box."

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good — ninety-three pounds four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to seal this billet which I have written to this lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of deep veneration. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils.

In the present instance the "billet" was to the following effect:

THE MALL, CHISWICK, June 15, 18—.

"Madam,— After six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honor and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her

parents, as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterize the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose industry and obedience have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her aged and her youthful companions.

"In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realized her friends' fondest hopes. In geography there is still much to be desired; and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified deportment and carriage, so necessary for every young lady of fashion.

"In the principles of religion and morality, Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honored by the patronage of the great Dr. Samuel Johnson. In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions, and the affectionate regard of her mistress, who has the honor to subscribe herself, madam, your much obliged humble servant,

"BARBARA PINKERTON.

"P. S.— Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged, desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible."

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name, and Miss Sedley's, in the fly-leaf of a Johnson's Dictionary — the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars at departure from the Mall.

Being commanded by her sister to get "the Dixionary" from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book from the receptacle in question. When Miss Pinkerton had fin-

ished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

"For whom is this, Miss Jemima?" said Miss Pinkerton, with awful coldness.

"For Becky Sharp," answered Jemima, trembling very much, and blushing over her withered face and neck, as she turned her back on her sister. "For Becky Sharp; she's going too."

"MISS JEMIMA!" exclaimed Miss Pinkerton, in the largest capitals. "Are you in your senses? Replace 'the Dixionary' in the closet, and never venture to take such a liberty in future."

"Well, sister, it 's only two-and-ninepence, and poor Becky will be miserable if she does n't get one."

"Send Miss Sedley to me at once," said Miss Pinkerton. And so venturing not to say another word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried and nervous.

Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London, and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articled pupil, for whom Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought, quite enough, without conferring upon her at parting the high honor of "the Dixionary."

Miss Sharp's father had been an artist, and in that capacity had given lessons at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion; a careless student, and had a great propensity for running into debt. Rebecca's mother, who was by profession an opera-singer, had had some education and her daughter spoke French with purity and a Parisian accent. It was in those days a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with Miss Pinkerton. For her mother being dead, her father, finding himself not likely to recover from a serious illness, wrote a manly letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection.

Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articled pupil; her duties being to talk French; and her privileges to live cost free, and, with a few guineas a

year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive. By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she was wise beyond her years owing to the life she had lived from her earliest years. She was a constant companion of her father and had often heard the talk of those who visited him — often ill suited for a girl to hear. But she had never been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Why then did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world, so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of an innocent child. Only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca was admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll. How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party, and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll.

On the death of her father, Rebecca was brought to the Mall as to her home. The rigid formality of the place suffocated her: the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, oppressed her almost beyond endurance; and she looked back to the freedom of the former days with so much regret, that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. Rebecca had never mingled in the society of women. Her father's conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of her own sex as she now encountered them. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good-humor of her

sister, the silly chat of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governess equally annoyed her. The gentle, tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least; and who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

The happiness of the young women about her gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. "What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an Earl's granddaughter," she said of one. "How they cringe and bow to that woolly-haired Miss Swartz, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than she, for all her wealth. I am as well bred as the Earl's granddaughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet every one passes me by here. She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future.

She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days. Her music she practised incessantly, and one day, when the girls were out, and she had remained at home, she was overheard to play a piece so well, that Minerva thought wisely she could spare herself the expense of a master for the juniors, and intimated to Miss Sharp that she was to instruct them for the future.

The girl refused; and for the first time, and to the astonishment of the majestic mistress of the school. "I am here to speak French with the children," Rebecca said abruptly, "not to teach them music, and save money for you. Give me money, and I will teach them."

It was in vain that the old lady asked her if she was aware she was speaking to Miss Pinkerton? Rebecca laughed in her face. "Give me a sum of money," said the girl, "and get rid of me — or, if you like better, get me a good place as governess in a noble-

man's family — you can do so if you please." And in their further disputes she always returned to this point. "Get me a situation — we hate each other, and I am ready to go."

Worthy Miss Pinkerton, although she had a Roman nose and a turban, and was as tall and straight as a grenadier, and had been up to this time an irresistible princess, had no will or strength to do battle against her little apprentice. Attempting once to scold her in public, Rebecca hit upon the plan of answering her in French, which quite routed the old lady. In order to maintain authority in her school, it became necessary to remove this rebel; and hearing about this time that Sir Pitt Crawley's family was in need of a governess, she actually recommended Miss Sharp for the situation, firebrand as she was. And so the apprentice was freed.

As Miss Sedley, now in her seventeenth year, was about to leave school, and had a friendship for Miss Sharp, she invited Rebecca to pass a week with her at home, before she entered upon her duties as governess in a private family.

Now, Miss Amelia Sedley was a young lady who deserved all that Miss Pinkerton had written in her praise and had many charming qualities which the pompous old mistress could not see. She could sing like a lark; embroider beautifully; spell as well as a "Dixionary" itself; and she had such a kindly, smiling, tender, gentle, generous heart of her own, as won the love of everybody who came near her from Minerva herself down to the poor girl in the scullery, and the one-eyed tart-woman's daughter who was permitted to vend her wares once a week to the young ladies in the Mall.

So when the day of departure came, Miss Sedley was greatly puzzled how to act. She was glad to go home, and yet most woefully sad at leaving school. At last the day for her departure came.

The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks, and bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Sambo in the carriage,

together with a very small and weather-beaten old cow's-skin trunk with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin, and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer — the hour for parting came; and the grief of the moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. Then a seed cake and other refreshments were produced and after Miss Sedley had partaken of these she was at liberty to depart.

"You 'll go in and say good-by to Miss Pinkerton, Becky!" said Miss Jemima to Miss Sharp, who, unnoticed by anybody, was coming downstairs with her own bandbox.

"I suppose I must," said Miss Sharp calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and the latter having knocked at the door, and having received permission to enter, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and said in French, and with a perfect accent, "Mademoiselle, je vien vous faire mes adieux."

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only directed those who did: but biting her lips and throwing up her venerable Roman-nosed head, she said, "Miss Sharp, I wish you a good morning." As she spoke, she waved one hand, both by way of adieu, and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honor; on which Miss Pinkerton tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. "Heaven bless you, my child," said Miss Pinkerton, embracing Amelia, and scowling over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp. "Come away, Becky," said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed on Becky forever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall — all the dear

friends — all the young ladies — the dancing-masters who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, as no pen can depict. When the embracing was over, they parted — that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving her.

Sambo of the bandy legs slammed the carriage door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage. "Stop!" cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

"It 's some sandwiches, my dear," said she to Amelia. "You may be hungry, you know; and, Becky, Becky Sharp, here 's a book for you that my sister — that is, I — Johnson's 'Dixionary,' you know; you must n't leave us without that. Good-by. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!" And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotion.

But, lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window and actually flung the book back into the garden. As she saw it fall at the feet of the astonished Miss Jemima, the young lady sank back in the carriage in an easy frame of mind, saying, "So much for 'the Dixionary'; and thank God, I 'm out of Chiswick."

The sudden turn of events almost caused Miss Jemima to faint with terror. "Well, I never,"—said she—"What an audacious"— Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. Thus Becky Sharp bade farewell to Chiswick Hall.

DAYBREAK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim;
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are its prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

Notes

Percy Bysshe Shelley, born, at Field Place, near Horsham, England, Aug. 4, 1792.

Drowned, in Mediterranean Sea near coast of Italy, July 8, 1822.

Name the different things which the author says are awakened.

Why does Shelley say the fireflies were quenched and the glow-worms went out?

What time is meant by "from the lamp's death to the morning ray"?

Compare:

"But soft! methinks I scent the morning air."
—"Hamlet," Act I, Scene V, Shakespeare.

"Night wanes — the vapors round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."
—"Lara," Byron.

"But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the east."
—"The Seasons," Thomson.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."
—"Romeo and Juliet," Act III, Scene V, Shakespeare.

HOW PHILIP WON THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

Deserted by his companions-in-arms, worn out with a useless struggle — loath, now, to plunge France into civil war by appeals to the people who were loyal and the old soldiers who were faithful to him — Napoleon, with that serenity that marks a great soul, yielded to the inevitable, and, on the eleventh of April, 1814, signed his abdication as Emperor of the French, and quietly stepped down from the high position he so long had occupied. It was the noblest act of his life, even though men might say it was compulsory.

This is the act of renunciation he signed — this victor, vanquished by Fate, and by his own ambition:

The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor is the sole obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and for his family the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no sacrifice, even to that of his life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France.

The tricolor had indeed fallen. The man who, for so many years, had given glory and greatness to France, who had distracted England with war, startled the whole Continent with his success, and filled the world with his name, stepped down from his throne, and Europe once more breathed freely. Great in everything he did, Napoleon was as great in his fall as in his glory. The Empire was dead.

Through all these days of watching and waiting, of planning

and plotting, of hopes and fears, Philip stood by the Emperor, serving him as best he could, riding to Paris, bearing messages — now to the friends and now to the foes of the man he clung to alike in victory and defeat.

He was near him that famous morning when in the Court of the White Horse, in the beautiful palace of Fontainebleau, Napoleon bade farewell to his Old Guard, and left for the island principality that had been given him as his home — it was almost a prison — the little island of Elba, in the Mediterranean.

That was the moment when Philip's pent-up feelings had overflowed, and the tears he would not have checked if he could came tumbling down his cheeks Already the Emperor had said farewell to this boy who had so faithfully served him.

Standing in the splendid gallery of Francis I, which opens upon the famous Horseshoe Staircase, down which Napoleon walked to say good-by to his Guard, the boy had begged and implored the Emperor to let him be one of the chosen four hundred soldiers who were to accompany the dethroned monarch to his tiny island realm.

But, "No, my Philip," the Emperor said, "it cannot be. Go home to your dear ones, the sister you have found, the good Citizen Daunou, who is like a father to you. There lies your duty — to them and to France. Serve France, my son, as loyally as you have served me; and when she needs your strong young arm and that sometimes flighty but always truth-telling tongue of yours, I know she will not call in vain."

Then Napoleon passed on amid his officers, down the Horseshoe Staircase and into the White Horse Court.

The drums beat a salute. Then they were silent, and Napoleon, in a voice first strong, then broken and full of feeling, said farewell to his stalwart soldiers of the Guard, his never-failing reliance on every field of battle.

It was one of the most pathetic moments in history. Every man was thrilled; and when, breaking off his speech, Napoleon

flung his arms about the standard-bearer, grasped the imperial standard and touched his lips to the eagle that crowned it, Emperor, generals, soldiers, all were in tears.

Philip clung to the step of the carriage. Tears blinded the bright young eyes that looked up to his master in the final farewell. The Emperor placed a hand upon his head. "Good-by, my boy. God bless you!" he said. Then the horses started; the carriage rolled out of the courtyard, and to Philip it seemed as if all the glory, all the promise, and all the pride of living passed from his brave young life.

The tricolor had fallen. The white standard waved above the Tuileries. The Bourbons returned to power. Old Louis XVIII was king of France, and those who had served the bees took service under the lilies.

But this Philip stoutly refused to do. One day, Citizen Daunou said: "My son, you can be a page of the palace still, if you wish. The King recalls your father's services in the days before the Republic. He knows how he died, and he will gladly give the son of Desnouettes a place of honor in his train."

Then Philip replied, unhesitatingly, "I cannot; I cannot, my father. The Emperor found me poor and friendless. He stood me on my feet; he tried to make a man of me. While he lives, there is for me no other king. I would not be a page to the Bourbons for all the gold in their palaces. If ever the foreigner threatens France I will remember the Emperor's charge, and serve France as well as I may; but never the Bourbons! Let me, rather, if I may, stay here with you and Mademoiselle, my sister."

The days passed by. France accepted the Bourbons. Paris paid court to them. There were fêtes and receptions, balls and illuminations, processions, shows, and displays, even as there had been in the Empire days — though there were people who said these could not compare with those for magnificence. But in all such doings Philip had neither interest nor part. He took up the studies he had dropped when the stress of France called him to

ride and write for the Emperor. He perfected himself in military science, and the drawing and mathematics which delighted him. Citizen Daunou praised him highly for this.

With Mademoiselle, one February day, Philip had taken a roundabout way, extending their walk into Philip's old quarter, from which the Emperor had rescued him — the Fourth Ward of Paris and the Street of the Washerwomen.

At a fountain, at the foot of a narrow and dirty street, Philip and Mademoiselle stopped for a moment to look at a detachment of troops marching from the barriers to the military bureau in the Place Vendôme. Philip winced as he looked at them, as he always winced — for they were no longer the soldiers of the Emperor; they were the soldiers of the King. The white flag instead of the tricolor was borne in their ranks; the white cockade instead of the tricolor decorated their shakos; the white of the Kingdom rather than the blue of the Empire predominated in their uniforms.

The people in the poorer quarters of Paris, never enthusiastic for the King — recalling the days when they and their fathers had put down this very race of Bourbons — had no ringing shout of "Long live the King!" as they had once shouted "Long live the Emperor!"

So the watching throng about the fountain was silent or sarcastic. But it was an uneasy crowd. It jostled and swayed and pushed, and Philip was forced to grasp Mademoiselle closely for her security. Gradually they were forced back against the stone coping of the fountain, and, as Philip struggled to maintain his own footing and save Mademoiselle from a crushing, he was startled almost to stupidity to hear a low but distinct whisper in his ear: "Be watchful and wary! The eagle will swoop on the geese. Be swift and silent. The bees will soon be swarming!"

What did it mean? Who had spoken such a singular message? Philip turned slowly, not wishing to attract attention. But to no

purpose. The only familiar face he saw was that of his sister. What could it mean?

For a moment Philip was too bewildered to speak. Then he turned a white face toward his sister.

"Who was that?" he asked her.

Mademoiselle was intently watching the vanishing ranks of the white cockades. Philip repeated his question. Mademoiselle looked puzzled.

"Who was who, my Philip?" she queried.

"Why, did you see no one? Did you hear nothing?" Philip asked in a voice trembling with surprise and excitement.

"Why, my Philip, what can you mean?" the girl replied. "What has startled you? I saw none save the soldiers yonder. I heard nothing but the people all about us."

"Something I have just heard," was Philip's unsatisfactory reply. "Let me think; let — me — think. I will tell you later."

Mademoiselle possessed all the curiosity which, we are assured, is the privilege of her sex. Philip had a secret; she must know what it was. So she grew more and more inquisitive as they hurried home; but her brother answered her not a word in explanation until they were safely within the house on the Street of the Fight. Then he sought out Citizen Daunou, and told him the story of the mysterious message.

The worthy Keeper of the Archives rubbed his white head thoughtfully.

"You were dreaming, boy," he said.

But the boy was in no mood for pleasantry. "Dreaming or awake, joke or no, my father, I heard the words," he declared. Then he added swiftly, "Which way, now, lies this Elba?"

It was now Citizen Daunou's turn to look startled.

"Elba?" he said. "Why, to the southeast some two hundred leagues or so. But why do you ask?"

Mademoiselle, who had stolen in to hear, was even quicker-witted. She clasped her brother close.

"To Elba, Philip?" she cried. "You would surely not go there. And why?"

"Where the bees swarm and the eagle soars," said the boy, more theatrically than he really intended, "there is the place for him who with the bees would swarm and who would soar with the eagle!"

"My faith, Philip!" exclaimed practical Mademoiselle. "But what is all this we hear about bees and eagles? Does it mean — What? does it, now? — the Emperor?"

"It does! it does, my sister!" Philip cried, flushed with ardor and excitement. "Let not your tongue speak the wonderful message outside this house. The Emperor is coming back!"

"Brush up my very best page suit, Mademoiselle my sister," he said; "and keep it ready for use. Citizen Daunou, I crave your permission to go on a quest. Within a week I will be with you again."

And within two hours' time Philip had left his dear ones in the Street of the Fight, and was off to the southward.

The whispered message by the fountain in the Street of Washerwomen was not a dream. It was a fact. The Emperor had escaped from Elba. He was on his way to France.

He risked his head to recover his throne; and France — fickle France — flamed out to welcome him back, though it knew his return might mean disturbance, distress, even war and death once more.

Philip met the truth at Lyons. The air was full of rumors that speedily became facts. With less than a thousand of his grenadiers — his "brave growlers" as he sometimes called them — the Emperor had landed in France. The army had gone over to him, wild with joy. The Empire would be proclaimed once more. France would be free of the Bourbons.

Philip found Lyons in a ferment. Napoleon was almost at its gates. The Bourbon prince who commanded the troops gathered at that important city ordered his soldiers to the wall to repel or

capture " the bandit from Elba." But what was a Bourbon prince before " our Emperor? "

The tidings of the imperial adventurer came thick and fast. Napoleon had landed near Cannes; he had marched over the mountains to Dijon; he had first fronted the white standard with his tricolor at Laffrey; with bared breast he had faced the soldiers of the King in the Vale of Beaumont, bidding them welcome him or kill him; and behold! the soldiers of the King had fallen on their knees before him, cried, " Long live the Emperor! " and hailed him as their " father." He had kissed the restored eagles at Vizelle; he had entered Grenoble, through the gates burst open by the peasants without and the revolted soldiers within; escorted by mountaineers and farmers singing the Marseilles hymn, he had advanced from Grenoble to Lyons with his little " army of deliverance," already grown from one thousand to six thousand soldiers, wearing the tricolored cockade. Off hurries the Bourbon prince in terror of his life; down go the barricades, wrecked by the very soldiers who had piled them up; " Long live the Emperor! " shout garrison and citizens; and to the accompaniment of twenty thousand welcoming voices Napoleon enters Lyons.

And there, on the steps of the Archbishop's palace, to which the Emperor was conducted, Philip greeted him with tears and laughter and a voice thrilling with passionate welcome.

" What? — is it you, young Desnouettes? " the Emperor cried, catching the page around the neck. " My brave boy, is it you? "

" Yes, from Paris, Sire," answered the boy; " to greet you and die for you."

" No; live for me; live for me, you Philip," the Emperor said. " And what do they say at Paris? "

" Sire, I did not wait to hear," answered truthful Philip. " I ran to join you as soon as they whispered that you had left for France."

" As heedless as ever; eh, you boy? " and then came the ear-

pinching that seemed so like old times come again. "Well; to me, to me, my Philip! I shall have duties for you."

Three days the Emperor rested at Lyons, reviewing his troops, organizing his government, writing dispatches, and sending broadcast over France those two masterly proclamations that are so marked a specimen of Napoleonic eloquence and so rich a combination of sublimity, sentiment, and metaphor.

Philip galloped from Lyons a day in advance of the Emperor, bearing messages to the friends of Napoleon in Paris, and spreading the wonderful tidings as he rode. France seemed wild with joy. Down went the white cockade; up went the tricolor; the Emperor's flower — the violet — blossomed in countless buttonholes. The lilies drooped: the bees were swarming everywhere.

Philip burst into the quiet house on the Street of Fight and filled it with his wonderful news.

"He has come; he has come back!" he shouted. "I have seen the Emperor!"

To Philip's amazement and the old soldiers' disgust, the white flag of the Bourbons still floated from the Clock Tower of the Tuileries. King Louis had fled, but there was still a show of resistance from the National Guardsmen he had left in the palace.

It is two in the afternoon. The increasing throng grows more insistent. The growls of the veterans, the shouts of the soldiers, become ominous and threatening. Then a great cry goes up. The gates are thrown open. Another shout. Down goes the white flag; up goes the tricolor; and, as the Imperial banner once again streams from the great Clock Tower, all Paris knows that the Bourbons have given up the struggle, and that the Empire has won.

Evening came — that eventful evening of Monday, the twentieth of March, in the year 1815. The Tuileries was filled with guests dressed as if for a fête night. Those who were in hiding, and those who had deserted King Louis, met to await the coming

of the Emperor. The great mansion blazed with lights, and a page of the palace, resplendent in his imperial livery, was almost beside himself for joy.

It was Philip Desnouettes. He had seen the Emperor. He had been charged by him with messages to Paris. Philip was the lion of the waiting hours. He was petted and praised by every one. He began to feel very important once more.

He could scarcely contain himself. He wished to keep busy, to be doing something to prove his devotion.

The palace looked just the same. Philip could scarcely believe that a year had passed since he had been there. "Here are the same hangings," he said to himself; "the same stiff, straight furniture, the same bureaus and cabinets, tête-à-têtes, couches and chairs, decorated with their brass or ormolu wreaths and festoons, sphinxes, and victories, and sprinkled with the—no! Halls! What is this? The lilies? Then where are the bees? Have the royalists dared remove from the palace decorations the bees of Napoleon, and put in their place the lilies of the Bourbons? Why, this will never do!"

Frantic with indignant loyalty, Philip shouted: "Off with the lilies — on with the bees!" and falling upon the unoffending decorations, Philip, helped by many ready hands, tore down the lilies from the tapestry, and stripped them from the coverings. From some hiding-place were brought the hangings that bore the bees, and reawakened loyalty was satisfied.

At nine o'clock a mighty shout was heard without.

"The Emperor! the Emperor!"

The palace echoed the cry, as, across the Bridge of the Palace and along the Seine embankment, in through the Tuileries gate, thronged about by a clamorous crowd, and surrounded by his soldiers and his generals, Napoleon entered the courtyard of the great palace.

Then it seemed as if Paris had indeed gone mad. The veterans flung themselves at the Emperor's carriage. They seized their

The Emperor Decorates Philip with His Own Cross of the Legion of Honor

hero in their arms. They dragged him out; and, bearing him on their shoulders, they rushed with him through the doorway even to the foot of the great staircase.

The palace rocked with the shouts of welcome. The crowd bearing in the Emperor, and the throng pouring down the staircase to greet him, blocked the way. Progress was impossible. People were everywhere.

At last a passage-way was broken through the crowd. And so, up the clamoring stairway, along the Gallery of Diana, through the Blue Room, and into the Emperor's study, amid tears and cheers and shouts, and tossing of hats, and waving of handkerchiefs, the Emperor came to his own again. In twenty days after leaving Elba Napoleon had regained his empire. With but a thousand grenadiers he had conquered thirty millions of people. The swarming of the bees closed in a carnival of joy.

In the Emperor's study, breathless and weeping with the excitement of the home-coming, Napoleon looked about him. The closed doors of the study shut out the happy crowd. At his feet he saw a kneeling figure, dressed in the crimson, green, and gold of a page of the palace.

"What, it is you again, my Philip!" exclaimed the Emperor. "And in your page's livery. Rise, my boy. You are a page no longer. Such devotion merits a higher service. See; my fortune shall be yours! Did I not tell you once that he who rides and he who writes merit often as much esteem as he who bears the musket or wields the sword? I make you a member of the Legion of Honor. Here, Bertrand, Lavalette, some one — give me a cross! What! none will spare me one?" No one would. Crosses of the Legion were to be displayed just then; they were treasured too highly to be given to a boy. "Here then!" and impulsively the Emperor tore the cherished decoration from his own breast, pinned it on the lad's green coat, and pinching his ear affectionately, cried to General Bertrand, who stood beside him, "Grand Marshal, here is a new officer of my household! *Captain*

Desnouettes — page and lieutenant no longer — you are a brevet-officer, specially attached to my person. Serve me as comrade as faithfully as you have as page, and France shall be proud of you."

And, while the boy trembled with delight and pride, the Emperor caught him to his breast and kissed him on the cheek.

So Philip, by a faithfulness that never faltered, and a loyalty that never wavered, gained the prize all Frenchmen coveted.

Thus he won the Cross.

Notes

Why did Napoleon wage a useless struggle?

Consult an encyclopedia for "tri-color" and "Tuileries."

Explain "keeper of the archives."

Dramatize from the point in the story where Philip and his sister were watching by the fountain until he is off to the southward.

Dramatize the meeting between Napoleon and Philip at Lyons.

Dramatize the scene in the Emperor's study.

The disastrous Russian campaign of 1812 was the beginning of Napoleon's downfall. After the crushing defeat in Russia in June, Europe now rose against the conqueror. In October he was overwhelmed at Leipsig. He was driven from Germany; France was invaded, and on March 30 Paris surrendered to the Allies. Then our story follows.

Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England at once made preparations to put down Napoleon and restore the Bourbon dynasty. Napoleon met his final defeat on June 18, at Waterloo. July 8, Louis XVIII reëntered Paris. A week later Napoleon gave himself up to England and was sent to the island of St. Helena.

"The verdict of mankind awards the highest distinction, not to prudent mediocrity that shuns the chance of failure and leaves no lasting mark behind, but to the eager soul who grandly dares, mightily achieves, and holds the hearts of millions even amidst his ruin and theirs."— John Holland Rose.

Words and Phrases

"serenity that marks a great soul"

"resplendent in his imperial livery"

THE LIFE-STORY OF A RUSSIAN EXILE

MARIE SUKLOFF

The little village of Borovoi-Mlin, in which I was born, consisted of about thirty huts — low wooden structures with slant, thatched roofs. The walls, both inside and out, were plastered with mud and whitewashed. All the huts stood in a row which formed the only street in the village. A wide dusty road passed in front — the meeting place of the cackling, quacking, and barking members of the community. Farther down, the communal pasture, a long and narrow strip of land, ran along the high bank of the rivulet Okena below. In the rear were small kitchen-gardens surrounded by low wattle fences, back of which rye fields stretched as far as the eye could see.

Our hut stood at the very entrance to the village. It was old and rickety. The two little windows were low, near the ground. In the severe winter months the snow piled up high in front of them, shutting out the feeble light that penetrated the double windows. During the greater part of the year the broken panes were replaced with cardboard, as a protection against the clouds of dust which drifted into the house every time a vehicle passed. The thatch on the roof was black with age. It was broken in several places. When the rains were heavy the water leaked through and formed a puddle on the mud floor.

As in all peasant dwellings, a dark passage divided it into two parts. One was the living-room, the other served as a barn where the horses, cows, agricultural implements, and provisions were kept. The living-room was large and square. One corner was screened off by a long, red curtain. It was the parents' bedroom. Two beds and a cradle stood there. The furniture of the rest of the room consisted of a large table and benches along the walls. Another table, much smaller in size, held a large brass samovar and a pair of silver candlesticks, the only articles of value in our

home. An enormous brick stove occupied a conspicuous place in the room. Besides doing its regular service, it provided a warm bed in the cold winter nights. The children often fought for the privilege of sleeping on it. In this room I first saw the light of day in September, 1885. In this house I passed the first fourteen years of my life.

Sixteen *dessiatines* (a little over forty-three acres) of poor soil, mostly clay, and a thatch-covered hut — this was all the property left by my grandfather to his five sons and two daughters. I do not know how the heirs to this rich inheritance settled it among themselves; but in the end my father and one of my uncles remained the sole proprietors of the sixteen dessiatines, they being the eldest sons and already married. At the later division of the property eight dessiatines and the house went to my father.

Our estate, besides the land, consisted most of the time of a couple of cows, one or two horses, and a dozen or more chickens. When the crops were good, the eight dessiatines yielded grain and potatoes enough to last the whole year round. But either because of my father's primitive methods of agriculture, or because of insufficient fertilizing, or because of droughts which are not infrequent in our parts, good crops were rather the exception than the rule. I remember a prayer which I learned when I was four years old: "O God, give us rain for the sake of the little children." Every morning before eating our modest breakfast, we folded our hands and repeated this prayer. But God seemed cruel at times. Severe droughts burned our fields, and famine threatened the whole district. Then father drove our favorite cow to the nearest town and sold her. The same fate befell the second one, and then we were without milk.

But the cost of necessities was so high that money thus realized was not enough. Then father went to look for work, and stayed away from home the whole week. Friday evening the family eagerly awaited his return. The room assumed its holiday ap-

pearance; the table was covered with a snow-white cloth, the candles lit, and the samovar, freshly polished, shone in the corner. But father took his place without saying a word; his face did not wear his usual cheerful smile, and we understood that he had not earned anything and was therefore sad. Silently we took our seats around the table, while mother served the supper. But unlike any other Saturday there was no meat.

Indeed it was absolutely necessary to earn some extra money to meet the modest expenses of our household. The few acres of land owned by a Russian peasant do not yield enough to feed a large family and pay the taxes. Our village was situated about a mile from the little town of Smorgon, where there were leather factories, tailor shops, and other enterprises. Among us a child of eight years was considered of working age and sent to work in town. He was apprenticed to a tailor or a shoemaker, and sometimes even sent to the factory. Few could afford to send their children to school. The parochial school, which was to spread knowledge among the inhabitants of four villages, could boast of but ten pupils. These were taught by the village priest, who was but little versed in educational matters. Besides, he was busy with other, more important duties, and could not devote much of his time to instructing the young. At the end of a four years' course, therefore, they could neither read nor write. But that was amply compensated by their ability to chant psalms, which they knew by heart. Our village boys went to a Hebrew school, beginning at the age of four or five. My brother Wolf "finished" his education when he was eight years old. Girls were not taught at all. I was illiterate until the age of thirteen. But more of this later.

The peasants in the neighboring country lived in still greater poverty than ours. Their grown sons and daughters did not go to live in town, but remained with the family; nor did they send their children to the shop; and their small parcels of land, which were taxed very heavily, could not feed so many "souls." Close

to their land was a large private estate. It covered many hundreds of dessiatines, most of which was uncultivated. The peasants were thus deprived of a chance to earn even a little money as farm hands.

One circumstance, I remember, greatly puzzled me, notwithstanding that I was very young at the time. The grazing land of our village was small, and the herd often returned home hungry. Bordering on ours was an immense pasture belonging to a priest who had long left the church and did not even live on his estate. The meadow was always guarded by a man who lived literally at our expense. He collected from us a *ruble* for every horse or cow which strayed over on his land. If the money was not paid, he locked the beast in his barn and left it without food. Once it happened that he starved to death one of our herd. When winter came the fine grass in the priest's meadow was covered with snow, while our barns were empty.

A dense forest surrounded the villages, but we did not have enough firewood to heat our huts. The forest belonged to the Government. The peasants had to choose between freezing and stealing wood from the forest. As a result, the jail in the near-by town was always full. Some stayed there as long as two years — all for attempting to steal a log with which to warm their cold huts.

When I was six years old a terrible misfortune befell our family. My mother fell down from the garret and fractured her skull. She was ill for almost a year. For four months she lay in a semi-conscious condition. She did not recognize anybody, and drove us away when we came to her bed. I don't know what would have become of us if it had not been for our sister Revecca. She looked after us like a mother, and saw that we were fed and clothed. She was eleven then.

Mother's illness ruined us completely. She was the only one in the family who knew how to manage things, to make ends

meet, as they say. Father lacked that ability. Besides, her illness added a large item to our expense. To meet the doctor's and druggist's bills, the cows and horses had to be sold. Even the land was mortgaged.

It was summer, and father worked in the field, Revecca and I kept house and looked after the one-year-old baby. We got up at daybreak and worked hard the whole day. Revecca milked the cows (they were sold only towards winter), and I drove them to the pasture. I remember with what a serious face I answered my companions when they asked me to play with them:

"I have no time to play. My mama is sick."

One incident during my mother's illness left an impression on my memory that remains to this day. It was the haying season. Father was in the field, mother was lying in bed, and Revecca and I were sitting on the doorstep, resting after our hard morning. A large wagon drawn by two horses suddenly came into view. We recognized it immediately, and knew that the tax collector was coming. He had a wooden leg and a long black beard, and was the terror of all the children. The periodical appearance at our village of this tax collector, who was nicknamed "the one-legged devil," was always a source of much unhappiness. He stopped in front of our house. We were terribly afraid of him, and at any other time would have run away and hid in the barn, but that happy period of our life was past. We felt a great responsibility resting upon us, so we remained. We stood up, and met the intruder bravely. "There is nobody home," said Revecca, when the collector approached. But he paid no attention to her, and went straight into the house, making an awful noise with his wooden leg all the while. We followed him. Having examined the contents of the room, he stopped before the table on which the samovar and the candlesticks stood. We watched his movements with breathless intensity. Suddenly he knocked on the window with his cane. A young man came in, carrying a large bag. Before we could grasp the meaning of it all, our

samovar, the pride and ornament of our house, had disappeared into his dirty bag. Next went the candlesticks. We were dumbfounded. We stood gazing at the bag, and could not utter a word: Unable to move, we saw them turn to the door and walk out of the room. When we recovered from the shock, the rattle of the passing wagon was heard near the house. Revecca sat down near the empty table and began to cry. After a few minutes I joined her. Without a samovar and the candlesticks the room looked gloomier than ever.

In the fall father called a doctor from Vilna, a large city sixty miles away from the village. His visit cost us fifty rubles. This doctor, however, really helped our mother, who began to recover slowly.

As I have said before, I was not sent to school. When I reached my eleventh year, my mother found a place for me in a grocery store in town. The store was so small that if two customers happened in at the same time one had to wait outside, where the greatest part of the goods was laid out. I performed a great many duties. I carried the goods in and out, swept the store, delivered purchases, and ran similar errands. My salary was fifteen rubles for the winter. There I made my first acquaintance with figures and learned addition and subtraction. My position as a clerk required some little knowledge of arithmetic. At first my mistress taught me. After this my brother Wolf instructed me in this science, which was one of his strong points.

But months passed, and I did not show any promise of becoming an efficient grocery clerk. My mistress was very much dissatisfied with me. She often reproached me for my inability to meet customers in the approved fashion, and called me a " rustic." I did not know what was wanted of me, and that worried me terribly. But I took great pride in the fact that I was a clerk and earning money.

Every evening I went home to sleep. There was a tavern in

The Village of Borovoi-Mlin as It Looks Now—Miss Sukloff was Born Here

town where the workmen from our village gathered, usually at about nine o'clock. I always found there company to go home with. One evening my mistress kept me very late. When I came to the tavern, all my village folk had gone. I thought for a while, and decided to go home alone. It was in December. The night was still and cold, and the fields were covered with dazzling white snow. The road to our village shone like silver. I stepped into the road, and ran. I did not stop until I came to our house, although I was not a bit afraid. After that I always walked home alone, without even so much as looking into the tavern.

Before the Easter holiday my mistress discharged me. She had found another girl, who could approach customers in the right way. It was a terrible disappointment to me, but my mother tried to console me. "Don't worry. I shall apprentice you to a tailor next fall, like Revecca. That's settled," she concluded.

The summer passed. When it began to grow cold my mother took me to town, and I entered upon my new career as a tailor's apprentice. The shop had no particular attraction for me. I was used to the free, pure air of the fields. The severest frosts and storms could not keep us children in the house. We never took cold, although not dressed according to the season. And here I had to sit the whole day in a close, ill-smelling room. At times my duties kept me there till midnight. My master did not even think of teaching me to sew. Most of the time I was busy with his two little children, whom the mistress always left in my care.

I was apprenticed for two years. It was agreed that I was to be allowed to go home for the field-work season. The understanding was that I should work one year without pay, and get twenty-five rubles for the second year. But fate played me one of her tricks. Toward the end of the second year, when I constantly thought of and counted the money I was to get, I was

unexpectedly discharged for joining the working men in a strike for a ten-hour day, and I never saw my hard-earned twenty-five rubles.

Notes

Born, at Borovoi-Mlin in Western Russia, about 1886.

She was born in a hut of two rooms one of which was used for animals. At the age of thirteen she was a wage earner.

When she lost her position because she joined in a strike, she devoted herself with youthful ardor to propaganda of the Social Democrats.

She was later exiled to Siberia but escaped and was appointed by the Social Revolutionists to assassinate several prominent and cruel men. She finally killed the terrible Gov. Khvostoff for which she was at first condemned to death but later exiled to eastern Siberia. A second time she escaped.

What would be a "communal pasture"?

Explain the extensive rye fields.

How would you know that Marie Sukloff is giving us a picture of a typical peasant home?

How would you explain Samovar and brick stove?

What meaning would you infer from the phrase "to thy rich inheritance"?

Quote from the selection to show that this family had a love for cleanliness and the beautiful.

Compare our compulsory school laws with the educational custom in Russia.

How much is fifty rubles in our money?

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Land where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea,
Hark! 't is the voice of thy children to thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true —
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle-blast! Lo! at the sign
Armies all panoplied wheel into line!

Hope of the world! thou hast broken its chains —
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains,
Stand for the right till the nations shall own
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptered, uncrowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
War with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast —
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end!

Notes

Explain "wave last in the sun."

What is the exact meaning of the second line?

Who is introduced as speaker in Stanza I?

Change to prose, "if perfidy's blight fall on a star in thy garland of light."

What world-wide doctrine does America stand for as explained in Stanza IV?

OPPORTUNITY

JOHN J. INGALLS

Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore; —
I answer not, and I return no more.

Notes

Compare:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

—"Julius Cæsar," Act IV, Scene III.

"Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

—"Julius Cæsar," Act I, Scene II.

THE RACE FOR NUMBER THREE

JACK LONDON

The day had been clear and cold, but a blanket of cloud formed across the face of the sky, and the night came on warm and dark, with the hint of snow impending. The thermometer registered fifteen below zero, and in the Klondike winter fifteen below is esteemed very warm.

At a few minutes before midnight, leaving Shorty with the dogs five hundred yards down the creek, Smoke joined the racers on Number Three. There were forty-five of them waiting the start for the thousand dollars Cyrus Johnson had left lying in the frozen gravel. Each man carried six stakes and a heavy wooden mallet, and was clad in a smock-like parka of heavy cotton drill.

Lieutenant Pollock, in a big bearskin coat, looked at his watch by the light of a fire. It lacked a minute of midnight. "Make ready," he said, as he raised a revolver in his right hand and watched the second-hand tick around.

Forty-five hoods were thrown back from the parkas, forty-five pairs of hands were unmittened, and forty-five pairs of moccasins pressed tensely into the packed snow. Also, forty-five stakes were thrust into the snow, and the same number of mallets lifted in the air.

The shot rang out, and the mallets fell. Cyrus Johnson's right to the million had expired.

Smoke drove in his stake and was away with the leading dozen. Fires had been lighted at the corners and by each fire stood a policeman, list in hand, checking off the names of the runners. A man was supposed to call out his name and show his face. There was to be no staking by proxy while the real racer was off and away down the creek.

At the first corner, beside Smoke's stake, Von Schroeder placed his. The mallets struck at the same instant. As they ham-

mered, more arrived from behind and with such impetuosity as to get in one another's way and cause jostling and shoving. Squirming through the press and calling his name to the policeman, Smoke saw the baron, struck in collision by one of the rushers, hurled clean off his feet into the snow. But Smoke did not wait. Others were still ahead of him. By the light of the vanishing fire, he was certain that he saw the back, hugely looming, of Big Olaf, and at the southwestern corner Big Olaf and he drove their stakes side by side.

It was no light work, this preliminary obstacle race. The boundaries of the claim totaled nearly a mile, and most of it was over the uneven surface of a snow-covered, niggerhead flat. All about Smoke men tripped and fell, and several times he pitched forward himself, jarringly, on hands and knees. Once, Big Olaf fell so immediately in front of him as to bring him down on top.

The upper center-stake was driven by the edge of the bank, and down the bank the racers plunged, across the frozen creek-bed, and up the other side. Here, as Smoke clambered, a hand gripped his ankle and jerked him back. In the flickering light of a distant fire, it was impossible to see who had played the trick. But Arizona Bill, who had been treated similarly, rose to his feet and drove his fist with a crunch into the offender's face. Smoke saw and heard as he was scrambling to his feet, but before he could make another lunge for the bank a fist dropped him half stunned into the snow. He staggered up, located the man, half swung a hook for his jaw, then remembered Shorty's warning and refrained. The next moment, struck below the knees by a hurtling body, he went down again.

It was a foretaste of what would happen when the men reached their sleds. Men were pouring over the other bank and piling into the jam. They swarmed up the bank in bunches, and in bunches were dragged back by their impatient fellows. More blows were struck, curses rose from the panting chests of those who still had wind to spare, and Smoke, curiously visioning the face of Joy

Gastell, hoped that the mallets would not be brought into play. Overthrown, trod upon, groping in the snow for his lost stakes, he at last crawled out of the crush and attacked the bank farther along. Others were doing this, and it was his luck to have many men in advance of him in the race for the northwestern corner.

Reaching the fourth corner, he tripped headlong, and in the sprawling fall lost his remaining stake. For five minutes he groped in the darkness before he found it, and all the time the panting runners were passing him. From the last corner to the creek he began overtaking men for whom the mile run had been too much. In the creek itself bedlam had broken loose. A dozen sleds were piled up and overturned, and nearly a hundred dogs were locked in combat. Among them men struggled, tearing the tangled animals apart, or beating them apart with clubs.

Leaping down the bank beyond the glutted passage, he gained the hard-footing of the sled-trail and made better time. Here, in packed harbors beside the narrow trail, sleds and men waited for runners that were still behind. From the rear came the whine and rush of dogs, and Smoke had barely time to leap aside into the deep snow. A sled tore past, and he made out the man kneeling and shouting madly. Scarcely was it by when it stopped with a crash of battle. The excited dogs of a harbored sled, resenting the passing animals, had got out of hand and sprung upon them.

Smoke plunged around and by. He could see the green lantern of Von Schroeder and, just below it, the red flare that marked his own team. Two men were guarding Von Schroeder's dogs, with short clubs interposed between them and the trail.

"Come on, you Smoke! Come on, you Smoke!" he could hear Shorty calling anxiously.

"Coming!" he gasped.

By the red flare, he could see the snow torn up and trampled, and from the way his partner breathed he knew a battle had been fought. He staggered to the sled, and, in the moment he was falling on it, Shorty's whip snapped as he yelled:

"Mush! Mush!"

The dogs sprang into the breast-bands, and the sled jerked abruptly ahead. They were big animals — Hanson's prize team of Hudson Bays — and Smoke had selected them for the first stage, which included the ten miles of Mono, the heavy going of the cut-off across the flat at the mouth, and the first ten miles of the Yukon stretch.

"How many are ahead?" he asked.

"You shut up an' save your wind," Shorty answered. "Hi! you brutes! Hit her up! Hit her up!"

He was running behind the sled, towing on a short rope. Smoke could not see him; nor could he see the sled on which he lay full length. The fires had been left in the rear, and they were tearing through a wall of blackness as fast as the dogs could spring into it. This blackness was almost sticky, so nearly did it take on the seeming of substance.

Smoke felt the sled heel up on one runner as it rounded an invisible curve, and from ahead came the snarls of beasts and the oaths of men. This was known afterward as the Barnes-Slocum jam. It was the teams of those two men which first collided, and into it, at full career, piled Smoke's seven big fighters. Scarcely more than semi-domesticated wolves, the excitement of that night on Mono Creek had sent every dog fighting mad. The Klondike dogs, driven without reins, cannot be stopped except by voice, so that there was no stopping this glut of struggle that heaped itself between the narrow rims of the creek. From behind, sled after sled hurled into the turmoil. Men who had their teams nearly extricated were overwhelmed by fresh avalanches of dogs — each animal well fed, well rested, and ripe for battle.

"It 's knock down an' drag out an' plow through!" Shorty yelled in his partner's ear. "An' watch out for your knuckles! You drag dogs out an' let me do the punchin' !"

What happened in the next half hour Smoke never distinctly remembered. At the end he emerged exhausted, sobbing for breath,

his jaw sore from a fist-blow, his shoulder aching from the bruise of a club, the blood running warmly down one leg from the rip of a dog's fangs, and both sleeves of his parka torn to shreds. As in a dream, while the battle still raged behind, he helped Shorty re-harness the dogs. One, dying, they cut from the traces, and in the darkness, they felt their way to the repair of the disrupted harness.

"Now you lie down an' get your wind back," Shorty commanded.

And through the darkness the dogs sped, with unabated strength, down Mono Creek, across the long cut-off, and to the Yukon. Here, at the junction with the main river-trail, somebody had lighted a fire, and here Shorty said good-by. By the light of the fire, as the sled leaped behind the flying dogs, Smoke caught another of the unforgettable pictures of the Northland. It was of Shorty, swaying and sinking down limply in the snow, yelling his parting encouragement, one eye blackened and closed, knuckles bruised and broken, and one arm, ripped and fang-torn, gushing forth a steady stream of blood.

"How many ahead?" Smoke asked, as he dropped his tired Hudson Bays and sprang upon the waiting sled at the first relay-station.

"I counted eleven," the man called after him, for he was already away, behind the leaping dogs.

Fifteen miles they were to carry him on the next stage, which would bring him to the mouth of White River. There were nine of them, but they composed his weakest team. The twenty-five miles between White River and Sixty Mile he had broken into two stages because of ice-jams, and here two of his heaviest, toughest teams were stationed.

He lay on the sled at full length, face down, holding on with both hands. Whenever the dogs slacked from topmost speed he rose to his knees, and, yelling and urging, clinging precariously with one hand, threw his whip into them. Poor team that it was,

he passed two sleds before White River was reached. Here, at the freeze-up, a jam had piled a barrier, allowing the open water that formed for half a mile below to freeze smoothly. This smooth stretch enabled the racers to make flying exchanges of sleds, and down all the course they had placed their relays below the jams.

Over the jam and out onto the smooth, Smoke tore along, calling loudly, "Billy! Billy!"

Billy heard and answered, and by the light of the many fires on the ice, Smoke saw a sled swing in from the side and come abreast. Its dogs were fresh and overhauled his. As the sleds swerved toward each other he leaped across, and Billy promptly rolled off.

"Where 's Big Olaf?" Smoke cried.

"Leading!" Billy's voice answered; and the fires were left behind, and Smoke was again flying through the wall of blackness.

In the jams of that relay, where the way led across a chaos of up-ended ice-cakes, and where Smoke slipped off the forward end of the sled and with a haul-rope toiled behind the wheel-dog, he passed three sleds. Accidents had happened, and he could hear the men cutting out dogs and mending harnesses.

Among the jams of the next short relay into Sixty Mile, he passed two more teams. And that he might know adequately what had happened to them, one of his own dogs wrenched a shoulder, was unable to keep up, and was dragged in the harness. Its teammates, angered, fell upon it with their fangs, and Smoke was forced to club them off with the heavy butt of his whip. As he cut the injured animal out, he heard the whining cries of dogs behind him and the voice of a man that was familar. It was Von Schroeder. Smoke called a warning to prevent a rear-end collision, and the baron, hawing his animals and swinging on the gee-pole, went by a dozen feet to the side. Yet so impenetrable was the blackness that Smoke heard him pass but did not see him.

On the smooth stretch of ice beside the trading-post at Sixty

Mile, Smoke overtook two more sleds. All had just changed teams, and for five minutes they ran abreast, each man on his knees and pouring whip and voice into the maddened dogs. But Smoke had studied out that portion of the trail, and now marked the tall pine on the bank that showed faintly in the light of the many fires. Below that pine was not merely darkness, but an abrupt cessation of the smooth stretch. There the trail, he knew, narrowed to a single-sled width. Leaning out ahead, he caught the haul-rope and drew his leaping sled up to the wheel-dog. He caught the animal by the hind legs and threw it. With a snarl of rage it tried to slash him with its fangs, but was dragged on by the rest of the team. Its body proved an efficient brake, and the two other teams, still abreast, dashed ahead into the darkness for the narrow way.

Smoke heard the crash and uproar of their collision, released his wheeler, sprang to the gee-pole, and urged his team to the right into the soft snow where the straining animals wallowed to their necks. It was exhausting work, but he won by the tangled teams and gained the hard-packed trail beyond.

On the relay out of Sixty Mile, Smoke had next to his poorest team, and though the going was good, he had set it a short fifteen miles. Two more teams would bring him into Dawson and to the gold-recorder's office, and Smoke had selected his best animals for the last two stretches. Sitka Charley himself waited with the eight Malemutes that would jerk Smoke along for twenty miles, and for the finish, with a fifteen-mile run, was his own team — the team he had had all winter and which had been with him in the search for Surprise Lake.

The two men he had left entangled at Sixty Mile failed to overtake him, and, on the other hand, his team failed to overtake any of the three that still led. His animals were willing, though they lacked stamina and speed, and little urging was needed to keep them jumping into it at their best. There was nothing for Smoke to do but to lie face downward and hold on. Now and again he

would plunge out of the darkness into the circle of light about a blazing fire, catch a glimpse of furred men standing by harnessed and waiting dogs, and plunge into the darkness again. Mile after mile, with only the grind and jar of the runners in his ears, he sped on. Almost automatically he kept his place as the sled bumped ahead or half lifted and heeled on the swings and swerves of the bends.

The gray twilight of the morning was breaking as he exchanged his weary dogs for eight fresh Malemutes. Lighter animals than the Hudson Bays, they were capable of greater speed, and they ran with the supple tirelessness of true wolves. Sitka Charley called out the order of the teams ahead. Big Olaf led, Arizona Bill was second, and Von Schroeder third. These were the three best men in the country. In fact, ere Smoke had left Dawson, the popular betting had placed them in that order. While they were racing for a million, at least half a million had been staked by others on the outcome of the race. No one had bet on Smoke, who, despite his several known exploits, was still accounted a chekako with much to learn.

As daylight strengthened, Smoke caught sight of a sled ahead, and, in half an hour, his own lead-dog was leaping at its tail. Not until the man turned his head to exchange greetings, did Smoke recognize him as Arizona Bill. Von Schroeder had evidently passed him. The trail, hard-packed, ran too narrowly through the soft snow, and for another half-hour Smoke was forced to stay in the rear. Then they topped an ice-jam and struck a smooth stretch below, where were a number of relay-camps and where the snow was packed widely. On his knees, swinging his whip and yelling, Smoke drew abreast of Arizona Bill, then pulled ahead.

Bill dropped behind very slowly, though when the last relay-station was in sight he was fully half a mile in the rear. Ahead, bunched together, Smoke could see Big Olaf and Von Schroeder. Again Smoke arose to his knees, and he lifted his jaded dogs into

a burst of speed such as a man only can who has the proper instinct for dog-driving. He drew up close to the tail of Von Schroeder's sled, and in this order the three sleds dashed out on the smooth going below a jam, where many men and many dogs waited. Dawson was fifteen miles away.

Von Schroeder, with his ten-mile relays, had changed five miles back and would change five miles ahead. So he held on, keeping his dogs at full leap. Big Olaf and Smoke made flying changes, and their fresh teams immediately regained what had been lost to the baron. Big Olaf led past, and Smoke followed into the narrow trail beyond.

Of Von Schroeder, now behind, he had no fear; but ahead was the greatest dog-driver in the country. To pass him seemed impossible. Again and again, many times, Smoke forced his leader to the other's sled-tail, and each time Big Olaf let out another link and drew away. Smoke contented himself with taking the pace, and hung on grimly. The race was not lost until one or the other won, and in fifteen miles many things could happen.

Three miles from Dawson something did happen. To Smoke's surprise, Big Olaf rose up and with oaths and leather proceeded to fetch out the last ounce of effort in his animals. It was a spurt that should have been reserved for the last hundred yards instead of being begun three miles from the finish. Sheer dog-killing that it was, Smoke followed. His own team was superb. No dogs on the Yukon had had harder work or were in better condition. Besides, Smoke had toiled with them, and eaten and bedded with them, and he knew each dog as an individual and how best to win in to the animal's intelligence and extract its last least shred of willingness.

They topped a small jam and struck the smooth going below. Big Olaf was barely fifty feet ahead. A sled shot out from the side and drew in toward him, and Smoke understood Big Olaf's terrific spurt. He had tried to gain a lead for the change. This fresh team that waited to jerk him down the home-stretch had

been a private surprise of his. Even the men who had backed him to win had no knowledge of it.

Smoke strove desperately to pass during the exchange of sleds. Lifting his dogs to the effort, he ate up the intervening fifty feet. With urging and pouring of leather, he went to the side and on until his head-dog was jumping abreast of Big Olaf's wheeler. On the other side, abreast, was the relay sled. At the speed they were going, Big Olaf did not dare try the flying leap. If he missed and fell off, Smoke would be in the lead, and the race would be lost.

Big Olaf tried to spurt ahead, and he lifted his dogs magnificently, but Smoke's leader still continued to jump beside Big Olaf's wheeler. For half a mile the three sleds tore and bounced along side by side. The smooth stretch was nearing its end when Big Olaf took the chance. As the flying sleds swerved toward each other, he leaped, and the instant he struck he was on his knees, with whip and voice spurting the fresh team. The smooth stretch pinched out into the narrow trail, and he jumped his dogs ahead and into it with a lead of barely a yard.

A man was not beaten until he was beaten, was Smoke's conclusion, and drive no matter how, Big Olaf failed to shake him off. No team Smoke had driven that night could have stood such a killing pace and kept up with fresh dogs — no team save this one. Nevertheless, the pace *was* killing it, and as they began to round the bluff at Klondike City, he could feel the pitch of strength going out of his animals. Almost imperceptibly they lagged behind, and foot by foot Big Olaf drew away until he led by a score of yards.

A great cheer went up from the population of Klondike City assembled on the ice. Here the Klondike entered the Yukon, and half a mile away, across the Klondike, on the north bank, stood Dawson. An outburst of madder cheering arose, and Smoke caught a glimpse of a sled shooting out to him. He recognized

the splendid animals that drew it. They were Joy Gastell's. And Joy Gastell drove them. The hood of her squirrel-skin parka was tossed back, revealing the cameo-like oval of her face outlined against her heavily-massed hair. Mittens had been discarded, and with bare hands she clung to whip and sled.

"Jump!" she cried, as her leader snarled at Smoke's

Smoke struck the sled behind her. It rocked violently from the impact of his body, but she was full up on her knees and swinging the whip.

"Hi! you! Mush on! Chook! Chook!" she was crying, and the dogs whined and yelped in eagerness of desire and effort to overtake Big Olaf.

And then, as the lead-dog caught the tail of Big Olaf's sled, and yard by yard drew up abreast, the great crowd on the Dawson bank went mad. It *was* a great crowd, for the men had dropped their tools on all the creeks and come down to see the outcome of the race, and a dead heat at the end of a hundred and ten miles justified any madness.

"When you're in the lead I'm going to drop off!" Joy cried out over her shoulder.

Smoke tried to protest.

"And watch out for the dip curve halfway up the bank," she warned.

Dog by dog, separated by half a dozen feet, the two teams were running abreast. Big Olaf, with whip and voice, held his own for a minute. Then, slowly, an inch at a time, Joy's leader began to forge past.

"Get ready!" she cried to Smoke. "I'm going to leave you in a minute. Get the whip."

And as he shifted his hand to clutch the whip, they heard Big Olaf roar a warning, but too late. His lead dog, incensed at being passed, swerved in to the attack. His fangs struck Joy's leader on the flank. The rival teams flew at one another's throats. The

sleds overran the fighting brutes and capsized. Smoke struggled to his feet and tried to lift Joy up. But she thrust him from her, crying,

"Go!"

On foot, already fifty feet in advance, was Big Olaf, still intent on finishing the race. Smoke obeyed, and when the two men reached the foot of the Dawson bank, he was at the other's heels. But up the bank Big Olaf lifted his body hugely, regaining a dozen feet.

Five blocks down the main street was the gold-recorder's office. The street was packed as for the witnessing of a parade. Not so easily this time did Smoke gain to his giant rival, and when he did he was unable to pass. Side by side they ran along the narrow aisle between the solid walls of cheering men. Now one, now the other, with great convulsive jerks, gained an inch or so, only to loose it immediately after.

If the pace had been a killing one for their dogs, the one they now set themselves was no less so. But they were racing for a million dollars and the greatest honor in the Yukon country. The only outside impression that came to Smoke on that last mad stretch was one of astonishment that there should be so many people in the Klondike. He had never seen them all at once before.

He felt himself involuntarily lag, and Big Olaf sprang a full stride in the lead. To Smoke it seemed that his heart would burst, while he had lost all consciousness of his legs. He knew they were flying under him, but he did not know how he continued to make them fly, nor how he put even greater pressure of will upon them and compelled them again to carry him to his giant competitor's side.

The open door of the recorder's office appeared ahead of them. Both men had made a final, futile spurt. Neither could draw away from the other, and side by side they hit the doorway, collided violently, and fell headlong on the office floor.

They sat up, but were too exhausted to rise. Big Olaf, the sweat pouring from him, breathing with tremendous, painful gasps, pawed the air and vainly tried to speak. Then he reached out his hand with unmistakable meaning; Smoke extended his, and they shook.

"It 's a dead heat," Smoke could hear the recorder saying, but it was as if in a dream, and the voice was very thin and very far away. "And all I can say is that you both win. You'll have to divide the claim between you. You 're partners."

— From "Smoke Bellew."

NOTES

Jack London, born, at San Francisco, Calif., Jan. 12, 1876.
Died, Nov. 22, 1916.
He was educated at the University of California but did not complete his course there as he left and went to the Klondike.
In 1902 he went to sea before the mast. He visited Japan and went seal hunting in Bering Sea in 1893.
Later he tramped through Canada and United States for sociological and economic study.
He was war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese War.
Locate the Klondike.
What is staking by proxy?
Who is meant by the "baron"?
Where did Smoke show the results of an education?
Draw a picture of the preliminary obstacle race.
Where was there indication of treachery in the race?

THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE

GEORGE ELIOT

I

In the early years of this century, a linen-weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not

far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit. The sound of Silas's loom, so unlike the natural cheerful trotting of the winnowing-machine, or the simpler rhythm of the flail, had a half-fearful fascination for the Raveloe boys, who would often leave off their nutting or birds'-nesting to peep in at the window of the stone cottage. Sometimes it happened that Marner, pausing to adjust an irregularity in his thread, became aware of the small scoundrels, and, though chary of his time, he liked their intrusions so ill that he would descend from his loom, and, opening the door, would fix on them a gaze that was always enough to make them take to their legs in terror.

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called "North'ard." So had his way of life: — he invited no comer to step across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the village to mingle with the loiterers at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright's: he sought no man or woman, save for the purpose of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries. After fifteen years the people of Raveloe held about the same opinion of Silas that they had at the beginning, except that there was one important addition which the years had brought; it was that Master Marner had laid by a fine sight of money somewhere, and that he could buy up bigger men than himself.

But while opinion concerning him had remained nearly stationary, and his daily habits had presented scarcely any visible change, Marner's life had been the history of a fervid nature condemned to solitude. Before he came to Raveloe he was highly thought of in that little hidden world, known to itself as Lantern Yard. Here he led a quiet and industrious life and was highly

respected by every one until suddenly misfortune overtook him. Through the treachery of a former friend Silas was not only unjustly accused of a crime, but robbed of the affection of the young woman upon whom he had set his heart. Soon thereafter it became known to the people of Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed.

In his humble cottage at Raveloe Silas worked unremittingly. Far into the night the sound of his loom could be heard. He seemed to weave like the spider from pure impulse, little thinking of the money his work would put into his possession. Silas's hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort. Then there were the calls of hunger; and Silas, in his solitude, had to provide his own breakfast, dinner, and supper, to fetch his own water from the well, and put his own kettle on the fire; and all these immediate promptings helped, along with the weaving, to reduce his life to the activity of a spinning insect.

Gradually the guineas, the crowns, and the half-crowns grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a day on as small an outlay as possible. He wanted the heaps of ten to grow into a square, and then into a larger square; and every added guinea, while it was itself a satisfaction, bred a new desire. He handled them, he counted them, till their form and color were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship. He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them.

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more. The livelong day he sat in his loom,

his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the brownish web. But at night came his revelry: at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew forth his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths! He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver — the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings, begotten by his labor; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outlines between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were then only half earned by the work in his loom.

On Christmas night, fifteen years after he had come to live at Raveloe, Silas, having prepared his evening meal, decided to bring forth his guineas, thinking it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his feast.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once — only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it?

He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled

down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: did n't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him — looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage — and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered toward his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

While poor Silas's loss served to brush the slow current of Raveloe conversation, Silas himself was feeling keenly the bereavement about which his neighbors were arguing at their ease. The loom was there, and the weaving, and the growing pattern in the cloth; but the bright treasure in the hole under his feet was gone; the prospect of handling and counting it was gone; the evening had no delight to still the poor soul's craving. The thought of the money he would get by his actual work could bring no joy, for its meager image was only a fresh reminder of his loss; and hope was too heavily crushed by the sudden blow, for his imagination to dwell on the growth of a new hoard from that small beginning.

He filled up the blank with grief. As he sat weaving, he every now and then moaned low, like one in pain; it was the sign that his thoughts had come round again to the sudden chasm — to the empty evening time. And all the evening, as he sat in his loneliness by his dull fire, he leaned his elbows on his knees, and clasped his head with his hands, and moaned very low — not as one who seeks to be heard.

In spite of the investigations by the officers of Raveloe, the loss

of Silas Marner's gold was destined to remain for a long time a mystery. His misfortune, however, had given the people of the village a kindlier feeling toward the grief stricken weaver. This change to a kindlier feeling was shown in various ways. Among the women of the village who felt drawn toward Silas now that he was a sufferer was Mrs. Dolly Winthrop. One Sunday afternoon she took her little boy Aaron with her, and went to call on Silas, carrying in her hand some small lard-cakes, flat paste-like articles much esteemed in Raveloe. They had to knock loudly before Silas heard them; but when he did come to the door he showed no impatience, as he would once have done, at a visit that had been unasked for and unexpected. He opened the door wide to admit Dolly, but without otherwise returning her greeting than by moving the arm-chair a few inches as a sign that she was to sit down in it. Dolly, as soon as she was seated, removed the white cloth that covered her lard cakes, and said in her gravest way —

"I 'd a baking yesterday, Master Marner, and the lard-cakes turned out better nor common, and I 'd ha' asked you to accept some, if you 'd thought well."

Dolly sighed gently as she held out the cakes to Silas, who thanked her kindly and looked very close at them, absently, being accustomed to look so at everything he took into his hand — eyed all the while by the wondering bright orbs of the small Aaron, who had made an outwork of his mother's chair, and was peeping round from behind it.

After a time, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's sign of good-will by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

"Oh, for shame, Aaron," said his mother, taking him on her

lap, however; "why, you don't want cake again yet awhile. He 's wonderfully hearty," she went on, with a little sigh — "that he is, God knows. He 's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either his father or I must always have him in our sight — that we must."

After Aaron, in response to his mother's command, had demonstrated the fine quality of his voice by singing a Christmas carol, Silas sought to show his gratitude, and the only mode that occurred to him was to offer Aaron a bit more cake.

"Oh, no, thank you, Master Marner," said Dolly, holding down Aaron's willing hands. "We must be going home now. And so I wish you good-by, Master Marner."

Silas said "Good-by, and thank you kindly," as he opened the door for Dolly, but he could n't help feeling relieved when she was gone — relieved that he might weave again and moan at his ease. He spent his Christmas-day in loneliness, eating his meat in sadness of heart, though the meat had come to him as a neighborly present. Toward evening the snow began to fall, and curtained from him even that dreary outlook, shutting him close up with his narrow grief. And he sat in his robbed home through the livelong evening, not caring to close his shutters or lock his door, pressing his head between his hands and moaning, till the cold grasped him and told him that his fire was gray.

Nobody in this world but himself knew that he was the same Silas Marner who had once loved his fellow with tender love, and trusted in an unseen goodness. Even to himself that past experience had become dim.

II

So the days passed until one day he was told by some of his neighbors that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new rung in, because that was good luck and might bring his money back again. This was only a friendly Raveloe way of jesting with the half-crazy oddities of

a miser, but it had perhaps helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Since the oncoming of twilight he had opened his door again, and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while — there was really something on the road coming toward him but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and slowly closed the door.

Meanwhile, near the door of the weaver's cabin a mother wearied, careworn, and benumbed with cold, her child clasped closely to her bosom, sank down upon the soft white bed of drifted snow. Her arms relaxed, the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. Suddenly the child's eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and it was immediately absorbed in watching the living thing running toward it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught, and in an instant the child had slipped on all-fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back — toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas's greatcoat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands toward the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a

new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their half-transparent lids.

When, having closed the door of his cabin, Silas turned toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold! — his own gold — brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child — a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream — his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision — it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He nad not been beyond the door.

There was a cry on the hearth: the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck,

and burst louder and louder into that mingling of cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was

something more than the bush before him — then Silas discovered the sad truth.

Silas Marner's determination to keep the "tramp's child" was a matter of hardly less surprise and talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling toward him which dated from his misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike into pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially amongst the women.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighborly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction. When Silas had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child, she replied,

"Eh, Master Marner, there 's no call to buy no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I 've the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it 's ill spending money on baby-clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it — that it will."

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which Baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of "gug-gug-gug," and "mammy."

"Anybody 'ud think the angels in heaven could n't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags — and the poor mother — frozen to death; but there 's One as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Did n't you say the door was open?"

"Yes," said Silas, meditatively. "Yes — the door was open. The money 's gone, I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

"Ah," said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it 's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest — one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and fend, but it 's little we can do after all — the big things come and go wi' no striving o' ours — they do that they do; and I think you 're in the right on it to keep the little one, Master Marner, seeing as it 's been sent to you, though there 's folks as thinks differently. You 'll be a bit moithered with it while it 's so little; but I 'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you: I 've a bit o' time to spare most days, for when one gets up betimes i' the morning, the clock seems to stan' still tow'rt ten, afore it 's time to go about the victuals. So, as I say, I 'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome."

"Thank you — kindly," said Silas, hesitating a little, uneasily, leaning forward to look at Baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eyeing him contentedly from a distance — "But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I 've been used to fending for myself in the house — I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently. "I 've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children, but men are awk'ard and contrary mostly. You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt, and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon Baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she 's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I 'll be bound. Go,

then: take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you 've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that if he had tried to give them utterance, he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold — that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching; interrupted, of course, by Baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why, you take it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you do when you 're forced to sit in your loom? For she 'll get busier and mischievouser every day — she will, bless her. It 's lucky as you 've got that high hearth i'stead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach: but if you 've got anything as can be spilt or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she 'll be at it — and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I 'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last —"tie her with a good long strip o' something."

"Well, mayhap that 'll do, as it 's a little girl, for they 're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are, for I 've had four — four I 've had, God knows — and if you were to take and tie 'em up, they 'd make a-fighting and a-crying as if you were ringing the pigs. But I 'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she 'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they were alive. Eh, if it were n't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless 'em, I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little girl; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough."

"But she 'll be *my* little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She 'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you 'll have a right to her, if you 're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she had determined beforehand to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folks's children, and take her to church."

Marner's pale face flushed suddenly under a new anxiety. His mind was too busy trying to give some definite bearing to Dolly's words for him to think of answering her. He paused a few moments and then said, in a decided tone, "I want to do everything as can be done for the child. And whatever 's right for it i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good, I 'll act according, if you 'll tell me."

"Well, then, Master Marner," said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, "I 'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name when it 's christened."

"My mother's name was Hephzibah," said Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

"Eh, that 's a hard name," said Dolly. "I hardly think it 's a christened name."

"It 's a Bible name," said Silas, old ideas recurring.

"Then I 've no call to speak against it," said Dolly, rather startled by Silas's knowledge on this head; "but you see I 'm no scholar, and I 'm slow at catching the words. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you 'd nothing big to say, like — was n't it, Master Marner?"

"We called her Eppie," said Silas.

"Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it ud be a deal handier. And so I 'll go now, Master Marner, and I 'll speak about the christening afore dark."

So in due time the baby was christened "Eppie," much to the delight of Silas. As weeks grew into months the child created

fresh links between his life and the lives of others. Eppie called him away from his loom and warmed him into joy because *joy* was in her heart. She was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne by her father. Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her wherever he went, and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest in the homes of the village.

III

It was a bright autumn Sunday, sixteen years after Silas Marner had found his new treasure on the hearth. The bells of the old Raveloe church were ringing the cheerful peal which told that the morning service was ended; and out of the arched doorway in the tower came slowly, retarded by friendly greetings and questions, the richer parishioners who had chosen this bright Sunday morning as eligible for church-going. It was the rural fashion of that time for the more important members of the congregation to depart first, while their humbler neighbors waited and looked on, stroking their bent heads or dropping their courtesies to any large rate-payer who turned to notice them.

But it is impossible to mistake Silas Marner. His large brown eyes seem to have gathered a longer vision, as is the way with eyes that have been short-sighted in early life, and they have a less vague, a more answering gaze; but in everything else one sees signs of a frame much enfeebled by the lapse of the sixteen years. The weaver's bent shoulders and white hair give him almost the look of advanced age, though he is not more than five-and-fifty; but there is the freshest blossom of youth close by his side — a blonde dimpled girl of eighteen, who has vainly tried to chastise her curly auburn hair into smoothness under her brown bonnet; the hair ripples as obstinately as a brooklet under the March breeze, and the ringlets burst away from the restraining comb behind and show themselves below the bonnet-crown. Eppie

cannot help being rather vexed about her hair, for there is no other girl in Raveloe who has hair at all like it, and she thinks hair ought to be smooth. She does not like to be blame-worthy even in small things; you see how neatly her prayer-book is folded in her spotted handkerchief.

That good-looking young fellow, in a new fustian suit, who walks behind her, is not quite sure upon the question of hair when Eppie puts it to him, and thinks that perhaps straight hair is the best in general, but he does n't want Eppie's hair to be different. She surely divines that there is some one behind her who is thinking about her very particularly, and mustering courage to come to her side as soon as they are out in the lane, else why should she look rather shy, and take care not to turn away her head from her father Silas, to whom she keeps murmuring little sentences as to who was at church, and who was not at church, and how pretty the red mountain-ash is over the rectory wall!

"I wish *we* had a little garden, father, with double daisies in it, like Mrs. Winthrop's," said Eppie, when they were out in the lane; "only they say it 'ud take a deal of digging and bringing fresh soil — and you could n't do that, could you, father? Anyhow, I should n't like you to do it, for it 'ud be too hard work for you."

"Yes, I could do it, child, if you want a bit o' garden; these long evenings I could work at taking in a little bit o' the waste, just enough for a root or two o' flowers for you; and again, i' the morning, I could have a turn with the spade before I sat down to the loom. Why did n't you tell me before as you wanted a bit o' garden?"

"*I* can dig it for you, Master Marner," said the young man in fustian, who was now by Eppie's side, entering into the conversation without the trouble of formalities. "It 'll be play to me after I 've done my day's work, or any odd bits o' time when the

work 's slack. And I 'll bring you some soil from Mr. Cass's garden — he'll let me, and willing."

" Eh, Aaron, my lad, are you there? " said Silas; " I was n't aware of you; for when Eppie 's talking o' things, I see nothing but what 's she 's a-saying. Well, if you could help me with the digging, we might get her a bit o' garden all the sooner."

" But not if you don't promise me not to work at the hard digging, father," said Eppie. " For I should n't ha' said anything about it," she added, half-bashfully, half-roguishly, " only Mrs. Winthrop said as Aaron 'ud be so good, and —"

" And you might ha' known it without mother telling you," said Aaron. " And Master Marner knows, too, I hope, as I 'm able and willing to do a turn o' work for him, and he won't do me the unkindness to anyways take it out o' my hands."

" There, now, father, you won't work it till it 's all easy," said Eppie, " and you and I can mark out the beds and make holes and plant the roots. It 'll be a deal livelier at the Stone-pits when we get some flowers, for I always think the flowers can see us and know what we 're talking about. And I 'll have a bit o' rosemary, and bergamot, and thyme, because they are so sweet-smelling."

" I can bring you slips of anything," Aaron said; " I 'm forced to cut no end of 'em when I 'm gardening, and throw 'em away mostly."

Aaron turned back up the village, while Silas and Eppie went on up the lonely sheltered lane.

" Oh, daddy! " she began, when they were in privacy, clasping and squeezing Silas's arm, and skipping round to give him an energetic kiss. " My little old daddy! I 'm so glad. I don't think I shall want anything else when we have a little garden; and I knew Aaron would dig it for us," she went on with roguish triumph —" I knew that very well."

" You 're a deep little puss, you are," said Silas, with the mild

passive happiness of love-crowned age in his face; "but you 'll make yourself fine and beholden to Aaron."

"Oh, no, I shan't," said Eppie, laughing and frisking; "he likes it."

While Eppie was preparing dinner, Silas sat down and watched with a satisfied gaze as she spread the clean cloth, and set on it the potato-pie, warmed up slowly in a safe Sunday fashion, by being put into a dry pot over a slowly-dying fire, as the best substitute for an oven. For Silas would not consent to have a grate and oven added to his conveniences. He loved the old brick hearth as he had loved his brown pot — and was it not there when he had found Eppie?

He ate his dinner more silently than usual, soon laying down his knife and fork, and watching abstractedly Eppie's play with Snap and the cat, by which her own dining was made rather a lengthy business. But at last Eppie, glancing at the clock, checked the play, and said, "Oh, daddy, you're wanting to go into the sunshine but I must clear away first, so that the house may be tidy. I 'll make haste — I won't be long."

When Eppie came out with Silas into the sunshine the first object that arrested her attention was the stone-pit.

"Oh, father, just come and look here," she exclaimed — "come and see how the water's gone down since yesterday. Why, yesterday the pit was ever so full!"

"Well, to be sure," said Silas, coming to her side. "Why that 's the draining they 've begun on, since harvest, i' Mr. Osgood's fields, I reckon. The foreman said to me the other day, when I passed by 'em, 'Master Marner,' he said, 'I should n't wonder if we lay your bit o' waste as dry as a bone."

"How odd it 'll seem to have the old pit dried up!" said Eppie, turning away, and stooping to lift rather a large stone. "See, daddy, I can carry this quite well," she said, going along with much energy for a few steps, but presently letting it fall.

"Ah, you're fine and strong, are n't you?" said Silas, while

Eppie shook her aching arms and laughed. "Come, come, let us go and sit down on the bank against the stile there, and have no more lifting. You might hurt yourself, child. You 'd need have somebody to work for you, and my arm is n't over strong."

Silas uttered the last sentence slowly, as if it implied more than met the ear; and Eppie, when they sat down on the bank, nestled close to his side, and, taking hold caressingly of the arm that was not overstrong, held it on her lap. An ash in the hedgerow behind made a fretted screen from the sun, and threw playful shadows all about them. Happy in the companionship of each other they idled the hours away. As the lengthening shadows warned them of the approach of evening a strange commotion arose in the old stone-pit. When they hastened to learn what it meant, they found that the stone-pit had suddenly gone dry and there lay — had lain for sixteen years, the skeleton of a man and by his side were found Silas Marner's bags of gold.

. . . . . .

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening, Eppie and Silas were seated alone in the cottage. After the great excitement the weaver had undergone from the events of the afternoon, he had felt a longing for this quietude, and had even begged Mrs. Winthrop and Aaron, who had naturally lingered behind every one else, to leave him alone with his child.

Silas's face appeared calm and peaceful, as he sat in his arm-chair and looked at Eppie. She had drawn her own chair toward his knees, and leaned forward, holding both his hands while she looked up at him. On the table near them, lit by a candle, lay the recovered gold — the old long-loved gold, ranged in orderly heaps, as Silas used to range it in the days when it was his only joy. He had been telling her how he used to count it every night, and how his soul was utterly desolate till she was sent to him.

"At first I 'd a sort o' feeling come across me now and then,"

he was saying in a subdued tone, "as if you might be changed into the gold again; for sometimes, turn my head which way I would, I seemed to see the gold; and I thought I should be glad if I could feel it, and find it was come back. But that did n't last long. After a bit, I should have thought it was a curse come again, if it had driven you from me, for I 'd got to feel the need o' your looks and your voice and the touch o' your little fingers. You did n't know then, Eppie, when you were such a little un — you did n't know what your old father Silas felt for you."

"But I know now, father," said Eppie. "If it had n't been for you, they 'd have taken me to the workhouse, and there 'd have been nobody to love me."

"Eh, my precious child, the blessing was mine. If you had n't been sent to save me, I should ha' gone to the grave in my misery. The money was taken away from me in time; and you see it's been kept — kept till it was wanted for you. It 's wonderful — our life is wonderful."

Silas sat in silence a few minutes, looking at the money. "It takes no hold of me now," he said, ponderingly —"the money does n't. I wonder if it ever could again — I doubt it might, if I lost you, Eppie. I might come to think I was forsaken again, and lose the feeling that God was good to me."

At that moment there was a knocking at the door; and Eppie was obliged to rise without answering Silas. Beautiful she looked, with the tenderness of gathering tears in her eyes, and a slight flush on her cheeks, as she stepped to open the door. The flush deepened when she saw Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Cass. She made her little rustic courtesy, and held the door wide for them to enter.

"We 're disturbing you very late, my dear," said Mrs. Cass, taking Eppie's hand and looking in her face with an expression of anxious interest and admiration. Nancy herself was pale and tremulous.

Eppie, after placing chairs for Mr. and Mrs. Cass, went to stand against Silas, opposite to them.

"Well, Marner," said Godfrey, trying to speak with perfect firmness, "it's a great comfort to me to see you with your money again, that you've been deprived of so many years. Now, Silas, I have to speak to you of something that has been in my mind for a long time. You've done a good part by Eppie, Marner, for sixteen years. It would be a great comfort to you to see her well provided for, would n't it? She looks blooming and healthy, but not fit for any hardships: she does n't look like a strapping girl come of working parents. You'd like to see her taken care of by those who can leave her well off, and make a lady of her; she's more fit for it than for a rough life, such as she might come to have in a few years' time."

A slight flush came over Marner's face, and disappeared, like a passing gleam. Eppie was simply wondering Mr. Cass should talk so about things that seemed to have nothing to do with reality, but Silas was hurt and uneasy.

"I don't take your meaning, sir," he answered, not having words at command to express the mingled feelings with which he had heard Mr. Cass's words.

"Well, my meaning is this, Marner," said Godfrey, determined to come to the point. "Mrs. Cass and I, you know, have no children — nobody to be the better for our good home and everything else we have — more than enough for ourselves. And we should like to have somebody in the place of a daughter to us — we should like to have Eppie, and treat her in every way as our own child. It'ud be a great comfort to you in your old age, I hope, to see her fortune made in that way, after you've been at the trouble of bringing her up so well. And it's right you should have every reward for that. And Eppie, I'm sure, will always love you and be grateful to you: she'd come and see you very often, and we should all be on

the lookout to do everything we could toward making you comfortable."

While he had been speaking, Eppie had quietly passed her arm behind Silas's head, and let her hand rest against it caressingly: she felt him trembling violently. He was silent for some moments when Mr. Cass had ended — powerless under the conflict of emotions, all alike painful. Eppie's heart was swelling at the sense that her father was in distress; and she was just going to lean down and speak to him, when one struggling dread at last gained the mastery over every other in Silas, and he said, faintly —

"Eppie, my child, speak. I won't stand in your way. Thank Mr. and Mrs. Cass."

Eppie took her hand from her father's head, and came forward a step. Her cheeks were flushed, but not with shyness this time; the sense that her father was in doubt and suffering banished that sort of self-consciousness. She dropped a low curtsy, first to Mrs. Cass, and then to Mr. Cass, and said —

"Thank you, ma'am — thank you, sir. But I can't leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him. And I don't want to be a lady — thank you all the same" (here Eppie dropped another curtsy). "I could n't give up the folks I 've been used to."

Eppie's lips began to tremble a little at the last words. She retreated to her father's chair again, and held him round the neck: while Silas, with a subdued sob, put up his hand to grasp hers.

"Eppie, my dear," said Godfrey, "it 'll always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who 's been a father to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way But we hope you 'll come to love us as well. I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as

my only child. And you 'll have the best of mothers in my wife — that 'll be a blessing you have n't known since you were old enough to know it."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas's hand in hers, and grasped it firmly — it was a weaver's hand, with a palm and finger-tips that were sensitive to such pressure — while she spoke with colder decision than before.

"Thank you, ma'am — thank you, sir, for your offers — they 're very great, and far above my wish. For I should have no delight i' life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home, a-thinking of me and feeling lonely. We 've been happy together every day, and I can think of no happiness without him. And he says he 'd nobody i' the world till I was sent to him, and he 'd have nothing when I was gone. And he took care of me and loved me from the first, and I 'll cleave to him as long as he lives, and nobody shall ever come between him and me."

Adapted from Silas Marner.

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They
come! they come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,

The morn the marshaling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe,— in one red burial blent!

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."
Canto III.

NOTES

For the first time the two great generals, Wellington in command of the English, and Napoleon, the great leader of the French, were to meet. Wellington wished to keep secret the news of the approaching battle. To carry out this idea he had his officers attend a magnificent ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, June 15, 1815. The Battle of Waterloo took place on June 18.

Point out step by step how the poet leads us from care free gayety to the stern order and precision of war.

Explain what is meant by "The earth is covered thick with other clay."

How much time is covered by the poem?

Read "Vanity Fair," Chapters 27 and 28, for description of Brussels before the war.

PHILIP NOLAN, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Time: 1805–1863.
Place: New Orleans; on board ship.

CHARACTERS

PHILIP NOLAN, The Man Without a Country
COLONEL MORGAN and other military officers
Naval Officers
Slaves on ship, etc.

FIRST SCENE

[*The Court-Martial*]

[COLONEL MORGAN *and Military Officers seated.* PHILIP NOLAN, *the prisoner, standing.*]

COLONEL MORGAN. State the charge against this young man, Philip Nolan.

AN OFFICER. [*Standing.*] Philip Nolan, the man before us, is involved in the conspiracy formed by that brilliant and villainous man, Aaron Burr. Prior to the meeting with Aaron Burr he was considered one of our most promising young army men, although his bringing up was not conducive to American ideals.

COLONEL MORGAN. Explain that last statement.

OFFICER. Nolan was brought up on a Southern plantation where the only strangers he met were Spanish officers and French merchants. His tutor was an Englishman.

COLONEL MORGAN. These facts do not in any way mitigate the crime that this man has committed or is supposed to have committed in plotting against his country. What part did Aaron Burr take in the prisoner's downfall?

OFFICER. Aaron Burr, by flattery, got this young man under his control. When Burr failed to satisfy his political ambition in the East, he collected soldiers and adventurers from our Western states, sailed down the Ohio and the Mississippi to carry out some schemes no one can understand. As you know, we think that his plan was to establish a personal government in the Southwest, possibly including the Spanish possessions in Mexico. He needed information about these rivers, about the forts, etc. This was supplied by Philip Nolan!

COLONEL MORGAN. Philip Nolan, is there anything that you wish to say to show that you have been faithful to the United States?

PHILIP NOLAN. [*In a fit of frenzy.*] Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!

[*For a moment not a movement was made; all so shocked that speech was impossible. Then all silently rise and pass out. In a few minutes they return.*]

COLONEL MORGAN. [*Very white and very stern.*] Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again. [NOLAN *begins to laugh, then stops suddenly as if realizing the deep gloom of the others.*]

Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there. [MR. MARSHAL, *calling an attendant, has* PHILIP NOLAN *taken out of the room.*] Mr. Marshal, see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without delay. [*All pass out.*]

SECOND SCENE

[*On Board a Government Vessel*]

[*The* CAPTAIN *and Navy Officers in conference.*]

CAPTAIN. [*Holding letter.*] It is necessary for you all to understand the case of Philip Nolan, the man brought to our ship to-day. This letter explains it. [*Reads.*]

WASHINGTON, November 6, 1807.

Sir: — You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

This person on his trial by court-martial, expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might "never hear of the United States again."

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,

W. SOUTHARD,

For the Secretary of the Navy.

[*Folding letter.*] The way that I understand the case, this Philip Nolan is to be transferred from one government ship to another at the end of each cruise, but never to touch land. The rest is plainly explained in the letter that I have read to you.

You, the officers, must see that the order is obeyed in every particular.

First Officer. There will ensue great dissatisfaction among our men who are so unfortunate as to have him at mess. His presence will preclude all conversation about home, or politics.

Captain. Let a regular plan be organized. A different mess will invite him each day of the week. That will lessen the hardship for our men. [*All standing.*] I depend on you to see that this is done. [*All pass out talking.*]

THIRD SCENE

[Philip Nolan *realizes his mistake.*]

[*A group of the men sitting smoking and reading.* Lieutenant Phillips *comes up carrying a number of books.*]

First Man. Look out there, Phillips, poor Plain-Buttons * will be coming along soon.

Phillips. Why, man alive, I 've even taken out " The Tempest " because old Shaw said that the Bermudas ought to belong to the United States, and by Jove, should some day. Here is a new one by Sir Walter Scott, " The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Let 's get old Plain-Buttons [*as* Nolan *came up*] to read it aloud — he is the best reader on the ship.

Philip Nolan. [*Taking book that* Phillips *hands him and opening it at random, begins to read.*]

* (Note.— While Philip Nolan always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.)

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

[*The men look, with frightened faces, at each other.* NOLAN *half hesitates, turns pale, and reads on.*]

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand? —
If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,—"

[*Dashing the book into the sea,* PHILIP NOLAN *rushes to his stateroom. The men, very much excited, pass out.*]

FOURTH SCENE

The Slave Ship

[*After the laws were passed forbidding the importation of slaves, the Government ship, on which was* PHILIP NOLAN, *was ordered to the South Atlantic to watch for illegal slave dealing. It overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on her.* OFFICER VAUGHAN *was sent to take charge of her. After a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask if any one of the men could speak Portuguese.*]

CAPTAIN. [*Turning to all the men crowded at the side of the ship, pointing and talking about the slave schooner.*] Officer Vaughan, who was sent to take charge of the dirty little schooner yonder, containing many slaves, has sent back word that he cannot understand their language. They speak Portuguese. Does any one understand that language? [*As the men look inquiringly at each other,* NOLAN *steps forward.*]

PHILIP NOLAN. I shall be glad to interpret, if you wish it. I understand the language.

CAPTAIN. Thank you. [*Turning to a few of his men and a boy.*] You go with Mr. Nolan to the boat. [*They pass out and come on boat where* VAUGHAN, *standing on a hogshead, is trying, in snatches from many languages, to quiet the Negro slaves.*]

OFFICER VAUGHAN. For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand anything? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I 'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English. [*A yell from the crew of the schooner who, handcuffed, were huddled in the corner.*] I knocked off these fellows' manacles and had them put on those rascals over there; but I can't make the poor devils understand that they are free.

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Stepping toward the Negroes.*] I can understand their language and speak it. I shall talk to them.

OFFICER VAUGHAN. Tell them they are free, and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough.

[NOLAN *begins talking softly to the Negroes; they begin to yell with delight, to leap and dance; throwing themselves down and kissing* NOLAN'S *feet.*]

OFFICER VAUGHAN. [*Very pleased.*] Tell them that I will take them all to Cape Palmas. [NOLAN *again spoke to them but instead of smiles they began to wail.*]

What do they say?

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Wiping the perspiration from his white forehead.*] They say, "Not Palmas." They say, "Take us home,

take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women." This one says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. [*In very husky voice.*] This one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. [*Choking.*] That he has not heard a word from his home in six months. [*The Negroes stop wailing at the sight of* NOLAN'S *agony.*]

OFFICER VAUGHAN. [*With great sympathy in voice.*] Tell them "Yes, yes, yes." Tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!

[NOLAN *speaks softly to the Negroes. They all fall kissing him again.* NOLAN *turns a despairing look toward* OFFICER VAUGHAN, *who motions for him and the boy to go back to their ship.*]

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Turning to boy.*] Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy, forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy [*gulping*] and for that flag [*pointing toward the flag on the ship*], never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no

matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and Government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!

BOY. [*Frightened at* NOLAN'S *manner.*] I will, sir, I never thought of doing anything else!

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Almost in a whisper.*] O, if anybody had said so to me when I was your age! [*Both pass out.*]

FIFTH SCENE

[*At the deathbed of* PHILIP NOLAN—*1863.*]

[PHILIP NOLAN *lying in his berth. At the head the Stars and Stripes are draped around a picture of Washington; above a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed, had been painted by* NOLAN. *At the foot of the bed a great map of the United States, drawn from memory, with quaint, queer old names on it, in large letters: Indiana Territory, Mississippi Territory and Louisiana Territory.*]

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Turning to* CAPTAIN *who enters and glances at the drawing.*] Here [*very sadly*], you see, I have a country.

O Captain, I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,— God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now,

Danforth, I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth, how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me something, tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!

CAPTAIN DANFORTH. Mr. Nolan, I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?

PHILIP NOLAN. [*Smiling.*] God bless you! The doctor has told me that I have about an hour to live. The story of fifty years you must tell in an hour! But first I have something to ask you. [*Opening his Bible at a marked text and handing it to the* CAPTAIN.]

CAPTAIN DANFORTH. [*Reading softly.*] "They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

PHILIP NOLAN. Bury me in the sea, Danforth; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it — see I have written it here in my Bible —

"In Memory of
PHILIP NOLAN
Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.
He loved his country as no other man has loved
her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

[*Taking his hand in his strong grasp,* CAPTAIN DANFORTH *sat with bowed head before telling in one short hour the history of fifty years.*]

Notes

Edward Everett Hale, born, at Boston, Mass., April 3, 1822.
Died, at Roxbury, Mass., June 10, 1909.

This dramatization is arranged from Edward Everett Hale's "A Man Without a Country." The story was written by Mr. Hale during the darkest period of the Civil War to show what love of country is. With the exception of Aaron Burr, the characters are imaginary creations.

Consult your histories or encyclopedia for interesting information in regard to Aaron Burr.

Explain why the proper love of country was not instilled into Philip Nolan.

What do you think of the sentence of the Court?

Explain how his wish was gratified.

Philip Nolan was fond of reading but all matter given him to read was first closely examined to see that it contained nothing referring to his home country.

Why did he throw the book into the sea?

Where are the Bermudas and to whom do they belong?

In Canto VI, Stanza I, "Lay of the Last Minstrel," find the remainder of the quotation.

When were the laws passed forbidding the importation of slaves?

In Scene IV explain what caused Philip Nolan to be so overcome.

Why were the negroes so excited?

What does Philip Nolan's advice to the boy indicate?

What does the last saying of Nolan in Scene IV show?

How long was Philip Nolan without a country?

During that time he heard his country mentioned but once. When was that?

Judging from the decorations in Nolan's stateroom, on what do you think his thoughts were centered much of the time?

The marked verse in his Bible can be found in Hebrews 11 : 16.

Explain the significance of "no man deserved less at her hands."

Words and Phrases

Cape Palmas.
Fernando.
"Mountains of the Moon."
"Great White Desert."

From "Story and Play Readers," Vol. I, by Anna M. Lüthenhaus and Margaret Knox

TRAINING WILD ANIMALS

FRANK C. BOSTOCK

It should be noted, first, that "taming" and "training" are two different words expressing two distinct ideas. "Taming" is merely inducing an animal to abandon its natural fierce disposition so far as to come under human control and be more or less sociable with man. It is a matter in which animals differ very widely, not only as between classes, but as between individuals of the same species.

Moreover, tameness seems to be a matter of the disposition rather than of the intellect, and, perhaps, pertains to a lower rather than to a higher grade of intelligence, for it is noticeable that some of the animals most apt in the school of the trainer abandon only slightly, if at all, their native savagery. On the other hand, some animals thoroughly domesticated seem quite incapable of any degree of education, though this may be from the fact that no one has tried it in a continuous or systematic way.

It would be hazardous to say that any animal organism is too low to manifest, had we eyes to see it, some intelligence superior to instinct. It is said that even fishes can be taught simple actions, although personally I have had no proof of it. Serpents can also be taught a little, though performing snakes are usually simply submitting to be put through certain motions in the hands of their keepers. But from birds up to elephants, the most intelligent of all animals, there is not one species, it may safely be said, which is not more or less amenable to the training of man.

It is a delusion to think that a wild animal is ever really "tamed." He acquires, through passiveness and receptivity, an

amenity to man's control, and for the time being drops his ferocity. This is partly because of the inducements which are placed in his way. He has all that an animal can want — food, cleanliness, indolence, proper exercise, even affection — everything but freedom, but he only bows to man's will because man, through the exercise of his intelligence, takes advantage of the animal's ignorance. Every animal trainer thoroughly understands what the public does not know — that the trained animal is a product of science; but the tamed animal is a chimera of the optimistic imagination, a forecast of the millennium.

The first principle that is taught a trainer is, "Never let an animal know his power." The moment he realizes that, he is likely to use his terrible teeth, or still more terrible claws, for I always try to impress upon the trainers that each animal is, as it were, possessed of five mouths, as he can do as much, if not more, damage with each of his four feet as with his mouth.

The very moment an animal realizes his power, his training is at an end. He grows insolent, and in nine cases out of ten proceeds to wreak his vengeance on the trainer for what he concludes are past outrages; his fear has gone, and with his knowledge comes power, and his animal ferocity, long slumbering and awaiting an opening, breaks out with redoubled vigor. The only thing to be done is for the trainer to get out as soon as possible, and let that particular animal lead a solitary life for the remainder of his days.

This is one of the reasons that everything is done to further the animal's increased respect for mankind. If he makes a scratch on a trainer, the man does not resent it in any way, for he does not wish the animal to know that he is capable of inflicting injury. Should the animal become aware in the slightest degree that what has been done is an evidence of any superior ability, he might naturally presume upon it and proceed to hurt the trainer in some other manner.

Many animals do, of course, inflict injuries upon the trainers

fairly often, but it is a most unwise trainer who ever makes the slightest sign of pain or annoyance. Trainers have been known to give a flick of the whip, or some other punishment, but the result is always the same. Either the animal promptly retorts in some real injury, or indulges in a fit of the sulks which he is slow to forget. The blow he, as a rule, never forgets.

Not long ago, Herman Weedon went to greet his favorite bear, Doc, in the early morning. It is his custom to put his face close to the bear for a morning kiss or caress, to which the bear responds affectionately. In this case, Herman was outside the cage, and the bear, wishing to get his face closer, put out one paw to draw it nearer. The long claws tore the flesh of the trainer's face, and injured his eye so badly that it was feared he would lose his sight. But no punishment was given to the animal, neither was he allowed to know what he had done or to what extent his terrible claws had hurt the trainer. The animal had intended no harm, and it would have been most unwise to let him know how easily he could hurt, so no notice whatever was taken of the matter.

No performer is put on the list of bad animals unless he makes a direct and full attack. Striking at the trainer with the paws may amount to very little; it may be purely accidental. It is the spring that counts. Every trainer expects to be clawed somewhat, and there is no successful trainer who has remained in the business long enough to entitle him to the name of trainer who does not bear many marks of scratches and tears somewhere on his body.

My own body and limbs are elaborately tattooed with testimonials from my feline friends of many years past, for from my earliest boyhood I have been in intimate contact with the carnivora in the menagerie. All this is a matter of course.

The beast that springs, however, must either be cowed into submission quickly, or the trainer must escape from the cage as soon as possible. If the animal really means business, it is the

Mr. Bostock and His Eight Lions

man's part and duty to get out, for no man can stand against the strength of a lion, the cautious spring of a tiger, or the tremendous power and terrible agility of a leopard or jaguar.

Supposing a man gets fairly cornered, the best defense against a charging lion or tiger is to strike the animal on the nose, hitting up from under; but this is by no means an easy thing to do, as the animal will spring and dodge with a degree of skill that would do credit to a master of the prize ring. Meantime, however, the man can have been edging into a position that will give him an opportunity to escape.

The felines — lions, tigers, jaguars, and leopards — jump for the throat. That is the objective point against which all carnivora make their most decided attack. It is in this way that they hunt their jungle prey, and they carry the practices of the jungle into their association with human beings. An agile man — and no man should be allowed to become an animal trainer if he is not agile — when he sees that the animal is going to leap, can avoid the onset and get in a blow that will not injure the animal, but will send him cringing to the other end of the cage.

It is when knocked down that the great danger comes to the trainer. On his feet he is the master, but for prostrate humanity an animal has no respect whatever. On his feet there is always a chance of controlling the animals; but when down his power is gone. The minute his body touches the floor the man ceases to be master. If knocked down, the man's only chance is to struggle to the bars and raise himself, for back on his feet he may stem the time of onslaught. A stick, a whip, a chair, perseverance, and aggressive pluck will then be his weapons of subjugation.

Some animals train easily; others learn their lessons with great diffidence and some reluctance. What one lion may learn in a week may take another a month; what one tiger may do in two lessons may take another one several months even to imitate feebly. One may as well try to give a hard and set rule for the rearing of a child, taking it through nursing, kindergarten, the

primary grade, the high school and into college, without allowing the slightest leeway for the personal equation, as to say what is necessary for training of an animal in general. Each is a study, alone and complete in itself, and each animal has its distinct individuality.

One of the greatest factors in training is to secure prompt obedience from the animals, not only at the beginning, but always. When once an animal is taught to go to a certain place, the next thing is to make him clearly understand that he is to stay there until he has his cue to come down again. This is important in more ways than one.

In the first place, the fact of their staying on their pedestals means everything to the trainer — probably his life. When once the animals have been made to know that they must not get down until told, the trainer is safe. Very few, if any, beasts will spring from a pedestal. It is an awkward place to spring from, for one thing, and there is not room to give enough impetus, for another. But when an animal is on the ground, there is never any knowing what he may take into his head to do next.

There is absolutely no danger to the woman trainer, La Belle Selica, no matter how much she dances and pirouettes in front of and around her lions, as long as they keep on their pedestals. It is when one gets down that the danger threatens. Then there is not only the probability that the lion will spring, but there is also the chance, and a very great one, that all the other lions will also get down, for what one animal does another generally does too. This trainer was attacked at one time in this very manner.

She had entered the arena, got all four lions up on their pedestals, and was half way through her dance, when one lioness got slowly and indifferently down and settled herself comfortably on the floor. This would not do; so, still going on with her dancing, the trainer ordered the lioness up again. Not feeling inclined to get up, the lioness growled a little, in return for which La Belle

Selica flicked her with a small whip that she carried in her hand. Unfortunately, at this moment another lion got down, and the trainer not only had the lioness to tackle, but had also to keep a sharp lookout for the other lion.

She gave another flick with her whip, but at another growl from the lioness the second lion sprang forward and knocked the trainer down. In a wonderful manner she was up again in a moment, and the lion's attention being attracted from outside the arena by two of the trainers, La Belle Selica was able to get out without much injury. By the time she reached the door both the other lions had also got down, and it is doubtful whether she would not have lost her life had she not been very quick. The curious thing was that at her next performance the lions seemed to have forgotten all about the incident, and were perfectly obedient, none seeming to have any wish to get down at all.

One of the most dangerous moments in the whole of Captain Bonavita's performance is when he first enters and has to get all twenty-seven lions up on the pedestals. Dozens of things may happen before he gets them there. A lion may be in a playful mood and catch him by the leg, throwing him down; one of them may get in his way and trip him up; he may get a blow from one of the many hard, ropy tails, or a pat from one of the huge paws. One or two lions may suddenly consider that this would be a good time to spring on him; a couple of them may have a romp together, and so knock against him; and, what is far more serious, one or two may begin a quarrel which may end in a free fight, in which all the others would be only too ready to join.

All these things may happen before he is able to get them on the pedestals; but, when once there, the force of habit and obedience has become so strong, and the personal influence of this trainer is so powerful, that it is an exceedingly rare thing for even one of the twenty-seven to once get down. Occasionally this will happen, but a steady look from Bonavita, a motion from

his whip, and the lion gets slowly up from the floor, ascends the pedestal, and puts on an indifferent air, as though he had been there all the time.

Absolute obedience from the animals is one of the great foundations of training. Without it, there would be no performing animals, and no trainer. I have seen trainers spend hours, and sometimes a whole day, insisting on an animal doing some little thing which he is reluctant to do. The thing itself, perhaps, is not very important; it may not be used in the performance at all, but it is a matter of obedience, and it must be insisted upon, no matter at what trouble or cost.

Much has been said, and much more doubtless imagined, by the casual observer about the control which a trainer has over his charges by reason of some magnetic power in his eye. No greater fallacy ever existed. A study of Bonavita's performance would satisfy any one as to that question. He has twenty-seven lions in the arena at one time, and is constantly turning his back on most of them, walking about among them, and singling out, from time to time, here and there, some one for special acts and tricks. He would require twenty-seven pairs of eyes to control his act if the eye supposition were correct.

It is not the eye — though that may express the qualities of resoluteness, of wariness, and of patience — it is the brain that controls a score and more of beasts like that. In association with animals of the feline species, there is an ever present element of danger, no matter how well trained they may be. Every time a trainer turns his back in a cage he risks his life: not a great risk, to be sure, but there is always a chance of death in a stroke. Yet it is impossible to keep the eye on half a dozen animals at once, let alone twenty-seven, and the man must trust to the good temper of his subjects and his own control and good fortune.

Many animals — this is true especially of lions — leap at the bars of a cage in a frenzy of rage the moment a trainer leaves them, as though furious that they had let him out alive, yet the

next time he enters they are none the less completely under his dominion. So excellent is the effect of this fury on the thrill-demanding public, that some lions have been trained to do this very trick. But it is an extremely dangerous one, and one which no sensible trainer would dream of teaching his animals.

Notes

What is the difference between "taming" and "training"?
Is a wild animal ever really tamed?
How does a man take advantage of a wild animal?
What must the animal trainer ever keep in mind?
What must the trainer do when the animal realizes his power?
Why did n't Herman Weedon let the bear know he was hurt?
When is the performer put on the list of bad animals?
When do the felines make the most direct attack?
When is the power of the trainer gone?
What should the trainer do in order to maintain his mastery in the training of animals and why?
Are all animals equally susceptible to training?
Why should we recognize the individuality of each child and each animal?
What is one of the greatest factors in the training of animals and why?
Why is it important that the animal should stay on his pedestal?
Give the account of La Belle Selica's experience.
Explain the most dangerous movements in Bonavita's performance.
What is the most important factor of animal training and its effect?
Wherein lies the real power of the trainer?
To what fallacy does the author call attention?
What great risk does the trainer take?
What dangerous trick do some trainers teach the animals and why?

No two animals are alike. Their individualities are as marked as a human being's. It is the individual animal that must be reckoned with by the successful trainer. What will do for the lion, may do for the tiger, the leopard or the jaguar; but what will do for one lion may not do for another. Animals are susceptible to kindness and good treatment. Sympathy with the animal and patience with its deficiencies have brought about a perfection of education which cruelty altogether failed to secure.

THE PLAY-BOYS OF BRITTANY

ARTHUR GLEASON AND HELEN HAYES GLEASON

At times in my five months at the front I have been puzzled by the sacrifice of so much young life; and most I have wondered about the Belgians. I saw their first army wiped out; there has come a time when I no longer meet the faces I had learned to know at Termonde and Antwerp and Alost. A new army of boys has dug itself in at the Yser, and the same wastage by gun-fire and disease is at work on them. One wonders with the Belgians if the price they pay for honor is not too high. There is a sadness in the eyes of Belgian boy soldiers that is not easy to face. Are we quite worthy of their sacrifice? Why should the son of Ysaye die for me? Are you, comfortable reader, altogether sure that Pierre Depage and André Simont are called on to spill their blood for your good name?

Then one turns with relief to the Fusiliers Marins — the sailors with a rifle. Here are young men at play. They know they are the incomparable soldiers. The guns have been on them for fifteen months, but they remain unbroken. Twice in the year, if they had yielded, this might have been a short war. But that is only saying that if Brittany had a different breed of men the world and its future would contain less hope. They are happy soldiers — happy in their brief life, with its flash of daring, and happy in their death. It is still sweet to die for one's country, and that at no far-flung outpost over the seas and sands, but just at the home border. As we carried our wounded sailors down from Nieuport to the great hospital of Zuydcoote on the Dunkirk highway, there is a sign-board, a bridge, and a custom-house that mark the point where we pass from Belgium into France. We drove our ambulance with the rear curtain raised, so that the wounded men, lying on the stretchers, could be cheered by the

flow of scenery. Sometimes, as we crossed that border-line, one of the men would pick it up with his eye, and would say to his comrade: "France! Now we are in France, the beautiful country."

"What do you mean?" I asked one lad, who had brightened visibly.

"The other countries," he said, "are flat and dirty. The people are of mixed races. France is not so."

It has been my fortune to watch the sailors at work from the start of the war. I was in Ghent when they came there, late, to a hopeless situation. Here were youngsters scooped up from the decks, untrained in trenches, and rushed to the front; but the sea-daring was on them, and they knew obedience and the hazards. They helped to cover the retreat of the Belgians and save that army from annihilation by banging away at the German mass at Melle. Man after man developed a fatalism of war, and expressed it to us.

"Nothing can hit you till your time," was often their way of saying it; "it 's no use dodging or being afraid. You won't be hit till your shell comes." And another favorite belief of theirs that brought them cheer was this: "The shell that will kill you you won't hear coming. So you 'll never know."

These sailor lads thrive on lost causes, and it was at Ghent they won from the Germans their nickname of "The girls with the red pompon," which paints their picture at just one stroke, for they thrust out the face of a youngster from under a rakish blue sailor hat, crowned with a fluffy red button, like a blue flower with a red bloom at its heart. I rarely saw an aging *marin*. There are no seasoned troops so boyish. They wear open dickies, which expose the neck, full, hard, well-rounded. The older troops, who go laggard to the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and these sailors have the throat of youth. We must once have had such a race in our cow-boys and Texas rangers

—level-eyed, careless men who know no masters, only equals. The force of gravity is heavy on an old man. But marins are not weighted down by equipment nor muffled with clothing. They go bobbing like corks, as though they would always stay on the crest of things. And riding on top of their lightness is that absurd bright-red button in their cap. The armies for five hundred miles are sober, grown-up people, but here are the play-boys of the western front.

From Ghent they trooped south to Dixmude, and were shot to pieces in that "Thermopylæ of the North."

"Hold for four days," was their order.

They held for three weeks, till the sea came down and took charge. During those three weeks we motored in and out to get their wounded. Nothing of orderly impression of those days remains to me. I have only flashes of the sailor-soldiers curved over and snaking along the battered streets behind slivers of wall, handfuls of them in the Hotel de Ville standing around waiting in a roar of noise and a bright blaze of burning houses — waiting till the shelling fades away.

Then for over twelve months they held wrecked Nieuport, and I have watched them there week after week. There is no drearier post on earth. One day in the pile of masonry thirty feet from our cellar refuge the sailors began throwing out the bricks, and in a few minutes they uncovered the body of a comrade. All the village had the smell of desolation. That smell is compounded of green ditch-water, damp plaster, wet clothing, blood, straw, and antiseptics. The nose took it as we crossed the canal, and held it till we shook ourselves on the run home. Thirty minutes a day in that soggy wreck pulled at my spirits for hours afterward. But those chaps stood up to it for twenty-four hours a day, lifting a cheery face from a stinking cellar, hopping about in the tangle, sleeping quietly when their "night off" comes. As our chauffeur drew his camera, one of them sprang into a bush entanglement, aimed his rifle, and posed.

I recollect an afternoon when we had had word of an attack. We were grave, because the Germans were strong and fearless.

"Are they coming?" grinned a sailor. "Let them come. We are ready."

We learned to know many of the Fusiliers Marins and to grow fond of them. How else could it be when we went and got them, sick and wounded, dying and dead, two, six, ten of them a day, for many weeks, and brought them in to the Red Cross post for a dressing, and then on to the hospital? I remember a young man in our ambulance. His right foot was shot away, and the leg above was wounded. He lay unmurmuring for all the tossing of the road over the long miles of the ride. We lifted him from the stretcher, which he had wet with his blood, into the white cot in "Hall 15" of Zuydcoote Hospital. The wound and the journey had gone deeply into his vitality. As he touched the bed, his control ebbed, and he became violently sick. I stooped to carry back the empty stretcher. He saw I was going away, and said, "Thank you." I knew I should not see him again, not even if I came early next day.

There is one unfading impression made on me by those wounded. If I call it good nature, I have given only one element in it. It is more than that: it is a dash of fun. It is not stoicism at all. Stoicism is a grim holding on, the jaws clenched, the spirit dark, but enduring. This is a thing of wings. They will know I am not making light of their pain in writing these words. I am only saying that they make light of it. The judgment of men who are soon to die is like the judgment of little children. It does not tolerate foolish words.

Our friends have the faults of young men, flushed with life. They are scornful of feeble folk, of men who grow tired, who think twice before dying. They laugh at middle age. The sentries amuse them, the elderly chaps who duck into their caves when a few shells are sailing overhead. They have no charity for frail nerves. They hate races who don't rally to a man when

the enemy is hitting the trail. They must wait for age to gain pity, and the Bretons will never grow old. They are killed too fast. And yet, as soon as I say that, I remember their rough pity for their hurt comrades. They are as busy as a hospital nurse in laying a blanket and swinging the stretcher for one of their own who has been "pinked." They have a hovering concern. I have had twenty come to the ambulance to help shove in a "blessé," and say good-by to him, and wave to him as long as the road left him in their sight. The wounded man, unless his back bound him down, would lift his head from the stretcher, to give back his greetings It was an eager exchange between the whole men and the injured one. They don't believe they can be broken till the thing comes, and there is curiosity to see just what has befallen one like themselves.

When it came my time to say good-by, my sailor friend, who had often stopped by my car to tell me that all was going well, ran over to share in the excitement. I told him I was leaving, and he gave me a smile of deep-understanding amusement. Tired so soon? That smile carried a live consciousness of untapped power, of the record he and his comrades had made. It showed a disregard of my personal feelings, of all adult human weakness. That was the picture I carried away from the Nieuport line — the smiling boy with his wounded arm, alert after his year of war, and more than a little scornful of one who had grown weary in conditions so prosperous for young men.

I rode away from him, past the encampment of his comrades. There they were as I had often seen them, with the peddlers cluttering their camp — candy men, banana women; a fringe of basket merchants about their grim barracks. And over them bent the boys, dozens of them in blue blouses, stooping down to pick up trays, fingering red apples and shining charms, chaffing, dickering, shoving one another, the old loves of their childhood still tangled in their being.

So when I am talking about the sailors as if they were heroes,

suddenly something gay comes romping in. I see them again, as I have so often seen them in the dunes of Flanders, and what I see is a race of children.

"Don't forget we are only little ones," they say. "We don't die; we are just at play." — From "Golden Lads."

Notes

The Fusiliers Marins are sailors with rifles. These sailors from Brittany are called "the girls with the red pompon," because of their youth and the gay red tassel on their cap.

Locate Termond, Antwerp, Alost, Yser.

Note the expression, "fatalism of war," is followed by an explanation in the next paragraph.

What general significance have the names Pierre Depage and André Simont?

With what feeling are you left at the end of the first paragraph?

The Fusiliers Marins demand of us what tribute?

Thermopylae: a famous pass in Ancient Greek history. It is celebrated as the scene of the heroic death of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans in their attempt to stem the Persian invasion.

Show that these French sailors are like the Spartans of old.

THE SEA

BARRY CORNWALL. (BRYAN WALLER PROCTER)

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;

With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I 've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

Notes

Note effect of the alliteration in the fourth line.

Explain the literal meaning of "where every wild wave drowns the moon."

How does the author speak of the sea?

Who is meant by "I"?

How does he feel about the sea?

When does he love to ride?

Where has he never been?

What kind of a day was it when this sailor was born?

How old is he?

Where does he wish to be when he dies?

THE ADVENTURES OF ARNOLD ADAIR: AIR SCOUT

The Bridge on the Oise

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

My mechanical mechanic Jean wakes me in grim earnest when he is in charge of that heavy duty. Seven other American aviators sleep beside me and around me in this palatial reception-room, but never by any possibility does Jean shake the wrong shoulder, although I have often described to him, while scowling at my wrist-watch in the dark, the ineffable joy any one of them would feel at being roused out resolutely, then permitted to realize it wasn't necessary to get up.

Jean tells me M'sieu le Colonel has sent for me; and my Nieuport biplane is now rolled out on the lawn in front of the shed. I morosely regard my wet boots under the chair and wonder stupidly if I can get into them. Jean has lighted the candle, and its yellow glare throws a thousand lights into the glistening chandelier overhead. An old ruined château is now our escadrille quarters. The windows are gone, and war's ruin is everywhere,

but enough walls and roof remain to provide us shelter and comfort.

It is four-thirty on a May morning. I suspect it is May, for trees are greening up. Jean's watchful eye covers my movements while I engage with the sodden, soggy boots. Soon he is aware that I am fully awake and mean to get the business over with.

"Your coffee will be ready, M'sieu," says he, picking his way through the sleeping cots. "Right," say I, strapping on my "Sam Brown" and looking for my flying-helmet. "Good scout, Jean."

Colonel Demain and Captain Pieron are pacing the flagstones as I emerge from breakfast. The first signs of dawn are in the skies. It promises to be a fine day. Both officers pause and return my salute. "Cigarette, Leftenant?" asks the Colonel, extending his long gold-banded case. I take one and tap it on my thumb-nail while the Captain is fumbling for his tinder-light.

Captain Pieron is my age and light build. Months ago we formed that careless friendship and *bon camaraderie* singular to pilot-aviateurs. Later it grew personal and deep — and became cemented so by sharing the glories and risks of several celebrated escapades and escapes together. I was pilot and he observer in those days. Highly skilled in the technical science of warfare, inherited no doubt from those ancestors whose illustrious names are still remembered by France, Philip possessed military instinct and acumen positively uncanny. He divined intentions of the enemy, and grasped their importance by sheer intuition. Naturally his genius was not long in receiving recognition, and when I returned from the Paris hospital in February I found to my great joy that he was now Captain Philip Pieron. My commission as lieutenant had been given me for the same exploit, but largely because I had been wounded. The whole affair was Philip's planning and doing. Needless to say, Phil had procured my commission for me and has ever since picked me out for particular bits of scouting or any especially attrac-

tive piece of work. Since my return from the hospital, I had been given my own Nieuport, with my two old mechanics, Jean and Brownie.

"Old son," said Philip, replacing his lighter in his breeches pocket, "do you know that sharp curve of the La Fère Railway where it strikes the river?"

"At the end of the long down grade from the Boches' supply camp by Velantie — I know," I replied, wondering what "solo" work could be done there.

"Yes, it 's fifty miles from here. The Germans are evacuating Velantie this morning at daybreak. Their retreat will be carefully guarded, and you 've got to get through a hundred of their scouts. The Colonel wants that railway cut at the bridge."

So I was to carry bombs again! I had long ago graduated from this "stunt" class. And why should I be sent in my light, fast Nieuport? One never carries bombs in her.

Like a flash it came to me. The sky from the "ceiling" down would be full of German aircraft, covering their retreat. Unusual strength would be centered to prevent our bombing the railway if by any possibility we should suspect such evacuation. How did we hear of it anyway? Spies, probably. And so, instead of sending over a squadron of bombers in their slow machines, they had picked me to go alone. And instead of circling high up over the field-gun range, I was to skim along at low levels, trusting to speed alone to thwart their aim and to escape pursuit. I began to burn with the thrill of it.

Colonel Demain squeezed my arm as we crossed the lawn. "I had the painters touch up your wings," he said. I should think he had. In the pale light I could see a dusky blending of wavy green and brown, melting the color, shape, and contour of the planes and fuselage of my gleaming machine. The gleam was all out of it. Top and bottom were splendidly "roughed" into an inconspicuous and very serviceable color. At a low level the airplane would blend neatly with the mountains and ver-

dure in the background. Even the squadron red, white, and blue circles were painted out. It was a nondescript independent.

Brownie was crouching under the pilot's seat as we came up to my beautiful Nieuport. Brownie is a stoggy little runt, always grimy and grinning. He had been wished on me when I was a young sergeant because of his stupid face. I soon discovered that he was the cleverest mechanic in the squadron. His final touch after overhauling and inspecting my plane was assurance to me that it was in absolutely perfect condition.

Underneath the fuselage were hanging two reasonably heavy torpedoes. Brownie was adjusting the releasing triggers and satisfying himself about the fusing device.

"Arnold," said Colonel Demain, gravely, "I need not tell you we appreciate the risks of this expedition. You have been selected because of your bomb-dropping expertness and your familiarity with this region. Return home by way of Chauny. The Fourth Squadron will be up to protect you there."

I bowed my thanks and climbed into my seat. "Luck, old boy!" said Phil, squeezing my hand.

"Spark off!" shouted Jean, grasping the propeller.

"Spark off!" I answered, as I wiggled my controls and looked over my instruments.

"Spark on?" yelled Jean.

"Contact!" I nodded, and the propeller began to spin. I opened the throttle wide. The engine roared firm and true. "No wind blowing at all," called Captain Pieron into my ear, pointing at the drooping pennants on the roof.

Pulling my goggles over my eyes and throwing my safety-belt onto the ground, I motioned to the boys to pull away the blocks from the front of the wheels. The safety-belt weighs a pound or two, and every ounce might count on this trip. Moreover, I intended flying close to the ground, and where there is

any possibility of a sudden landing you don't want to be strapped in your seat to be rolled over and over in your machine.

A quick throbbing of elation seized me as I sped over the grass. I laughed to myself at the thought of darting straight into the surprised faces of the whole German army and disappearing beyond them before they could aim a gun in my direction. I had long wanted to try this experiment. Flying at a height of about one hundred feet, just enough to clear comfortably the tops of trees, buildings, and telephone-wires, my machine could be heard coming, but could not be seen until very close at hand. Their first impulse, I fancied, will be to look well up into the sky. Next, when they do see me, they will have no idea as to whether I am friend or enemy. My invisible coloring and the half-light of early dawn will require exceedingly close scrutiny to identify me. I am traveling across the landscape at the rate of one hundred and thirty-five miles an hour! I had often reduced that to feet, and knew it meant I was going a distance of about *two hundred feet each second.* Why, I would be past them before they could raise a hand. Once beyond them, they would not dare to fire long for fear of hitting their own men. As for artillery or machine guns, they could not have time to aim them at all.

I sat well huddled down, my legs stretched out forward to the foot control, my face thrust into the wind-shield. The fuel tank was under my seat. A thin slab of armor-plate protected it from rifle fire. A shot can go through the machine anywhere else without causing much damage. They 've got to get *me* if they get anything, I thought excitedly to myself. For fifteen miles I shall fly northward over our territory, then I shall cross the trenches, and the adventure will be on.

Our trenches protected our front opposite the village of Vissy, which was still in possession of the enemy. I determined to fly directly over this town to gain the small degree of shelter af-

forded by its buildings, then, missing their airdrome to the left of the town, would head sharply to the east, thus beguiling them to telephone my approach in that direction. Once in the shelter of the wooded hills beyond Courbey, I could regain my path to the north with little risk of discovery.

It is yet dark enough to distinguish flashes of firing among the trenches. I must chance the fire from our own riflemen. It is also light enough to distinguish two or three observation balloons going up to the end of their tether. Those are German. Their airplane scouts are therefore already up guarding them. The ruined village of Vissy appears ahead of me. Now I am in for it!

With one glance down at the startled upturned faces of the men in our trenches, I dip down slightly from my five-hundred-foot elevation and rush with terrific velocity at the tops of the houses ahead. About the size of a checker-board, with regular crisscross streets, half of them piled with ruins, I notice scarce a dozen human beings who emerge into full view. Not a shot has been fired at me, so far as I know. No sounds from below can reach my ears through the roaring of my powerful engine.

Instead of wasting time to think of shots, I glance ahead and above to see if enemy aircraft are about. None are in sight. Over the middle of the town I sheer three-quarters to the right and lay my course above a line of poplar trees bordering the highway to the east. Not enough trees remain to shelter an enemy, but even these shattered limbs afford some obstacles to a bullet. I cross two more lines of trenches, but confine my attention to searching the air for hostile pursuers.

At no other time in the day is the air so smooth and so free from bumps as the early dawn. When the sun begins to heat the ground and currents of wind arise, eddies are occasionally encountered, which bump one about considerably. Passing through these eddies the airplane lurches and tosses, striking the firm air again with a resounding slap on the bottom of the

taut fabric, not unlike the sound of a wave on the side of a canoe. Flying at a low level is then dangerous, for one may be brought to earth before control of the craft is regained.

This morning the air was ideal; with little or no wind blowing, my indicator pointed to 130 miles an hour. I had covered about twenty-two miles in ten minutes!

Over a dip of hills ahead I knew was located a German airdrome. With several of these airmen I had almost a speaking acquaintance, for we had shot at each other on numerous occasions at very close quarters. If they were getting aloft, and they were certain to be, here would be my first danger of pursuit.

I sheer off to the right a bit more so as to deceive them the more as to my destination. Suddenly I am over their flying field. I distinctly see the groups of upturned faces about several machines, endeavoring to locate my humming motor. Several of their own motors are barking, and three or four airplanes are actually in the air. Without a sign of recognition, I duck my head and fly directly over their biggest hangar. Looking back a minute later, I see a frantic scrambling about the machines. Two at least of those in the air are headed after me. Veering slightly more to the right to draw their attention, I enter a shallow valley heavily wooded. Two miles beyond I cut sharply to the left and top the slope, flying close to the trees. My ruse has evidently been successful. Not a plane is in sight.

Now I begin to notice signs of the intending departure of the Huns. The sun is up and smoke is permitted to rise from many cook-stoves. Armored motor cars, artillery detachments, regiments of infantry, are busily engaged in their preparations.

Occasionally I see a rifle fired at my disappearing back, but I readily forgive these spasmodic impulses. Probably most of them would wager I am in fact a German scout carrying despatches — else I would not be flying so conspicuously within reach.

I pass farms, villages, streams, and camps. Groups of enemy airdromes are about me, and many of their planes are circling

in the air. Once having passed the frontier, I am less liable to suspicion, although, undoubtedly, information of my passing has been telephoned about. Of the airplanes above me I have little fear. The noise of their motors drowns the sound of mine, and I am practically invisible to them, blending into the colors of the ground as I do. Airplanes on the ground have no chance of getting started in time to overtake me. Only an unlucky meeting with a faster plane at my own level will give me cause for alarm.

I am still headed many degrees away from my objective. I know of a deep valley farther on which will lead me, under good cover, back to the railway along the River Oise. In the meantime I must divert the suspicion of the argus-eyed commanding officers who may be clever enough to conclude I am an enemy.

Devastations, deliberate and dastardly, are still going on below me. Trees are leveled, roads destroyed, buildings burned, and bridges blown up throughout the length of this soon-to-be-evacuated territory. Dummy guns are mounted upon dummy emplacements. Trenches are dug and mined for the annihilation of the pursuers. I photograph many of these positions from my unusual low level and pray that I may survive to deliver this information to Captain Phil.

From the drifting smoke below I see that a breeze is springing up. I cross several impromptu railways and observe freight cars loaded with artillery, horses, and troops. They all lead to and converge into the main line to St. Quentin. Undoubtedly they have been steadily moving all night, moving back to the new line in front of St. Quentin — Ribemont.

My plans for accomplishing my errand were simple enough. I must cross the Oise above the bridge and embankment, then head back toward home, flying directly along the railway track. When over the long bridge at the end of the curve, I shall drop down to fifty feet and let go both of my high explosives at once.

I am across the valley and entering a noble canyon. Ten miles more and I shall see the river. Practically safe from airplane attack at this distance in the enemy's country, I climb higher to get a view over the adjoining ridges.

Few farms or cultivated plots mark the landscape. Almost unbroken forests cover these rough hills. At one thousand feet I see the tortuous windings of the Oise ahead. The railway follows its right bank. My heart is beating fast as I survey the objective of my flight. The difficulties of safely returning home through the increasing danger of daylight and an aroused watchfulness of the enemy are troubling me. There are important photographs to preserve and develop, rolled up inside my automatic camera.

To relieve my mind, I study the instruments on the dashboard. The clock points at five-forty. I have made a wide detour, indeed, to use up so much time. Every twenty minutes a German supply train is chugging over that bridge, carrying soldiers and munitions to safety. The speed indicator shows 130 miles an hour. But I am in a following wind of at least ten miles an hour velocity, to judge from the smoke below, so I am moving over the land at a total speed of 140 miles an hour. My altimeter indicates 1,500 feet elevation. I nose her down a trifle. Petrol tank two-thirds full, oil feeding regularly, plenty of spark, propeller revolutions 1,400 a minute.

Still flying high, I debouch from the canyon and search the heavens for enemy patrols. They are there! Up and down the river at various altitudes they glisten as they swoop. Banking stiffly, I shoot down towards the muddy current. Against that background I cannot be distinguished from above. Sentries are gazing at me from the railway track, but make no efforts to hinder me. Coming from the north, I am assumed to be friendly, as long as I behave myself. The varlets wave with their helmets to me as I fly past.

My maneuver has apparently escaped observation from the

Fokker patrols above. Four miles to go and my objective is won. After lightening my load by releasing my bombs, I 'll defy anything to overtake me. The trouble is I must climb high to avoid the shrapnel fire near the front, and these fellows are already high.

More patrolling foot soldiers are ahead between the shining rails. I have no business down so low, they think, and they are leveling their rifles. "Whit!"—a bullet splinters the edge of a forward strut. Pretty good that, for a Boche. The alarm is given along the line; there goes a machine-gun battery leaping to their places! The bridge is just ahead. A long jolting train of freight cars drawn by two engines is almost upon it. When the freight cars cover the bridge, it will be protected against my bombs; and I cannot wait around here sightseeing until the train passes.

Swerving from the river, I dive headlong at the machine-gun emplacement. Several of the gunners leap to one side in terror as the roaring airplane points directly at them.

Responding to the slightest touch, the sensitive plane flattens out her course and clears their heads by a few feet.

Regardless now of their gun-fire, I push over the lever that arms the bombs and grasp the releasing trigger with my left hand. Gazing ahead at the approaching train, I measure the distance that separates us. I must get there first! The last seconds of this agonizing suspense seem an eternity. The exact spot where the bombs must strike the center of the bridge burns itself into my brain. Instinctively I know how far this side that spot the trigger must be pulled.

The scared face of the engineer leaning from the forward engine cab confesses his knowledge of his doom. He is emptying his revolver at me desperately and wildly.

Pulling back with both hands, I feel the weight leave me as the airplane leaps into the air. The Nieuport plunges into the column of smoke over the fuming smoke-stacks.

The second bomb must have struck the forward part of the engine, for pieces of flying iron pass me simultaneously with the explosion. The concussion causes a few moments' trouble steadying my machine.

With a buoyancy that travels faster through the air than any man-made machine may outrun, the sudden expansion caught me and hurled me violently upwards through a stupendous vacuum. The next instant the stanch little Nieuport met the reverse blast of wind as the air poured in from all sides to fill the vacuum. Easing her off to lessen the strain, she gradually was brought back under control.

Looking back finally, I see the long train shoving steadily ahead, and dropping, car by car, into the muddy waters of the Oise.

TREACHERY OF PONTIAC

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Every spring, after the winter hunt was over, the Indians were accustomed to return to their villages, or permanent encampments, in the vicinity of Detroit; and, accordingly, after the council had broken up, they made their appearance as usual about the fort. On the first of May, Pontiac came to the gate with forty men of the Ottawa tribe, and asked permission to enter and dance the Calumet dance, before the officers of the garrison. After some hesitation, he was admitted; and proceeding to the corner of the street, where stood the house of the Commandant, Major Gladwyn, he and thirty of his warriors began their dance, each recounting his own exploits, and boasting himself the bravest of mankind. The officers and men gathered around them; while in the meantime, the remaining ten of the Ottawas strolled about the fort, observing every thing it contained. When the dance

was over, they all quietly withdrew, not a suspicion of their designs having arisen in the minds of the English.

After a few days had elapsed, Pontiac's messengers again passed among the Indian cabins, calling the principal chiefs to another council, in the Pottawattamie village. Here there was a large structure of bark, erected for the public use on occasions like the present. A hundred chiefs were seated around this dusky council-house, the fire in the center shedding its fitful light upon their dark, naked forms, while the pipe passed from hand to hand. To prevent interruption, Pontiac had stationed young men as sentinels, near the house. He once more addressed the chiefs; inciting them to hostility against the English, and concluding by the proposal of his plan for destroying Detroit. It was as follows: Pontiac would demand a council with the commandant concerning matters of great importance; and on this pretext he flattered himself that he and his principal chiefs would gain ready admittance within the fort. They were all to carry weapons concealed beneath their blankets. While in the act of addressing the Commandant in the council-room, Pontiac was to make a certain signal, upon which the chiefs were to raise the war-whoop, rush upon the officers present, and strike them down. The other Indians, waiting meanwhile at the gate, or loitering among the houses, on hearing the yells and firing within the building, were to assail the astonished and half-armed soldiers; and thus Detroit would fall an easy prey.

In opening this plan of treachery, Pontiac spoke rather as a counselor than as a commander. Haughty as he was, he had too much sagacity to wound the pride of a body of men over whom he had no other control than that derived from his personal character and influence. No one was hardy enough to venture opposition to the proposal of their great leader. His plan was eagerly adopted. Hoarse ejaculations of applause echoed his speech; and, gathering their blankets around them, the chiefs withdrew

to their respective villages, to prepare for the destruction of the unsuspecting garrison.

On the afternoon of the fifth of May, a Canadian woman, the wife of St. Aubin, one of the principal settlers, crossed over from the western side, and visited the Ottawa village, to obtain from the Indians a supply of maple sugar and venison. She was surprised at finding several of the warriors engaged in filing off the muzzles of their guns, so as to reduce them, stock and all, to the length of about a yard. Returning home in the evening, she mentioned what she had seen to several of her neighbors. Upon this, one of them, the blacksmith of the village, remarked that many of the Indians had lately visited his shop, and attempted to borrow files and saws for a purpose which they would not explain. These circumstances excited the suspicion of the experienced Canadians. Doubtless there were many in the settlement who might, had they chosen, have revealed the plot; but it is no less certain that the more numerous and respectable class in the little community had too deep an interest in the preservation of peace, to countenance the designs of Pontiac. M. Gouin, an old and wealthy settler, went to the Commandant, and conjured him to stand upon his guard; but Gladwyn, a man of fearless temper, gave no heed to the friendly advice.

In the Pottawattamie village, if there be truth in tradition, lived an Ojibwa girl, who could boast a larger share of beauty than is common in the wigwam. She had attracted the eye of Gladwyn. On the afternoon of the sixth, Catherine — for so the officers called her — came to the fort, and repaired to Gladwyn's quarters, bringing with her a pair of elk-skin moccasins, ornamented with porcupine work, which he had requested her to make. There was something unusual in her look and manner. Her face was sad and downcast. She said little, and soon left the room; but the sentinel at the door saw her still lingering at the street corner, though the hour for closing the gates was nearly

come. At length she attracted the notice of Gladwyn himself; and calling her to him, he pressed her to declare what was weighing upon her mind. Still she remained for a long time silent, and it was only after much urgency and many promises not to betray her, that she revealed her momentous secret.

"To-morrow," she said, "Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, cut short, and hidden under his blanket. Pontiac will demand to hold a council; and after he has delivered his speech, he will offer a peace-belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the signal of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched."

Such is the story told in 1768 to the traveler Carver at Detroit, and preserved in local tradition, but not sustained by contemporary letters or diaries. What is certain is, that Gladwyn received secret information, on the night of the sixth of May, that an attempt would be made on the morrow to capture the fort by treachery. He called some of his officers, and told them what he had heard. The defenses of the place were feeble and extensive, and the garrison by far too weak to repel a general assault. The force of the Indians at this time is variously estimated at from six hundred to two thousand; and the Commandant greatly feared that some wild impulse might precipitate their plan, and that they would storm the fort before morning. Every preparation was made to meet the sudden emergency. Half the garrison were ordered under arms, and all the officers prepared to spend the night upon the ramparts.

The day closed, and the hues of sunset faded. Only a dusky redness lingered in the west, and the darkening earth seemed her dull self again. Then night descended, heavy and black, on the fierce Indians and the sleepless English. From sunset till dawn, an anxious watch was kept from the slender palisades of Detroit.

The soldiers were still ignorant of the danger; and the sentinels did not know why their numbers were doubled, or why, with such unwonted vigilance, their officers repeatedly visited their posts. Again and again Gladwyn mounted his wooden ramparts, and looked forth into the gloom. There seemed nothing but repose and peace in the soft, moist air of the warm spring evening, with the piping of frogs along the river bank, just roused from their torpor by the genial influence of May. But, at intervals, as the night wind swept across the bastion, it bore sounds of fearful portent to the ear, the sullen booming of the Indian drum and the wild chorus of quavering yells, as the warriors, around their distant camp-fires, danced the war-dance, in preparation for the morrow's work.

The night passed without alarm. The sun rose upon fresh fields and newly budding woods, and scarcely had the morning mists dissolved, when the garrison could see a fleet of birch canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore, within range of cannon shot above the fort. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, but all moved slowly, and seemed deeply laden. In truth, they were full of savages, lying flat on their faces, that their numbers might not excite the suspicion of the English.

At an early hour the open common behind the fort was thronged with squaws, children, and warriors, some naked, and others fantastically arrayed in their barbarous finery. All seemed restless and uneasy, moving hither and thither, in apparent preparation for a general game of ball. Many tall warriors, wrapped in their blankets, were seen stalking toward the fort, and casting malignant furtive glances upward at the palisades. Then with an air of assumed indifference, they would move toward the gate. They were all admitted; for Gladwyn, who in this instance at least, showed some knowledge of Indian character, chose to convince his crafty foe that, though their plot was detected, their hostility was despised.

The whole garrison was ordered under arms. Sterling, and the

other English fur-traders, closed their storehouses and armed their men, and all in cool confidence stood waiting the result.

Meanwhile, Pontiac, who had crossed with the canoes from the eastern shore, was approaching along the river road, at the head of his sixty chiefs, all gravely marching in Indian file. A Canadian settler, named Beaufait, had been that morning to the fort. He was now returning homewards, and as he reached the bridge which led over the stream then called Parents' Creek, he saw the chiefs in the act of crossing from the farther bank. He stood aside to give them room. As the last Indian passed Beaufait recognized him as an old friend and associate. The savage greeted him with the usual ejaculation, opened for an instant the folds of his blanket, disclosed the hidden gun, and, with an emphatic gesture toward the fort, indicated the purpose to which he meant to apply it.

At ten o'clock, the great war-chief, with his treacherous followers, reached the fort, and the gateway was thronged with their savage faces. All were wrapped to the throat in colored blankets. Some were crested with hawk, eagle, or raven plumes; others had shaved their heads, leaving only the fluttering scalp lock on the crown; while others, again, wore their long, black hair flowing loosely at their backs, or wildly hanging about their brows like a lion's mane. Their bold yet crafty features, their cheeks besmeared with ochre and vermilion, white lead and soot, their keen, deep-set eyes gleaming in their sockets, like those of rattlesnakes, gave them an aspect grim, uncouth, and horrible. For the most part, they were tall, strong men, and all had a gait and bearing of peculiar stateliness.

As Pontiac entered, it is said that he started, and that a deep ejaculation half escaped from his breast. Well might his stoicism fall, for at a glance he read the ruin of his plot. On either hand, within the gateway, stood ranks of soldiers and hedges of glittering steel. The swarthy engagès of the fur-traders, armed to the teeth, stood in groups at the street corners, and the measured tap

of a drum fell ominously on the ear. Soon regaining his composure, Pontiac strode forward into the narrow street; and his chiefs filed after him in silence, while the scared faces of women and children looked out from the windows as they passed. Their rigid muscles betrayed no sign of emotion; yet, looking closely, one might have seen their small eyes glance from side to side with restless scrutiny.

Traversing the entire width of the little town they reached the door of the council-house, a large building standing near the margin of the river. On entering, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to remark that every Englishman wore a sword at his side, and a pair of pistols in his belt. The conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances. "Why," demanded Pontiac, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?" Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte, that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. With much delay and many signs of distrust, the chiefs at length sat down on the mats prepared for them, and, after the customary pause, Pontiac rose to speak. Holding in his hand the wampum belt which was to have given the fatal signal, he addressed the commandant, professing strong attachment to the English, and declaring, in Indian phrase, that he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and brighten the chain of friendship. The officers watched him keenly as he uttered these hollow words, fearing lest, though conscious that his designs were suspected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. And once, it is said, he raised the wampum belt as if about to give the signal of attack. But at that instant Gladwyn signed slightly with his hand. The sudden clash of arms sounded from the passage without, and a drum rolling the charge filled the council-room with its stunning din. At this, Pontiac stood like one confounded. Some writers will have it that Gladwyn, rising from his seat, drew the chief's blanket aside,

exposed the hidden gun, and sternly rebuked him for his treachery. But the Commandant wished only to prevent the consummation of the plot, without bringing on an open rupture. His own letters affirm that he and his officers remained seated as before. Pontiac, seeing his unruffled brow and his calm eye fixed steadfastly upon him, knew not what to think, and soon sat down in amazement and perplexity. Another pause ensued, and Gladwyn commenced a brief reply. He assured the chiefs that friendship and protection should be extended toward them as long as they continued to deserve it, but threatened ample vengeance for the first act of aggression. The council then broke up; but, before leaving the room, Pontiac told the officers that he would return in a few days, with his squaws and children, for he wished that they should all shake hands with their fathers, the English. To this new piece of treachery Gladwyn deigned no reply. The gates of the fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again flung open, and the baffled savages were suffered to depart, rejoicing, no doubt, to breathe once more the free air of the open fields.

— From "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
  Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
  The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of bloom and heather,
  Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
  Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer —
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear; —
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers —
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death 's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it? — dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true; —
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
  Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
  Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
  She knew the Campbell's call:
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,
  The grandest o' them all!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
  And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Ghoomtee
  Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
  Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised! — the march of Havelock!
  The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
  Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
  Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
  To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
  The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
  Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
  The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
  Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
  As the Ghoomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer —
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

Notes

John G. Whittier, born, at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807.
Died, at Hampton Falls, N. H., Sept. 7, 1892.

"The Pipes at Lucknow" was written around an incident that occurred in India during the Sepoy mutiny of 1857–58. The Sepoys or native soldiers of India were dissatisfied with the English rule and secretly planned an insurrection. More than a year elapsed before the English were able to quell the uprising. During this time the city of Lucknow was in a state of siege for many months and great suffering resulted before the arrival of the rescuing troops of Highlanders under their leader Havelock.

Describe the situation in Lucknow at the beginning of the poem.

Contrast the first two verses of the poem with what follows.

What is the significance of the terms, "Indian tiger" and "jungle serpent," as applied to the Sepoys?

Why did the Scottish maiden have "her ear unto the ground"?

The signals of the British army were given with the drum. The Sepoys trained by English officers also used this means. What word is used to describe the drum roll? Why? How are the signals given in the American army?

What change took place in the music of the pipers as the plaided legions advanced?

Describe the effect on the besieged.

Lucknow is located on both banks of the Ghoomtee. Explain the lines,

"And the tartan clove the turban
As the Ghoomtee cleaves the plain."

In one sentence give the reason for saying,

"But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played."

A MORNING SONG

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

— From "Cymbeline."

NOTES

Compare Browning's "Morning Song" from "Pippa Passes,"

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!"

MR. PICKWICK HIRES A MANSERVANT

CHARLES DICKENS

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor

front, his bedroom the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in his parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell — the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer — was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved, by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior on this particular morning would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been able to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it 's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but do you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends —" said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table — "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it 's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That 's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye" (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) "I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You 'll think it very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never

consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning — eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose — a deliberate plan, too — sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way — how thoughtful — how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you 're very kind, sir."

"It 'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you then, than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you 'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I' m sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick; "a lively one, who 'll teach him, I 'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear — " said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh, you kind, good playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms

around Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick. "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman — dear me, what a situation — pray consider, Mrs. Bardell, don't — if anybody should come —"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically; "I 'll never leave you — dear, kind, good soul;" and, with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, there 's a good creature." But entreaty and demonstration were alike unavailing; for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and

legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement, allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick; "he 's mad."

"What is the matter?" said the three tonguetied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the further end of the apartment). "Now, help me lead this woman downstairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you downstairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir — thank you;" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And downstairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive —" said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned — "I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a manservant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It 's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick, "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

"Oh — you remember me, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should think so," replied Sam, with a patronizing wink.

"I want to speak to you about something," said Mr. Pickwick. "Sit down."

"Thank 'ee, sir," said Sam. And down he sat without further bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside the door.

"Ta'nt a werry good un' to look at," said Sam, "but it 's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and afore the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever it 's lighter without it, that 's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that 's another — wentilation gossamer, I calls it."

On the delivery of this sentiment, Mr. Weller smiled agreeably upon the assembled Pickwickians.

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That 's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out with it, as the father said to the child, wen he swallowed a farden."

"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'lm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "I should like to know, in the first place, whether you 're a goin' to purwide me with a better."

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though?" said Sam. Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me; and travel about with me and these gentlemen here."

"Take the bill down," said Sam, emphatically. "I 'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

"You accept the situation?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Certn'ly," replied Sam. "If the clothes fits me half as well as the place."

"You can get a character of course?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ask the landlady o' the White Hart about that, sir," replied Sam.

"Can you come this evening?"

"I 'll get into the clothes this minute, if they 're here," said Sam with great alacrity.

"Call at eight this evening," said Mr. Pickwick; "and if the inquiries are satisfactory, they shall be provided."

The history of Mr. Weller's conduct was so very blameless, that Mr. Pickwick felt fully justified in closing the engagement that very evening. With the promptness and energy which characterized not only the public proceedings, but all the private actions of this extraordinary man, he at once led his new attendant to one of those convenient emporiums where gentlemen's new and second-hand clothes are provided, and the troublesome and inconvenient formality of measurement dispensed with; and before night had closed in Mr. Weller was furnished with a gray coat with the P. C. button, a black hat with a cockade to it, a pink striped waistcoat, light breeches and gaiters, and a variety of other necessaries, too numerous to recapitulate.

"Well," said the suddenly transformed individual, "I wonder whether I 'm meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman. I looks like a sort of compo of every one on 'em. Never mind; there's change of air, plenty to see, and little to do; and all this suits my complaint uncommon; so, long life to the Pickvicks, says I!"

NOTES

This story is taken from "Pickwick Papers," which appeared in book form in 1837.

What were the names of the Pickwickians?

Who was Mrs. Bardell?

Do you think that any woman might have thought that Mr. Pickwick meant a proposal of marriage.

As Mr. Pickwick was thinking of his man-servant he did not understand what construction Mrs. Bardell had put on his statements.

Mention the name of the man-servant.

What did Mr. Pickwick find out about his character?

In those days a man had to furnish his servant with his clothes as well as board.

How much is twelve pounds?

Would it be good wages to-day?

WASHINGTON

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;

Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's —
WASHINGTON.

—From "Under the Old Elm."

NOTES

George Washington was born in Westmoreland Co., Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14, 1799. Because of his bravery, patriotism, and military skill in the French and Indian War, he was chosen by the Continental Congress to be Commander-in-Chief of the American troops during the Revolution. He proved himself indispensable to the success of the American army and refused to take any pay during the entire war. His success lay in a well-balanced judgment, and in a belief that right made might. In 1789 he was unanimously chosen President of the New Nation.

This is an extract from the poem, "Under the Elm," read at Cambridge, Mass., on the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's promotion to the command of the American army, July 3, 1775. This old elm is still standing.

Do you know of any other American who united the qualities of soldier and statesman?

What gifts are the heritage of all men?

What phrase shows Washington was a man of prayer?

What is meant by "tramping the snow to coral"?

Find two places in your history where this was true.

If you read of the "Conway Cabal" you will understand why Washington was blamed.

Read the lines which show that Washington was a man of great self-control.

From what is "popular" derived? Can you explain what it is "to woo the popular voice"?

Select from this stanza all words or phrases that show some characteristic of Washington.

WORDS AND PHRASES

"hollow eyed content"
"swerveless poise"
"unsetting lights"

WASHINGTON AND ANDRE

S. WEIR MITCHELL

NOTE. Captain Hugh Wynne of the American army while acting as a spy was saved from capture through the kindly efforts of Major André. Later when André was under sentence of death, Captain Wynne interceded in his behalf with General Washington.

He had asked for my interview with Mr. André as a favor to himself. His Excellency had granted the request in the face of objections from two general officers, whom the marquis did not name. As I thanked him he gave me this order:

To Major Tallmadge:

The bearer, Hugh Wynne, Esq., Captain, Second Company, Third Regiment of Pennsylvania foot, has herewith permission to visit Major André.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

October 1, 1780.

I went at once — it was now close to eight in the evening — to the small house of one Maby, where the prisoner was kept. It was but a hundred yards from his Excellency's quarters. Six sentries marched to and fro around it, and within the room two officers remained day and night with drawn swords. My pass was taken at the door of the house, while I waited on the road without. In a few minutes an officer came to me with Major Tallmadge's compliments, and would I be pleased to enter?

I sometimes think it strange how, even in particulars, the natural and other scenery of this dark drama remains distinct in my memory, unaffected by the obliterating influence of the years which have effaced so much else I had been more glad to keep.

I can see to-day the rising moon, the yellowish road, the long, gray stone farm-house of one story, with windows set in an irregular frame of brickwork. The door opens, and I find my-

self in a short hall, where two officers salute as I pass. My conductor says, "This way, Captain Wynne," and I enter a long, cheerless-looking apartment, the sitting-room of a Dutch farm-house. Two lieutenants, seated within at the doorway, rose as I entered, and, saluting me, sat down again. I stood an instant looking about me. A huge log fire roared on the hearth, so lighting the room that I saw its glow catch the bayonet tips of the sentinels outside as they went and came. There were a half-dozen wooden chairs, and on a pine table four candles burning, a bottle of Hollands, a decanter and glasses. In a high-backed chair sat a man with his face to the fire. It was André. He was tranquilly sketching, with a quill pen, a likeness of himself. He did not turn or leave off drawing until Captain Tomlinson, one of the officers in charge, seeing me pause, said:

"Your pardon, Major. Here is a gentleman come to visit you."

As he spoke the prisoner turned, and I was at once struck by the extreme pallor of his face even as seen in the red light of the fire. His death-like whiteness at this time brought out the regular beauty of his features as his usual ruddiness of color never did. I have since seen strong men near to certain death, but I recall no one who, with a serene and untroubled visage, was yet as white as was this gentleman.

The captain did not present me, and for a moment I stood with a kind of choking in the throat, which came, I suppose, of the great shock André's appearance gave me. He was thus the first to speak:

"Pardon me," he said, as he rose; "the name escaped me."

"Mr. Hugh Wynne," I said, getting myself pulled together — it was much needed.

"Oh, Wynne!" he cried quite joyously; "I did not know you. How delightful to see a friend; how good of you to come! Sit down. Our accommodations are slight. Thanks to his Excellency, here are Madeira and Hollands; may I offer you a glass?"

"No, no," I said, as we took chairs by the fire, on which he cast a log, remarking how cold it was. Then he added:

"Well, Wynne, what can I do for you?" And then, smiling, "Pshaw! what a thing is habit! What can I do for you, or, indeed, my dear Wynne, for any one? But, Lord! I am glad as a child."

It was all so sweet and natural that I was again quite overcome. "My God!" I cried, "I am so sorry, Mr. André! I came down from King's Ferry in haste when I heard of this, and have been three days getting leave to see you. If there be any service I can render you, I am come to offer it."

He said it would be a relief to him if he might speak to me out of ear-shot of the officers. I said as much to these gentlemen, and after a moment's hesitation they retired outside of the still open doorway of the room, leaving us freer to say what we pleased. He was quiet, and, as always, courteous to a fault; but I did not fail to observe that at times, as we talked and he spoke a word of his mother, his eyes filled with tears. In general he was far more composed than I.

He said: "Mr. Wynne, I have writ a letter, which I am allowed to send to General Washington. Will you see that he has it in person? It asks that I may die a soldier's death. All else is done. My mother — but no matter. I have wound up my earthly affairs. I am assured, through the kindness of his Excellency, that my letters and effects will reach my friends and those who are still closer to me. I had hoped to see Mr. Hamilton to-night, that I might ask him to deliver to your chief the letter I now give you. But he has not yet returned, and I must trust it to you to make sure that it does not fail to be considered. That is all, I think."

I said I would do my best, and was there no more — no errand of confidence — nothing else?

"No," he replied thoughtfully; "no, I think not. I shall never forget your kindness." Then he smiled and added, "My 'never'

is a brief day for me, Wynne, unless God permits us to remember in the world where I shall be to-morrow."

I hardly recall what answer I made. I was ready to cry like a child. He went on to bid me say to the good Attorney-General Chew that he had not forgotten his pleasant hospitalities, and he sent also some amiable message to the women of his house and to my aunt and to the Shippens, speaking with the ease and unrestraint of a man who looks to meet you at dinner next week, and merely says a brief good-by.

I promised to charge myself with his messages, and said at last that many officers desired me to express to him their sorrow at his unhappy situation, and that all men thought it hard that the life of an honest soldier was to be taken in place of that of a villain and coward who, if he had an atom of honor, would give himself up.

"May I beg of you, sir," he returned, "to thank these gentlemen of your army? 'T is all I can do; and as to General Arnold, no, Wynne, he is not one to do that; I could not expect it."

His ease and quiet seemed to me amazing. But it was getting late, and I said I must go at once.

As I was in act to leave, he took my hand and said: "There are no thanks a man about to die can give that I do not offer you, Mr. Wynne. Be assured your visit has helped me. It is much to see the face of a friend. All men have been good to me and kind, and none more so than his Excellency. If to-morrow I could see, as I go to death, one face I have known in happier hours — it is much to ask — I may count on you, I am sure. Ah, I see I can! And my letter — you will be sure to do your best?"

"Yes," I said, not trusting myself to speak further, and only adding, "Good-by," as I wrung his hand. Then I went out into the cold October starlight.

It was long after ten when I found Hamilton. I told him briefly of my interview, and asked if it would be possible for me to deliver in person to the General Mr. André's letter. I

had, in fact, that on my mind which, if but a crude product of despair, I yet did wish to say where alone it might help or be considered.

Hamilton shook his head. "I have so troubled his Excellency as to this poor fellow that I fear I can do no more. Men who do not know my chief cannot imagine the distress of heart this business has caused. I do not mean, Wynne, that he has or had the least indecision concerning the sentence; but I can tell you this — the signature of approval of the court's finding is tremulous and unlike his usual writing. We will talk of this again. Will you wait at my quarters? I will do my best for you."

I said I would take a pipe and walk on the road at the foot of the slope below the house in which Washington resided. With this he left me.

The night was clear and beautiful; from the low hills far and near the camp bugle-calls and the sound of horses neighing filled the air. Uneasy and restless, I walked to and fro up and down the road below the little farm-house. Once or twice I fancied I saw the tall figure of the chief pass across the window-panes. A hundred yards away was the house I had just left. There sat a gallant gentleman awaiting death. Here, in the house above me, was he in whose hands lay his fate. I pitied him too, and wondered if in his place I could be sternly just. At my feet the little brook babbled in the night, while the camp noises slowly died away. Meantime, intent on my purpose, I tried to arrange in my mind what I would say or how plead a lost cause. I have often thus prearranged the mode of saying what some serious occasion made needful. I always get ready, but when the time comes I am apt to say things altogether different, and to find, too, that the wisdom of the minute is apt to be the better wisdom.

At last I saw Hamilton approaching me through the gloom. "Come," he said. "His Excellency will see you, but I fear it will be of no use. He himself would agree to a change in the form of death, but Generals Greene and Sullivan are strongly of

opinion that to do so in the present state of exasperation would be unwise and impolitic. I cannot say what I should do were I he. I am glad, Wynne, that it is not I who have to decide. I lose my sense of the equities of life in the face of so sad a business. At least I would give him a gentleman's death. The generals who tried the case say that to condemn a man as a spy, and not at last to deal with him as Hale was dealt with, would be impolitic, and unfair to men who were as gallant as the poor fellow in yonder farm-house."

"It is only too clear," I said.

"Yes, they are right, I suppose, but it is a horrible business."

As we discussed, I went with him past the sentinels around the old stone house and through a hall, and to the left into a large room.

"The general sleeps here," Hamilton said, in a lowered voice. "We have but these two apartments; across the passage is his dining-room, which he uses as his office. Wait here," and so saying, he left me. The room was large, some fifteen by eighteen feet, but so low-ceiled that the Dutch builder had need to contrive a recess in the ceiling to permit of a place for the tall Dutch clock he had brought from Holland. Around the chimney-piece were Dutch tiles. Black Billy, the general's servant, sat asleep in the corner, and two aides slumbered on the floor, tired out, I fancy. I walked to and fro over the creaking boards, and watched the Dutch clock. As it struck eleven the figure of Time, seated below the dial, swung a scythe and turned a tiny hour-glass. A bell rang; an orderly came in and woke up an aide: "despatch for West Point, sir, in haste." The young fellow groaned, stuck the paper in his belt, and went out for his long night ride.

At last my friend returned. "The general will see you presently, Wynne, but it is a useless errand. Give me André's letter." With this he left me again, and I continued my impatient walk. In a quarter of an hour he came back. "Come,"

said he; "I have done my best, but I have failed, as I expected to fail. Speak your mind freely; he likes frankness." I went after him, and in a moment was in the farther room and alone with the chief.

A huge fire of logs blazed on the great kitchen hearth, and at a table covered with maps and papers, neatly set in order, the general sat writing.

He looked up, and with quiet courtesy said, "Take a seat, Captain Wynne. I must be held excused for a little." I bowed and sat down, while he continued to write.

His pen moved slowly, and he paused at times, and then went on apparently with the utmost deliberation. I was favorably placed to watch him without appearing to do so, his face being strongly lighted by the candles in front of him. He was dressed with his usual care, in a buff waistcoat and a blue-and-buff uniform, with powdered hair drawn back to a queue and carefully tied with black ribbon.

The face, with its light-blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and rather heavy nose above a strong jaw, was now grave and, I thought, stern. At least a half-hour went by before he pushed back his chair and looked up.

I am fortunate as regards this conversation, since on my return I set it down in a diary which, however, has many gaps, and is elsewhere incomplete.

"Captain Wynne," he said, "I have refused to see several gentlemen in regard to this sad business, but I learn that Mr. André was your friend. For this reason and at the earnest request of Captain Hamilton and the marquis, I am willing to listen to you. May I ask you to be brief?" He spoke slowly, as if weighing his words.

I replied that I was most grateful — that I owed it to Major André that I had not long ago endured the fate which was now to be his.

"Permit me, sir," he said, "to ask when this occurred."

I replied that it was when, at his Excellency's desire, I had entered Philadelphia as a spy.

"Sir," he returned, "you owed your danger to folly, not to what your duty brought. You were false, for the time, to that duty. But this does not concern us now. It may have served as a lesson, and I am free to admit that you did your country a great service. What now can I do for you? As to this unhappy gentleman, his fate is out of my hands. I have read the letter which Captain Hamilton gave me." As he spoke he took it from the table and deliberately read it again, while I watched him. Then he laid it down and looked up. I saw that his big, patient eyes were overfull as he spoke.

"I regret, sir, to have to refuse this most natural request; I have told Mr. Hamilton that it is not to be thought of. Neither shall I reply. It is not fitting that I should do so, nor is it necessary or even proper that I assign reasons which must already be plain to every man of sense. Is that all?"

I said, "Your Excellency, may I ask but a minute more?"

"I am at your disposal, sir, for so long. What is it?"

I hesitated, and, I suspect, showed plainly in my face my doubt as to the propriety of what was most on my mind when I sought this interview. He instantly guessed that I was embarrassed, and said, with the gentlest manner and a slight smile:

"Ah, Mr. Wynne, there is nothing which can be done to save your friend, nor indeed to alter his fate; but if you desire to say more do not hesitate. You have suffered much for the cause which is dear to us both. Go on, sir."

Thus encouraged, I said, "If on any pretext the execution can be delayed a week, I am ready to go with a friend,— to enter New York in disguise, and to bring out General Arnold. I have been his aide, I know all his habits, and I am confident that we shall succeed if only I can control near New York a detachment of tried men. I have thought over my plan, and am willing to risk my life upon it."

"You propose a gallant venture, sir, but it would be certain to fail; the service would lose another brave man, and I should seem to have been wanting in decision for no just or assignable cause."

I was profoundly disappointed; and in the grief of my failure I forgot for a moment the august presence which imposed on all men the respect which no sovereign could have inspired.

"My God! sir," I exclaimed, "and this traitor must live unpunished, and a man who did but what he believed to be his duty must suffer a death of shame!" Then, half scared, I looked up, feeling that I had said too much. He had risen before I spoke, meaning, no doubt, to bring my visit to an end, and was standing with his back to the fire, his admirable figure giving the impression of greater height than was really his.

When, after my passionate speech, I looked up, having of course also risen, his face wore a look that was more solemn than any face of man I have ever yet seen in all my length of years.

"There is a God, Mr. Wynne," he said, "who punishes the traitor. Let us leave this man to the shame which every year must bring. Your scheme I cannot consider. I have no wish to conceal from you or from any gentleman what it has cost me to do that which, as God lives, I believe to be right. You, sir, have done your duty to your friend. And now may I ask of you not to prolong a too painful interview?"

I bowed, saying, "I cannot thank your Excellency too much for the kindness with which you have listened to a rash young man."

"You have said nothing, sir, which does not do you honor."

—From Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker.

Notes

S. Weir Mitchell, born, in Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 15, 1829.

Died, Jan. 4, 1914.

Silas Weir Mitchell was a distinguished American physician, poet, and novelist.

This extract is from the novel, "Hugh Wynne," based upon the Revolutionary War. Pupils who are interested may find a full account of the tragedy in Chapter XXV.

West Point is a strategic fort on the Hudson River, the plans of which had been sold by Benedict Arnold to the British. Major André, a young British officer who was sent to get them, was captured at Tarrytown and executed at the little Dutch village of Tappan.

Locate the places mentioned in the story on the map.

Can you compare the farm house and the room in which André was seated with one you may have seen?

What lines tell you of André's courage?

What is meant by "a soldier's death"?

What reasons were given for not granting his request?

Why was Mr. Wynne so eager to save André's life?

What was his plan to capture Arnold?

Give a word picture of General Washington.

How do you account for the Dutch furnishings of his apartment?

What lines tell of Washington's distress of heart after deciding André's fate?

Is it ever justifiable to be a spy?

When you read of Arnold's last days you will learn how a traitor is despised.

An account of this may be found in the last paragraph of Chapter XXV.

Words and Phrases

"obliterating influence of the years"
"serene and untroubled visage"
"courteous to a fault"

NATHAN HALE

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns,
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance —
A dark wave, a plumed wave
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!

For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow and steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guard withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spent wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of Hale shall burn!

NOTES

Captain Nathan Hale, who was only twenty-one years of age, offered to go as a spy into General Howe's camp on Long Island. He got much valuable information about the enemy's fortifications, but was captured while on his way back to the American army. He was taken before General Howe, who ordered him to be hanged the next morning. His requests for a clergyman and a Bible were both denied him.

The last words of the martyr-spy were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

What lines tell you of the bravery of Hale?

What is meant by "the Briton's camp"? Could you express it differently?

What time is it when he enters the camp?

What is meant by "the plumed wave"?

Why is it compared to "the glimmer of a lance"?

What do you picture when you read "an emerald expanse"?

Why is the sentry described as "falcon-eyed"?

What lines describe the cruelty of his captors?

What were his dying words, or battle cry?

Do you know of any monument erected to Nathan Hale's memory?

YOU CANNOT CONQUER AMERICA

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

From a *Speech in the House of Lords, November 8, 1777, on a Motion for an Address to the Throne.*

My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it.

The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it,— you cannot conquer America. Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America.

My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the northern force, the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and, with great delay and danger, to adopt a new plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent,— doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never — never — never!

THE LAST OF HIS RACE

M. QUAD (CHARLES BERTRAND LEWIS)

An hour before sunset he came out of his hiding-place on the banks of the Little Missouri. Hunger drove him out. He sniffed the air and looked about him like a fugitive. He was a fugitive. His once proud bearing had given place to the demeanor of a skulker. The fire in his eye had died out; he had become thin and weak; he started in alarm as a coyote sneaked out of the bushes above him and gave utterance to a dismal howl. He, startled by the voice of such a creature — he, the grand old buffalo bull who had led a herd of thousands in a hundred wild stampedes, who had known no conqueror, who had traversed half a continent unchecked by man or the obstacles of nature!

He lifted his head and looked to the south. From the Canadian line and beyond, down to the very waters of the Rio Grande, the American bison could once be found in numbers absolutely countless. Their migration made a continent tremble. Their stampedes made mountains rock. A strip of country two thousand miles long by six hundred broad had been their pasture ground. A thousand streams had been made to quench their thirst — a thousands fords created that they might pass in safety.

And now the end has come! If there was one single living buffalo between him and the waters lapping the far shores of Texas, it was some craven in hiding like himself. From the Laramie plains to the waters of the Elkhorn, from north to south of a continent, the plains, and prairies, and valleys yielded up the monuments of man's cupidity, in the shape of bleaching skeletons. They bleached in the sun by day and blackened under the dews of night. At every yard was a skull polished by the teeth of wolf, and bear, and coyote; at every rod a skeleton with bones falling apart and half-hidden in the grass. Even amidst

the firs, and cedars, and pines on the hillsides were bones — carried there by the vultures, who feasted and grew fat and were lethargic with over-feeding. Down in the dark and dismal ravines, where the foot of man had never trod, up cañons where the darkness and silence were like a horrible nightmare, there were skulls, and ribs, and thigh-bones, dragged away by panther, and grizzly, and wildcat.

Scarred by arrows, wounded by bullets, pursued by foes from valley to valley and from river to river, the whilom monarch has at last found a covert and a breathing-spell for a day. He had skulked like a wounded wolf; he has crouched like a fox in his lair. The cry of a vulture hovering high above had made him tremble — he who had driven the dreaded grizzly out of his path more than once, and whose sharp, stout horns had sent more than one Indian pony to his death!

Ah! But the cries of the coyote have brought company! They come sneaking out of thicket, and grass, and crevice until there are a dozen. The youngest calf of a herd would not fear them, and yet their angry snarls make the old monarch tremble! The sun seems to drop into a lower notch as the old monarch moves softly about to snatch a bite here and there, but always keeping his eye on the pack. As the craving of hunger becomes partly satisfied, the fire comes back to his eyes, and he even gives his head a defiant toss. If their howling brings the savage wolf, he will die fighting — he will die game. He has fought them a hundred battles, and never suffered defeat.

Here they come! He looks up to find himself almost encircled. They are hungry and gaunt. Their eyes blaze and foam falls from their lips as they close in on him. Now, watch him! He is no longer the fugitive — the craven, trembling at every sound. His head is held high; there is a royal fire in his great eyes, and he utters a low bellow of defiance and paws the earth as a challenge for them to come on.

Crack! Crash! Hurrah!

The bull totters, sways to and fro, and falls to the earth, shot through the heart. A man leaps out of the thicket, waves his hat and gun, and cheers the success of his shot, while the wolves sneak away into the twilight and growl and snap at each other. The last of his race is dead. He would have died fighting as a monarch should, but man prevented. It is the last hide — the last feast for wolves and vultures — the last monument to mark man's savagery when stirred by cupidity and selfishness.

NOTES

Charles Bertrand Lewis (M. Quad) was an American Journalist. He was educated at Michigan Agricultural College, served in the Civil War, and served on the staff of the "Detroit Free Press" and later on that of the New York "World."

INDIANS

CHARLES SPRAGUE

Alas! for them, their day is o'er,
Their fires are out on hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plow is on their hunting grounds;
The pale man's ax rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry:
Their children — look, by power opprest,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go to die.

NOTES

From "Centennial Ode," Section XIX, pronounced at the celebration of the settling of Boston, 1630–1830.

THE FIRST, BEST COUNTRY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my own soul, each wond'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.
But where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the goods they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

— From "The Traveller."

NOTES

Oliver Goldsmith, born, at Pallas, Ireland, November 10, 1728.
Died, at London, Eng., April 4, 1774.

"An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of

climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our minds."

THE CITIZEN

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

The President of the United States was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened intently, their faces, aglow with the light of a new-born patriotism, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at them from time to time, their faces showing pride and awe.

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big, muscular man and stroked it softly. The big man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct:

"You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America."

The big man made a curious choking noise and his wife breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected.

The President continued:

"No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us, but remember this, if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought

some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome."

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking through the Presidential rostrum, through the big buildings behind it, looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village that huddled on an island in the Beresina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper, an island that looked like a black bone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Beresina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff, Big Ivan of the Bridge.

The Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps. Soft breezes escorted her, velvety breezes that carried the aromas of the far-off places from which they came, places far to the southward, and more distant towns beyond the Black Sea whose people were not under the sway of the Great Czar.

The father of Big Ivan, who had fought under Prince Menshikov at Alma fifty-five years before, hobbled out to see the sunbeams eat up the snow hummocks that hid in the shady places, and he told his son it was the most wonderful spring he had ever seen.

"The little breezes are hot and sweet," he said, sniffing hungrily with his face turned toward the south. "I know them, Ivan! I

know them! They have the spice odor that I sniffed on the winds that came to us when we lay in the trenches at Balaklava. Praise God for the warmth!"

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he plowed. It was a wonder dream. It sprang into his brain as he walked behind the plow, and for a few minutes he quivered as the big bridge quivers when the Beresina sends her ice squadrons to hammer the arches. It made his heart pound mightily, and his lips and throat became very dry.

Big Ivan stopped at the end of the furrow and tried to discover what had brought the Dream. Where had it come from? Why had it clutched him so suddenly? Was he the only man in the village to whom it had come?

Like his father, he sniffed the sweet-smelling breezes. He thrust his great hands into the sunbeams. He reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up overnight. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers. It came from them and it had sprung into his mind because he was young and strong. He knew! It could n't come to his father, or Donkov the tailor, or Poborino the smith. They were old and weak, and Ivan's dream was one that called for youth and strength.

"Aye, for youth and strength," he muttered as he gripped the plow. "And I have it!"

That evening Big Ivan of the Bridge spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman, who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said, looking down at her as she stood by his side.

"To Bobruisk," she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Aye, a long way farther."

Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We — we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Aye, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan, tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going!"

"We are going to America."

"To America?"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan of the Bridge lifted up his voice when he cried out the words "To America," and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as these words dashed through the little window out into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was 8,000 versts away! It was far across the ocean, a place that was only a name to him, a place where he knew no one. He wondered in the strange little silence that followed his words if the crippled son of Poborino, the smith, had heard him. The cripple would jeer at him if the night wind had carried the words to his ear.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big blue eyes, the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago.

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly, patting his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan of the Bridge, slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he plowed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a wonderful dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the sweet smell of the upturned sod and of his own strength. "It would n't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great snaky muscles rippling beneath the clear skin. "It is a dream that comes only

to those who are strong and those who want — who want something that they have n't got." Then in a lower voice he said: "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with fear-filled eyes. There were spies even there in that little village on the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words that might be construed into a reflection on the Government. But she answered Ivan. She stooped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Aye," he cried. "That is what we want! You and I and millions like us want it, and over there, Anna, over there we will get it. It is the country where a *muzhik* is as good as a prince of the blood!"

Anna stood up, took a small earthenware jar from a side shelf, dusted it carefully, and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck she took a ruble and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she explained. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid that you might laugh at me."

"It is a great dream," she murmured. "Come, we will go to sleep."

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. It pounded within his brain as he followed the plow. It bred a discontent that made him hate the little village, the swift-flowing Beresina, and the gray stretches that ran toward Nogilev. He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one rode on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

And in some mysterious way the village became aware of the secret. Donkov the tailor discovered it. Donkov lived in one half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and Donkov had long ears. The tailor spread the news, and Poborino the smith and Yanansk, the baker, would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

"When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

"Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as he went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan angrily. "I am brave enough to want —"

"Be careful! Be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in the earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Aye," he said. "I have the Dream."

Through the hot, languorous summertime the Dream grew within the brain of Big Ivan. He saw visions in the smoky haze that hung above the Beresina. At times he would stand, hoe in hand, and look toward the west, the wonderful west into which the sun slipped down each evening like a coin dropped from the fingers of the dying day.

Autumn came; the fretful whining winds that came down from the north chilled the Dream. The winds whispered of the coming of the Snow King, and the river grumbled as it listened. Big Ivan kept out of the way of Poborino the smith and Yanansk the baker. The dream was still with him, but autumn is a bad time for dreams.

Winter came, and the Dream weakened. It was only the earthenware pot that kept it alive, the pot into which the industrious Anna put every coin that could be spared. Often Big Ivan would stare at the pot as he sat beside the stove. The thought of the increasing wealth within kept the Dream alive.

"You are a good woman, Anna," Ivan would say again and again. "It was you who thought of saving the rubles."

"But it was you who dreamed," she would answer. "Wait for the spring, husband mine. Wait."

It was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that year. It sprang upon the flanks of winter before the Ice King had given the order to retrēat into the fastnesses of the north. It swept up the river escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise upon their faces. A wonderful guest had come to them and found them unprepared.

Big Ivan of the Bridge was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning the Spring Maiden reached the village. For a little while he was not aware of her arrival. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his overcoat. He turned to hang the coat upon a bush, then he sniffed the air, and a puzzled look came upon his face. He sniffed again, hurriedly, hungrily. He drew in great breaths of it, and his eyes shone with a strange light. It was wonderful air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him, ten times more lusty than on the day it was born, and his limbs trembled as he drew in the hot, scented breezes that breed the wanderlust and shorten the long trails of the world.

Big Ivan clutched his coat and ran to the little cottage. He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The spring!" he cried. "The spring!"

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. Standing together they sniffed the sweet breezes. In silence they listened to the song of the river. The Beresina had changed from a whining, fretful tune into a lilting, sweet song that would set the legs of lovers dancing. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan. "The little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was a slow business, because Ivan's big blunt fingers were not used to such work, but it was over at last. He stacked the coins into neat piles, then he straightened himself and turned to the woman at his side.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough, we would have to go because the Dream is upon me and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of Littin the butcher will buy our chairs and our bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

Poborino the smith; his crippled son, Yanansk the baker; Dankov the tailor, and a score of others were out upon the village street on the morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, their faces turned toward Bobruisk, Ivan balancing upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

At the end of the street a stripling with bright eyes and yellow curls clutched the hand of Ivan and looked into his face.

"I know what is sending you," he cried.

"Aye, you know," said Ivan, looking into the eyes of the other.

"It came to me yesterday," murmured the stripling. "I got it from the breezes. They are free, so are the birds and the little clouds and the river. I wish I could go."

"Keep your dream," said Ivan softly. "Nurse it, for it is the dream of a man."

Anna, who was crying softly, touched the blouse of the boy.

"At the back of our cottage, near the bush that bears the red berries, a pot is buried," she said. "Dig it up and take it home with you and when you have a kopeck drop it in. It is a good pot."

The stripling understood. He stooped and kissed the hand of Anna, and Big Ivan patted him upon the back. They were brother dreamers and they understood each other.

Boris Lugan has sung the song of the versts that eat up one's courage as well as the leather of one's shoes.

"Versts! Versts! Scores and scores of them!
Versts! Versts! A million or more of them!
Dust! Dust! And the devils who play in it,
Blinding us fools who forever must stay in it."

Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. It made their hearts light and took the weary feeling from their feet. They were on their way. America was a long, long journey, but they had started, and every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Primrosed Land.

"I 'm glad the boy spoke to us," said Anna.

"And I am glad," said Ivan. "Some day he will come and eat with us in America."

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked into it late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village on the Beresina, but they were not afraid. The Dream spoke to Ivan, and his big hand held the hand of Anna. The railway ran through Bobruisk, and that evening they stood and looked at the shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

And they came face to face with the Terror that evening, the Terror that had helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan.

They were walking down a dark side street when they saw a

score of men and women creep from the door of a squat, unpainted building. The little group remained on the sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain about the way they should go, then from the corner of the street came a cry of "Police!" and the twenty pedestrians ran in different directions.

It was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare, swinging their swords as they rode at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding place ran a young boy who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way till the storm was over.

The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. A trooper pursued him, overtook him before he reached the sidewalk, and knocked him down with a quick stroke given with the flat of his blade. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled on his face.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear, and sprang from his hiding place. The trooper's horse had carried him on to the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward to strike at the giant, but Ivan of the Bridge gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from his saddle.

The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy who was unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street, and their position was a dangerous one.

"Ivan!" she cried, "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America, Ivan! America! Come this way, quick!"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. It opened into a narrow lane, and, holding each other's hands, they hurried toward the place where they had taken lodgings. From

far off came the screams and hoarse orders, curses, and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad.

Big Ivan spoke softly as they entered the little room they had taken. "He had a face like the boy to whom you gave the lucky pot," he said. "Did you notice it in the moonlight when the trooper struck him down?"

"Yes," she answered. "I saw."

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away on a great, puffing, snorting train that terrified Anna. The engineer turned a stopcock as they were passing the engine, and Anna screamed while Ivan nearly dropped the big trunk. The engineer grinned, but the giant looked up at him and the grin faded. Ivan of the Bridge was startled by the rush of hot steam, but he was afraid of no man.

The train went roaring by little villages and great pasture stretches. The real journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate. They looked at each other from time to time and smiled like two children.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town they had ever seen. They looked out from the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church of St. Catharine, and the woolen mills. Minsk would have frightened them if they had n't had the Dream. The farther they went from the little village on the Beresina the more courage the Dream gave to them.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan would answer.

"To America?" they would cry. "May the little saints guide you. It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply Anna

would pat his hand, and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

They ran through Vilna, on through flat stretches of Courland to Libau, where they saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little, but watching it with wide, wondering eyes. And they stared at the great ships that came rocking in from distant ports, their sides gray with the salt from the big combers which they had battled with.

No wonder this America of ours is big. We draw the brave ones from the old lands, the brave ones whose dreams are like the guiding sign that was given to the Israelites of old — a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night.

The harbor master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

"Ours will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant and spoke softly. "You have the eyes of a man who sees things," he said. "There was a Norwegian sailor in the *White Queen,* who had eyes like yours, and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan boldly. "A free life —"

"Hush!" said the harbor master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but he dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them a courage that surprised them. There were others going aboard, and Ivan and Anna felt that those others were also persons who possessed dreams. She saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs,

Poles, Letts, Jews, and Livonians, all bound for the land where dreams come true. They were a little afraid — not two per cent of them had ever seen a ship before — yet their dreams gave them courage.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. Night came down, and the devils who, according to the Esthonian fisherman, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. They whipped up white combers that sprang on her flanks and tried to crush her, and the wind played a devil's lament in her rigging. Anna lay sick in the stuffy women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream, the Great Dream that would become real in the land to which they were bound. Ivan of the Bridge grew to full stature on that first night out from Libau. The battered old craft that carried him slouched before the waves that swept over her decks, but he was not afraid. Down among the million and one smells of the steerage he induced a thin-faced Livonian to play upon a mouth organ, and Big Ivan sang Paleer's "Song of Freedom" in a voice that drowned the creaking of the old vessel's timbers, and made the seasick ones forget their sickness. They sat up in their berths and joined in the chorus, their eyes shining brightly in the half gloom:

"Freedom for serf and for slave,
Freedom for all men who crave
Their right to be free
And who hate to bend knee
But to Him who this right to them gave."

It was well that these emigrants had dreams. They wanted them. The sea devils chased the lumbering steamer. They hung to her bows and pulled her for'ard deck under emerald-green rollers. They clung to her stern and hoisted her nose till

Big Ivan thought that he could touch the door of heaven by standing on her blunt snout. Miserable, cold, ill and sleepless, the emigrants crouched in their quarters, and to them Ivan and the thin-faced Livonian sang the "Song of Freedom."

The emigrant ship pounded through the Cattegat, swung southward through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea. But the storm pursued her. The big waves snarled and bit at her, and the Captain and the Chief Officer consulted with each other. They decided to run into the Thames, and the harried steamer nosed her way in and anchored off Gravesend.

An examination was made, and the agents decided to transship the emigrants. They were taken to London and thence by train to Liverpool, and Ivan and Anna sat again side by side, holding hands and smiling at each other as the third-class emigrant train from Euston raced down through the green Midland counties to grimy Liverpool.

"You are not afraid?" Ivan would say to her each time she looked at him.

"It is a long way, but the Dream has given me much courage," she said.

"To-day I spoke to a Lett whose brother works in New York City," said the giant. "Do you know how much money he earns each day?"

"How much?" she questioned.

"Three rubles, and he calls the policemen by their first names."

"You will earn five rubles, my Ivan," she murmured. "There is no one as strong as you."

Once again they were herded into the bowels of a big ship that steamed away through the fog banks of the Mersey out into the Irish Sea. There were more dreamers now, nine hundred of them, and Anna and Ivan were more comfortable. And these new emigrants, English, Irish, Scotch, French, and German, knew much concerning America. Ivan was certain that he would earn at least three rubles a day. He was very strong.

On the deck he defeated all comers in a tug of war, and the Captain of the ship came up to him and felt his muscles.

"The country that lets men like you get away from it is run badly," he said. "Why did you leave it?"

The interpreter translated what the Captain said, and through the interpreter Ivan answered.

"I had a Dream," he said, "a Dream of freedom."

"Good," cried the Captain. "Why should a man with muscles like yours have his face ground into the dust?"

The soul of Big Ivan grew during those days. He felt himself a man, a man who was born upright to speak his thoughts without fear.

The ship rolled into Queenstown one bright morning, and Ivan and his nine hundred steerage companions crowded the for'ard deck. A boy in a rowboat threw a line to the deck, and after it had been fastened to a stanchion he came up hand over hand. The emigrants watched him curiously. An old woman sitting in the boat pulled off her shoes, sat in a loop of the rope, and lifted her hand as a signal to her son on deck.

"Hey, fellers," said the boy, "help me pull me muvver up. She wants to sell a few dozen apples, an' they won't let her up the gangway!"

Big Ivan didn't understand the words, but he guessed what the boy wanted. He made one of a half dozen who gripped the rope and started to pull the ancient apple woman to the deck.

They had her halfway up the side when an undersized third officer discovered what they were doing. He called to a steward, and the steward sprang to obey.

"Turn a hose on her!" cried the officer. "Turn a hose on the old woman!"

The steward rushed for the hose. He ran with it to the side of the ship with the intention of squirting the old woman, who was swinging in midair and exhorting the six men who were dragging her to the deck.

"Pull!" she cried. "Sure, I'll give every one of ye a rosy red apple an' me blessing with it."

The steward aimed the nozzle of the hose, and Big Ivan of the Bridge let go of the rope and sprang at him. The fist of the great Russian went out like a battering ram; it struck the steward between the eyes, and he dropped upon the deck. He lay like one dead, the muzzle of the hose wriggling from his limp hands.

The third officer and the interpreter rushed at Big Ivan, who stood erect, his hands clenched.

"Ask the big swine why he did it?" roared the officer.

"Because he is a coward!" cried Ivan. "They would n't do that in America!"

"What does the big brute know about America?" cried the officer.

"Tell him I have dreamed of it," shouted Ivan. "Tell him it is my Dream. Tell him I will kill him if he turns the water upon this old woman."

The apple seller was on deck then, and with the wisdom of the Celt she understood. She put her lean hand upon the great head of the Russian and blessed him in Gaelic. Ivan bowed before her, then as she offered him a rosy apple he led her toward Anna, a great Viking leading a withered old woman who walked with the grace of a duchess.

"Please don't touch him," she cried, turning to the officer. "We have been waiting for your ship for six hours, and we have only five dozen apples to sell. It 's a great man he is. Sure he 's as big as Finn MacCool."

Some one pulled the steward behind a ventilator and revived him by squirting him with water from the hose which he had tried to turn upon the old woman. The third officer slipped quietly away.

The Atlantic was kind to the ship that carried Ivan and Anna. Through sunny days they sat up on deck and watched the hori-

zon. They wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning with sunshine and soft winds. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the smear upon the horizon, and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to Libau, the mad buck-jumping boat in whose timbers the sea devils of the Baltic had bored holes. Everything unpleasant was forgotten, because the Dream had filled them with a great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and he smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," said one. "Gee, he's a new white hope! Ask him can he fight?"

An interpreter put the question, and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Gee!" cried the inspector. "Ask him was it for purses or what?"

"For freedom," answered Ivan. "For freedom to stretch my legs and straighten my neck!"

Ivan and Anna left the government ferryboat at the Battery. They started to walk uptown, making for the East Side, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other man could lift.

It was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that it was a festival day. Ivan and Anna stared at each other in amazement. They had never seen such dresses as those worn by the smiling women who passed them by; they had never seen such well-groomed men.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. None."

Like two simple children, they walked along the streets of the

City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray, stupid towns where the Terror waited to spring upon the cowed people. In Bobruisk, Minsk, Vilna, and Libau the people were sullen and afraid. They walked in dread, but in the City of Wonder beside the glorious Hudson every person seemed happy and centented.

They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the wonderful shop windows, the roaring elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers. Hours afterward they found themselves in Fifth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, and there the miracle happened to the two Russian immigrants. It was a big miracle, inasmuch as it proved the Dream a truth, a great truth.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the avenue, but they became confused in the snarl of traffic. They dodged backward and forward as the stream of automobiles swept by them. Anna screamed, and, in response to her scream, a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. He took the arm of Anna and flung up a commanding hand. The charging autos halted. For five blocks north and south they jammed on the brakes when the unexpected interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the cop. "Sure I can tame 'em by liftin' me hand."

Anna did n't understand what he said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his Irish eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care that he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them, wondering much. Ivan's mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad.

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan good-naturedly upon the shoulder, and then with a sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan of the Bridge took the trunk from his head and put

After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is the world-wide fatherland!

NOTES

What is generally meant by our "Fatherland"?

After you have read the poem do you think that is the poet's conception of it?

In the first and second stanzas to what does he compare it?

Can you find a compound word which has a similar meaning?

What is the significance of a "myrtle wreath"?

Why does he liken grief to a fetter?

How may we gain this fatherland?

"The Fatherland" is one of Lowell's Earlier Poems. What was his feeling about slavery?

What is a "birthright"?

Compare "The Fatherland" with "Love of Country" by Sir Walter Scott.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

WOODROW WILSON

Delivered before the Congress of the United States, April 2, 1917.

I have called Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the third of February last, I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coast of Europe, or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean. That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk, and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy, when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats. The precautions taken were meager and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed.

The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning, and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself, and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would, in fact, be done by any government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law

had its origin in the attempt to set up some law, which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up with meager enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity, and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these, which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants, men, women and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be.

The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion. . . .

There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making. We will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are not common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my final duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it and that it take immediate steps, not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

. . . . . .

Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments, backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances.

We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed against nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval.

It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days, when peoples were nowhere con-

sulted by their rulers, and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties, or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow-men as pawns and tools.

. . . . . .

We are now about to accept gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish objects, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

. . . . . .

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity towards a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German

people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reëstablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us — however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of that friendship — exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose.

If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seems to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have,

with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

Notes

Who has the greatest power in a Democracy, the ruler or the people?

Why did President Wilson say that it was not "constitutionally permissible" for him to make any change in the policy of our country?

Study your map of Europe and see what parts were in danger of German submarines.

What word is synonomous with "under-sea craft"?

Relate some promises that Germany made which she had broken. What were her excuses?

Explain what is meant by the "freedom of the seas"? What do you understand by "belligerents"?

To whom was Germany's challenge given?

Be able to tell the motive of your country in taking up this challenge. The United States tried to be neutral at the opening of the war, but it was found to be no longer feasible.

Memorize the paragraph which opens with the passage, "We have no selfish ends to serve. . . ."

As you read these words of our President, what impression do you get of him?

By reading the last paragraph thoughtfully you should grasp the idea of what is meant by "Making the World Safe for Democracy."

David Lawrence, a writer for our leading periodicals, expresses the same idea in the following,—

"Peace is coming — but only when the world is rid of such pernicious institutions as German militarism, and a free government has arisen in Germany composed of liberty-loving individuals like ourselves, coveting the territory of no neighbor, tempted by no spirit of imperial conquest, menacing the lives of no people, but anxious to live happily in a place under the sun without begrudging similar solar rights to other nations."

Words and Phrases

"Fellow-men used as pawns and tools"
"observe with proud punctilio"
"to accept the gage of battle"
"running amuck"

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Lay down the ax; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts — see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the ax must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye, who breast the mountain-storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,

Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defense;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land,
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over the bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye, who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long-murmuring marge of sand —
Come like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck, against the shore!

Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be!

Notes

To what industrial group does the call to serve his country come first?

In what battle of the Revolution did the "embattled farmers" strike for liberty?

What positions are filled by those who "ply the pen"?

To what new tasks are they urged to train the hand?

What is meant by "blood-stream blots the green"?

Name battles where that might be true.

Who do you think is meant by "banded traitors"?

Of what is the oak the symbol?

Why do you think the woodmen would make good fighters?

What dangers did they often meet?

Explain what an "iron tempest" is.

Who do you think is meant by those "who breast the mountain-storm"?

Can you express in one word to stand "like your own gray cliffs"?

How do the cliffs mock the whirlwind?

What "grand, swift rivers" might the poet mean?

Do you know of any that do great damage by their overflow?

What section of our country is meant by "the depth of her green land"?

To what does the poet compare the number of sailors who should volunteer? To what their power and strength?

What goodly heritage did our forefathers leave us?

Why should all classes of men respond to their "Country's Call"?

If all men should "strike for home and country" what would be the grand result?

THE STATE VERSUS THOMAS GRAYSON

EDWARD EGGLESTON

NOTE. This episode from Edward Eggleston's story "The Graysons" is based on a well known incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln. Tom Grayson and George Lockwood had quarreled. Tom had been heard to threaten Lockwood. One evening George Lockwood was found dead in the woods. Suspicion fell upon Tom Grayson. To defend her son, Mrs. Grayson employed a young lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, whom she had known from early childhood.

At last the sheriff's new deputy went up the court-house stairs, and pulled away on the rope that rattled the bell in the belfry — a bell that uttered its notes in irregular groups, now pausing for breath, and now sending one hurried stroke clattering hard on the heels of another. Its clanking had no more dignity than the words of a gossip eagerly tattling small news. While the bell was yet banging, Judge Watkins's iron-gray head and stooped shoulders appeared; he pushed his way slowly through the press, his brows contracted in impatience at finding even the physical progress of the court obstructed by the vulgar. The people squeezed themselves as nearly flat as possible in the endeavor to make way for his honor, of whom they were as much in awe as school-boys of a stern master.

The judge began the session by calling the case of The People of the State of Illinois *versus* Thomas Grayson, Junior, and there was a hush in the crowded court-room. Tom sat regarding the crowd with such feelings as a gladiator doomed to mortal combat might have had in looking on the curious spectators in the Coliseum. Mrs. Grayson and Barbara had been provided with chairs within the bar; but on his mother and sister Tom did not dare to let his eyes rest.

The jury was very soon impaneled, for in that day entire igno-

rance of the matter in hand was not thought indispensable to a wise decision. No time was spent in an opening speech; the preliminary oratory, by which our metropolitan barristers consume the time of an indulgent court and make a show of earning their preposterous fees, was rarely indulged in that simpler land and time. The fees paid, indeed, would not have justified the making of two speeches.

No portion of the crowd tucked into the four walls of the Moscow court-house showed more interest in the trial than the members of the bar. The unsolved mystery that hung about Lincoln's line of defense, the absence of any witnesses in Tom's behalf, the neglect of all the ordinary precautions, such as the seeking of a change of venue, produced a kind of flurry of expectation inside of the bar; and the lawyers in their blue sparrow-tail coats with brass buttons, which constituted then a kind of professional uniform, moved about with as much animation as uneasy jaybirds, to which the general effect of their costume gave them a sort of family likeness.

The prosecuting attorney called Henry Miller to prove that Tom had been irritated with Lockwood at Albaugh's, but Henry did what he could for Tom, by insisting that it did n't "amount to anything" as a quarrel; it was "only a huff," he said. The next witness called was the nervous young man who had stood balancing himself on the threshold of Wooden & Snyder's store when Tom had threatened Lockwood. He was a habitual gossip, and the story lost nothing from his telling.

Then the carpenter who had bought a three-cornered file on the morning of Tom's outburst against Lockwood also swore to the details of that affair as he remembered them, and the villager who had come in to buy nails to repair his garden fence gave a third version of the quarrel; but Snyder, the junior proprietor of the store, told the incident as it was colored by his partisanship for Lockwood and in a way the most damaging to Tom. He swore that Lockwood was really afraid of Tom. The young man fol-

lowed who had heard Tom say that George Lockwood was the cause of all his troubles, and that Lockwood "had better not get in his way again, if he knew what was good for him."

Lincoln sat out that forenoon without making a note, without raising an objection, without asking the witnesses a question, and without a book or a scrap of paper before him. He did not break silence at all, except to waive the cross-examination of each witness. The impression made in Tom's favor by his voluntary appearance at the trial, when he might perhaps have got away, was by this time dissipated, and the tide set now overwhelmingly against him; and to this tide his self-contained lawyer had offered not the slightest opposition. It was a serious question even among the lawyers whether or not Lincoln had given up the case. But if he had given up the case, why did he not fight on every small point, as any other lawyer would have done, for the sake of making a show of zeal? To Allen, the public prosecutor, there was something annoying and ominous in Lincoln's silence; something that made him apprehensive of he knew not what.

When the court took its noon recess Barbara and her mother were in utter despondency. It seemed to them that Lincoln was letting the case go by default, while the prosecuting attorney was full of energetic activity.

"Abra'm," said Mrs. Grayson, intercepting Lincoln as he passed out of the bar with his hat drawn down over his anxious brows, "ain't ther' nothin' you kin do for Tom? Can't you show 'em that he never done it?"

"I 'll do whatever I can, Aunt Marthy, but you must leave it to me." So saying, he quickly left her and pushed on out of the door, while his learned brethren gathered into a group within the bar, and unanimously agreed in condemning his neglect of every opportunity to break the force of the evidence against Tom. Why had he not objected to much of it, why had he not cross-questioned, why did he not ask for a change of venue yesterday?

When the sheriff and his deputy, at the close of this forenoon session, passed out of the court-house with Tom, there was a rush of people around and in front of them. Men and boys climbed up on wagons, tree stumps, and whatever afforded them a good view of the criminal. For the most part the people were only moved by that heartless curiosity which finds a pleasurable excitement in the sight of other people's woes, but there was also very manifest an increasing resentment toward Tom, and not a little of that human ferocity which is easily awakened in time of excitement and which reminds us of a sort of second cousinship that subsists between a crowd of men and a pack of wolves — or between a pack of men and a crowd of wolves.

The people who had seats in the court-room were, for the most part, too wise in their generation to vacate them during the noon recess. Jake Hogan clambered down from his uncomfortable window-roost for a little while, and Bob McCord took a plunge into the grateful fresh air, but both got back in time to secure their old points of observation. The lawyers came back early. Judge Watkins's austere face assumed a yet more severe expression; for though pity never interfered with justice in his nature, it often rendered the old man unhappy, and therefore more than usually irascible.

There was a painful pause after the judge had taken his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. It was like a wait before a funeral service, but rendered ten times more distressing by the element of suspense. The Judge's quill pen could be heard scratching on the paper as he noted points for his charge to the jury. Barbara and her mother watched Lincoln as he took seat in moody silence. Why had the lawyer not done anything to help Tom? Any other lawyer with a desperate case would have had a stack of law-books in front of him, as a sort of dam against the flood. But Lincoln had neither law-books nor so much as a scrap of paper.

The prosecuting attorney, with a taste for climaxes, reserved his chief witness to the last. Even now he was not ready to call

Sovine. He would add one more stone to the pyramid of presumptive proof before he capped it all with certainty. Markham was therefore put up to identify the old pistol which he had found in Tom's room. Lincoln again waived cross-examination. Blackman felt certain that he himself could have done better. He mentally constructed the questions that should have been put to the deputy sheriff. Was the pistol hot when you found it? Did it smell of powder? Did the family make any objection to your search?— Even if the judge had ruled out such questions, the jury would have heard the questions, and a question often has weight in spite of rulings from the bench. The prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case; he had come to his last witness and his great stroke.

"Call David Sovine," he said, wiping his brow and looking relieved.

"David Sovine! David Sovine! David Sovine!" cried the sheriff in due and ancient form, though David sat almost within whispering distance of him.

The witness stood up.

Dave, who was evidently not accustomed to stand before such a crowd, appeared embarrassed. He had deteriorated in appearance lately. His patent-leather shoes were bright as ever, his trousers were trimly held down by straps, his hair was well kept in place by bear's oil, but there was a nervousness in his expression and carriage that gave him the air of a man who has been drinking to excess. Tom looked at him with defiance, but Dave was standing at the right of the Judge, while the prisoner's dock was on the left, and the witness did not regard Tom at all, but told his story with clearness. Something of the bold assurance which he displayed at the inquest was lacking. His coarse face twitched and quivered, and this appeared to annoy him; he sought to hide it by an affectation of nonchalance, as he rested his weight now on one foot and now on the other.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the prosecutor, with a motion of his head toward the dock.

"Yes, well enough"; but in saying this Dave did not look toward Tom, but out of the window.

"You 've played cards with him, have n't you?"

"Yes."

"Tell his honor and the jury when and where you played with him."

"We played one night last July, in Wooden & Snyder's store."

"Who proposed to Tom to play with you?"

"George Lockwood."

"What did you win that night from Tom?"

"Thirteen dollars, an' his hat an' coat an' boots, an' his han'ke'chi'f an' knife."

"Who, if anybody, lent him the money to get back his things which you had won?"

"George Lockwood."

"Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the 9th of August."

"Yes; I was."

"What did you see there? Tell about the shooting."

Dave told the story, with a little prompting in the way of questions from the lawyer. He related his parting from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty that Tom would not shoot him, and then Tom's shooting. In making these statements Dave looked at the stairway in the corner of the court-room with an air of entire indifference, and he even made one or two efforts to yawn, as though the case was a rather dull affair to him.

"How far away from Grayson and Lockwood were you when the shooting took place?" asked the prosecutor.

"Twenty foot or more."

"What did Tom shoot with?"

"A pistol."

"What kind of a pistol?"

"One of the ole-fashion' sort — flint-lock, with a long barrel."

The prosecuting lawyer now beckoned to the sheriff, who handed down to him, from off his high desk, Tom's pistol.

"Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol."

"'T was just such a one as that. I can't say it was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an' about as long in the barrel."

"What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?"

"Tom ran off as fast as his feet could carry him, an' I went up *towards* George, who 'd fallen over. He was dead ag'inst I could get there. Then pretty soon the crowd came a-runnin' up to see what the fracas was."

After bringing out some further details, Allen turned to his opponent with an air of confidence and said:

"You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln."

There was a brief pause, during which the jurymen changed their positions on the hard seats, making a little rustle as they took their right legs from off their left and hung their left legs over their right knees, or *vice versa*. In making these changes they looked inquiringly at one another, and it was clear that their minds were so well made up that even a judge's charge in favor of the prisoner, if such a thing had been conceivable, would have gone for nothing. Lincoln at length rose slowly from his chair, and stood awhile in silence, regarding Sovine, who seemed excited and nervous, and who visibly paled a little as his eyes sought to escape from the lawyer's gaze.

"You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?" the counsel asked.

"Yes." Dave was all alert and answered promptly.

"Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?"

"No, I was n't," said Dave, his suspicions excited by this mode of attack. It appeared that the lawyer, for some reason, wanted

to make him confess to having been nearer to the scene and perhaps implicated, and he therefore resolved to fight off.

"Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?"

"I was more than twenty," said Dave, huskily.

"What had you and George Lockwood been doing together?"

"We 'd been — talking." Manifestly Dave took fresh alarm at this line of questioning.

"Oh, you had?"

"Yes."

"In a friendly way?"

"Yes; we never had any fuss."

"You parted from him as a friend?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the time Tom came up you 'd got — how far away? Be careful now."

"I 've told you twice. More than twenty feet."

"You might have been mistaken about its being Tom then?"

"No, I was n't."

"Did you know it was Tom before he fired?"

"Yes, I did."

"What time of night was it?"

"Long to*wards* ten, I sh'd think."

"It might have been eleven?"

"No, 't wus n't later 'n about ten." This was said doggedly.

"Nor before nine?"

"No, 't wus nigh onto ten, I said." And the witness showed some irritation, and spoke louder than before.

"How far away were you from the pulpit and meeting-place?"

"'Twixt a half a mile an' a mile."

"Not over a mile?"

"No, scarcely a mile."

"But don't you think it might have been a little less than half a mile?"

"No, it 's nigh onto a mile. I did n't measure it, but it 's a mighty big three-quarters."

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood he made a better impression than he did on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved. Tom listened with an attention painful to see, his eyes moving anxiously from Lincoln to Dave as he wondered what point in Dave's armor the lawyer could be driving at. He saw plainly that his salvation was staked on some last throw.

"You did n't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?"

"No!" said Dave, positively. For some reason this question disconcerted him and awakened his suspicion. "What should we have a candle for?" he added.

"Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?"

"No, of course not! What 'd they have candles for?"

"Where were the lights on the camp-ground?"

"Close by the preachers' tent."

"More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?"

"Anyway as much as three-quarters," said Dave, who began to wish that he could modify his previous statement of the distance.

"How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?"

"Twenty feet."

"You said 'or more' awhile ago."

"Well, 't wus n't no less, p'r'aps," said Dave, showing signs of worry. "You don't think I measured it, do yeh?"

"There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?"

"No," said the witness, the cold perspiration beading on his face as he saw Lincoln's trap opening to receive him.

"You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the

preachers' tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away and in the woods?"

"No, of course not."

"How could you see Tom and know that it was he that fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?"

"Saw by moonlight," said Sovine, snappishly, disposed to dash at any gap that offered a possible way of escape.

"What sort of trees were there on the ground?"

"Beech."

"Beech-leaves are pretty thick in August?" asked Lincoln.

"Ye-es, rather," gasped the witness, seeing a new pitfall yawning just ahead of him.

"And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And you could see him shoot?"

"Yes."

"And you full twenty feet away?"

"Well, about that; nearly twenty, anyhow." Dave shifted his weight to his right foot.

"And you pretend to say to this court that by the moonlight that you got through the beech-trees in August you could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?"

"Ye-es." Dave now stood on his left foot.

"And you could see what kind of a pistol it was?" This was said with a little laugh very exasperating to the witness.

"Yes, I could," answered Dave, with dogged resolution not to be faced down.

"And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?" There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.

"Yes." This was spoken feebly.

"And you twenty feet or more away?"

"I've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see," whined the witness, apologetically.

Here Lincoln paused and looked at Sovine, whose extreme distress was only made the more apparent by his feeble endeavor to conceal his agitation. The counsel, after regarding his uneasy victim for a quarter of a minute, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat, and after a little needless fumbling drew forth a small pamphlet in green covers. He turned the leaves of this with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was utterly silent. The members of the bar had as by general consent put their chairs down on all-fours, and were intently watching the struggle between the counsel and the witness. The sallow-faced judge had stopped the scratching of his quill, and had lowered his spectacles on his nose, that he might study the distressed face of the tormented Sovine. Mrs. Grayson's hands were on her lap, palms downward; her eyes were fixed on Abra'm, and her mouth was half open, as though she were going to speak.

Barbara found it hard to keep her seat, she was so eager for Lincoln to go on, and Tom was leaning forward breathlessly in the dock; his throat felt dry, and he choked when he tried to swallow; it seemed to him that he would smother with the beating of his heart. Lincoln appeared to be the only perfectly deliberate person in the room. He seemed disposed to protract the situation as long as possible. He held his victim on the rack and he let him suffer. He would turn a leaf or two in his pamphlet and then look up at the demoralized witness, as though to fathom the depth of his torture and to measure the result. At last he fixed his thumb firmly at a certain place on a page and turned his eyes to the judge.

"Now, your Honor," he said to the court, "this witness," with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine, "has sworn over and over that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood, near the Union camp-meeting on the night of the 9th of last August, and that he,

the witness, was standing at the time twenty feet or more away, while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile distant from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are this witness's eyes that he even saw what kind of pistol the prisoner held in his hands, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson's as precisely like and probably the identical weapon." Here Lincoln paused and scrutinized Sovine. "All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot — saw and observed them at ten o'clock at night, by means of moonlight shining through the trees — beech-trees in full leaf. That is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in a beech woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods." Lincoln paused here, that the words he had spoken might have time to produce their due effect on the judge, and especially on the slower wits of some of the jury. Meanwhile he turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began once more: "But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the witness I would like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will here see that on the night of the 9th of last August, when this extraordinary witness"— with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down on a chair in exhaustion —"saw the shape of a pistol at twenty feet away, at ten o'clock, by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past one in the morning."

Sovine had been gasping like a fish newly taken from the water while Lincoln uttered these words, and he now began to mutter something.

"You may have a chance to explain when the jury get done looking at the almanac," said the lawyer to him. "For the present you 'd better keep silence."

There was a rustle of excitement in the court-room, but at a word from the Judge the sheriff's gavel fell and all was still.

Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman, an intelligent farmer. Countrymen in that day were used to consulting almanacs, and one group after another of the jurymen satisfied themselves that on the night of the 9th, that is, on the morning of the 10th, the moon came up at half-past one o'clock. When all had examined the page, the counsel recovered his little book.

"Will you let me look at it?" asked the Judge.

"Certainly, your Honor"; and the little witness was handed up to the Judge, who with habitual caution looked it all over, outside and in, even examining the title-page to make sure that the book was genuine and belonged to the current year. Then he took note on a slip of paper of the moon's rising on the night of August 9 and 10, and handed back the almanac to Lincoln, who slowly laid it face downward on the table in front of him, open at the place of its testimony. The audience in the court-room was utterly silent and expectant. The prosecuting attorney got half-way to his feet to object to Lincoln's course, but he thought better of it and sat down again.

"Now, may it please the court," Lincoln went on, "I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional — a matter of life and death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to perjure himself? Why does he wish to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?" Lincoln stood still a moment, and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale about the lips. Then he went on, very slowly. "Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move you, your Honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder."

These words, spoken with extreme deliberation and careful emphasis, shook the audience like an explosion.

The prosecutor got to his feet, probably to suggest that the motion was not in order, since he had yet a right to a re-direct examination of Sovine, but, as the attorney for the State, his duty was now a divided one as regarded two men charged with the same crime. So he waved his hand irresolutely, stammered inarticulately, and sat down.

"This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury," said the judge. "Sheriff, arrest David Sovine! This matter will have to be looked into."

The sheriff came down from his seat, and went up to the now stunned and bewildered Sovine.

"I arrest you," he said, taking him by the arm.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had lived for all these weeks had wrecked his self-control at last.

"God!" he muttered, dropping his head with a sort of shudder. "'T ain't any use keepin' it back any longer. I — did n't mean to shoot him, an' I would n't 'a' come here ag'inst Tom if I could 'a' got away."

The words appeared to be wrung from him by some internal agony too strong for him to master; they were the involuntary result of the breaking down of his forces under prolonged suffering and terror, culminating in the slow torture inflicted by his cross-examination. A minute later, when his spasm of irresolution had passed off, he would have retracted his confession if he could. But the sheriff's duty, with the assistance of a constable, was already leading him through the swaying crowd in the aisle, while many people got up and stood on the benches to watch the exit of the new prisoner. When at length Sovine had disappeared out of the door the spectators turned and looked at Tom, sitting yet in the dock, but with the certainty of speedy release before him. The whole result of Lincoln's masterful stroke was now for the first time realized, and the excitement bade fair to break over

bounds. The whole court-roomful of people burst into cheers, laughter, cries, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in spite of the sheriff's sharp rapping and shouts of "Order in court!"

"May it please the court," said the tall lawyer, who had remained standing, waiting for the tempest to subside, and who now spoke in a subdued voice, "I move your Honor, that the jury be instructed to render a verdict of 'Not guilty.'" The Judge turned to the prosecuting attorney.

"I don't think, your Honor," stammered Allen, "that I ought to object to the motion of my learned brother, under the peculiar circumstances of this case."

"I don't think you ought," said the judge, promptly, and he proceeded to give the jury instructions to render the desired verdict. As soon as the jury, nothing loath, had gone through the formality of a verdict, the sheriff came and opened the door of the box to allow Tom to come out.

It was no longer of any use for the judge to keep on saying, "Sheriff, command order in court!" All the sheriff's rapping was in vain; it was impossible to arrest and fine everybody. The judge was compelled to avail himself of the only means of saving the court's dignity by adjourning for the day, while Mrs. Grayson was already embracing her Tommy under his very eyes.

The lawyers presently congratulated Lincoln, Barbara tried to thank him, and Judge Watkins felt that Impartial Justice herself, as represented in his own person, could afford to praise the young man for his conduct of the case.

"Abr'am," said Mrs. Grayson, "d' yeh know I kind uv lost confidence in you when you sot there so long without doin' *any*thing." Then, after a moment of pause: "Abr'am, I'm thinkin' I 'd ort to deed you my farm. You 've 'arned it, my son; the good Lord A'mighty knows you have."

"I 'll never take one cent, Aunt Marthy — not a single red cent"; and the lawyer turned away to grasp Tom's hand. But the poor fellow who had so recently felt the halter about his neck

could not yet speak his gratitude. "Tom, here," said Lincoln, "will be a help in your old days, Aunt Marthy, and then I 'll be paid a hundred times. You see it 'll tickle me to think that when you talk about this you 'll say: 'That 's the same Abe Lincoln that I used to knit stockings for when he was a poor little fellow, with his bare toes sticking out of ragged shoes in the snow.'"

NOTES

For similar stories read:
"The Counsel for the Defense".....*Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.*
"Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel".....*Chittenden.*
Explain "Tom sat . . . as a gladiator . . . in the Coliseum."

WORDS AND PHRASES

"Metropolitan barristers"
"change of venue"
"waive cross-examination"
"protract the situation"
"demoralized witness"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOTE.— On February 12, 1909, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated at Hodgeville, Ky. On this occasion was laid the cornerstone of a Memorial Building which was to house the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light of day. In the presence of a great assemblage of distinguished persons, President Theodore Roosevelt delivered this oration.

We have met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This railsplitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest

of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time.

He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain those lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by pros-

perity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others.

There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher things of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more evil, member of the community if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial

problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head, attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes; he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for President, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough.

He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the American of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have

turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race, Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

EDWIN MARKHAM

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greating and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down,
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.

The color of the ground was in him, the red of Earth
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky sprung from the West
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,

Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength thru every blow.
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with a mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridge-pole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on thru blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

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SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fellow-Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phrase of the great contest which still absorbs the atten

tion and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it with war — seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces: but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered

fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose American Slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Notes

When and where was this address delivered?

In his first address what did he say he considered his duty? Discuss the Federal Laws. What was his purpose?

At the same time that he and others were trying to save the Union, what were insurgent agents doing?

What was the real cause of the Civil War? What did the Southern people wish to do in regard to this interest?

What was the proclamation issued by Lincoln, April 15, 1861?

In this imminent struggle, what was the opinion each section had of the other's intentions?

In Lincoln's boyhood he had but four books, one of which was the Bible. His familiarity with it is shown in many quotations in his speeches. Do you know any of these?

Memorize the last paragraph. What line gives us a great insight into Lincoln's character?

THE STRAINING OF AN OLD FRIENDSHIP

WINSTON CHURCHILL

NOTE. This incident is from Winston Churchill's story, "The Crisis." The scenes are laid in St. Louis during the period just preceding the breaking out of the Civil War. The characters are Colonel Carvel, a staunch Southerner and a believer in slavery and State rights; Judge Whipple, a strong Abolitionist and a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln; Virginia Carvel, daughter of the Colonel, and Stephen Bryce, a young New Englander, who has just come to Missouri to work for the judge. Colonel Carvel and Judge Whipple were very close friends and frequently on Sundays they dined together at the home of the colonel. At such times Virginia presided over the table and a warm discussion between the colonel and the Judge always followed.

The Sunday following her ride to Bellegarde was the Judge's Sunday. Certain tastes which she had inherited had hitherto provided her with pleasurable sensations while these battles were in progress. More than once had she scored a fair hit on the Judge for her father — to the mutual delight of both gentlemen. But to-day she dreaded being present at the argument. Just why she dreaded it is a matter of feminine psychology best left to the reader for solution.

The argument began, as usual, with the tearing apart limb by limb of the unfortunate Franklin Pierce, by Judge Whipple.

"What a miserable exhibition in the eyes of the world," said the Judge. "Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire" (he pronounced this name with infinite scorn) "managed by Jefferson Davis of Mississippi!"

"And he was well managed, sir," said the Colonel.

"What a pliant tool of your Southern slaveholders! I hear that you are to give him a plantation as a reward."

"No such thing, sir."

"He deserves it," continued the Judge, with conviction. "See the magnificent forts he permitted Davis to build up in the South, the arsenals he let him stock. The country does not realize this. But the day will come when they will execrate Pierce before Benedict Arnold, sir. And look at the infamous Kansas-Nebraska act! That is the greatest crime, and Douglas and Pierce the greatest criminals, of the century."

"Do have some more of that fried chicken, Judge," said Virginia.

Mr. Whipple helped himself fiercely, and the Colonel smiled.

"You should be satisfied now," said he. "Another Northern man is in the White House."

"Buchanan!" roared the Judge, with his mouth full. "Another traitor, sir. Another traitor worse than the first. He swallows the Dred Scott decision, and smirks. What a blot on the history of this Republic! O Lord!" cried Mr. Whipple, "what are we coming to? A Northern man, he could gag and bind Kansas and force her into slavery against the will of her citizens. He packs his Cabinet to support the ruffians you send over the borders. The very governors he ships out there, his henchmen, have their stomachs turned. Look at Walker, whom they are plotting against in Washington. He can't stand the smell of this Lecompton Constitution Buchanan is trying to jam down their throats. Jefferson Davis would have troops there, to be sure that it goes through, if he had his way. Can't you see how one sin leads to another, Carvel? How slavery is rapidly demoralizing a free people?"

"It is because you won't let it alone where it belongs, sir," retorted the Colonel. It was seldom that he showed any heat in his replies. He talked slowly, and he had a way of stretching

forth his hand to prevent the more eager Judge from interrupting him.

"The welfare of the whole South, as matters now stand, sir, depends upon slavery. Our plantations could not exist a day without slave labor. If you abolished that institution, Judge Whipple, you would ruin millions of your fellow-countrymen — you would reduce sovereign states to a situation of disgraceful dependence. And all, sir," — now he raised his voice lest the Judge break in — "all, sir, for the sake of a low breed that ain't fit for freedom. You and I, who have the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence behind us, who are descended from a race that has done nothing but rule for ten centuries and more, may well establish a republic where the basis of stability is the self-control of the individual — as long as men such as you and I form its citizens. Look at the South Americans. How do republics go there? And the minute you and I let in niggers, who have n't any more self-control than dogs, on an equal basis, with as much of a vote as you have — niggers, sir, that have lived like wild beasts in the depths of the jungle since the days of Ham,— what 's going to become of our republic?"

"Education," cried the Judge.

But the word was snatched out of his mouth.

"Education is n't a matter of one generation. No, sir, nor two, nor three, nor four. But of centuries."

"Sir," said the Judge, "I can point out negroes of intelligence and learning."

"And I reckon you could teach some monkeys to talk English, and recite the catechism, and sing emotional hymns, if you brought over a couple of million from Africa," answered the Colonel, dryly, as he rose to put on his hat and light a cigar.

It was his custom to offer a cigar to the Judge, who invariably refused, and rubbed his nose with scornful violence.

Virginia, on the verge of leaving, stayed on, fascinated by the turn the argument had taken.

"Your prejudice is hidebound, sir," said Mr. Whipple.

"No, Whipple," said the Colonel, "when God washed off this wicked earth, and started new, He saw fit to put the sons of Ham in subjection. They 're slaves of each other in Africa, and I reckon they 're treated no better than they are here. Abuses can't be helped in any system, sir, though we are bettering them. Were the poor in London in the days of the Edwards as well off as our niggers are to-day?"

The Judge snorted.

"A divine institution!" he shouted. "A black curse! Because the world has been a wicked place of oppression since Noah's day, is that any reason why it should so continue until the day of Judgment?"

The Colonel smiled, which was a sign that he was pleased with his argument.

"Now, see here, Whipple," said he. "If we had any guarantee that you would let us alone where we are, to manage our slaves and to cultivate our plantations, there would n't be any trouble. But the country keeps on growing and growing, and you 're not content with half. You want everything — all the new States must abolish slavery. And after a while you will overwhelm us, and ruin us, and make us paupers. Do you wonder that we contend for our rights, tooth and nail? They are our rights."

"If it had not been for Virginia and Maryland and the South, this nation would not be in existence."

The Colonel laughed.

"First rate, Jinny," he cried. "That 's so."

But the Judge was in a revery. He probably had not heard her.

"The nation is going to the dogs," he said, mumbling rather to himself than to the others. "We shall never prosper until the curse is shaken off, or wiped out in blood. It clogs our progress. Our merchant marine, of which we were so proud, has been annihilated by these continued disturbances. But, sir," he cried, hammering his fist upon the table until the glasses rang, "the

party that is to save us was born at Pittsburgh last year on Washington's birthday. The Republican Party, sir."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Carvel, with amusement. "The *Black* Republican Party, made up of old fools and young Anarchists, of Dutchmen and nigger-worshipers. Why, Whipple, that party 's a joke. Where 's your leader?"

"In Illinois," was the quick response.

"What 's his name?"

"*Abraham Lincoln,* sir," thundered Mr. Whipple. "And to my way of thinking he has uttered a more significant phrase on the situation than any of your Washington statesmen. '*This government,*' said he to a friend of mine, '*cannot exist half slave and half free.*'"

So impressively did Mr. Whipple pronounce these words that Mr. Carvel stirred uneasily, and in spite of himself, as though he were listening to an oracle. He recovered instantly.

"He 's a demagogue, seeking for striking phrases, sir. You 're too intelligent a man to be taken in by such as he."

"I tell you he is not, sir."

"I know him, sir," cried the Colonel, taking down his feet. "He 's an obscure lawyer. Poor white trash! Torn down poor! My friend Mr. Richardson of Springfield tells me he is low down. He was born in a log cabin, and spends most of his time in a drug-store telling stories that you would not listen to, Judge Whipple."

"I would listen to anything he said," replied the Judge. "Poor white trash, sir! The greatest men rise from the people. A demagogue!" Mr. Whipple fairly shook with rage. "The nation does n't know him yet. But mark my words, the day will come when it will. He was balloted for for Vice-President in the Philadelphia convention last year. Nobody paid any attention to that. If the convention had heard him speak at Bloomington, he would have been nominated instead of Fremont. If the nation could have heard him, he would be President to-day instead

of that miserable Buchanan. I happened to be at Bloomington. And while the idiots on the platform were driveling, the people kept calling for Lincoln. I had never heard of him then. . I 've never forgotten him since. He came ambling out of the back of the hall, a lanky, gawky-looking man, ridiculously ugly, sir. But the moment he opened his mouth he had us spellbound. The language which your low-down lawyer used was that of a God-sent prophet, sir. He had those Illinois bumpkins all worked up, — the women crying, and some of the men, too. And mad! Good Lord, they were mad — 'We will say to the Southern disunionists,' he cried,— 'we will say to the Southern disunionists, we won't go out of the Union, *and you sha'n't.*'"

There was a silence when the Judge finished. But presently Mr. Carvel took a match. And he stood over the Judge in his favorite attitude — with his feet apart — as he lighted another cigar.

"I reckon we 're going to have war, Silas," said he, slowly; "but don't you think that your Mr. Lincoln scares me into that belief. I don't count his bluster worth a cent. No sirree!"

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Abraham Lincoln!

At the foot of Breed's Hill in Charlestown an American had been born into the world by the might of whose genius that fateful name was sped to the uttermost parts of the nation. Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. And the moan of the storm gathering in the South grew suddenly loud and louder.

Stephen Bryce read the news in the black headlines and laid down the newspaper, a sense of the miraculous upon him. He reflected that it might well seem strange — yea, and intolerable — to many that this comedian of the country store, this crude lawyer and politician, should inherit the seat dignified by Washington and the Adamses.

And yet Stephen believed. For to him had been vouchsafed the glimpse beyond.

That was a dark winter that followed, the darkest in our history. Gloom and despondency came fast upon the heels of Republican exultation. Men rose early for tidings from Charleston, the storm center. The Union was cracking here and there. Would it crumble in pieces before Abraham Lincoln got to Washington?

One smoky morning early in December Stephen arrived late at the office to find Richter sitting idle on his stool, concern graven on his face.

"The Judge has had no breakfast, Stephen," he whispered. "Listen! Shadrach tells me he has been doing that since six this morning, when he got his newspaper."

Stephen listened, and he heard the Judge pacing and pacing in his room. Presently the door was flung open, and they saw Mr. Whipple standing in the threshold, stern and dishevelled. Astonishment did not pause here. He came out and sat down in Stephen's chair, striking the newspaper in his hand, and they feared at first that his mind had wandered.

"Propitiate!" he cried, "propitiate, propitiate, and again propitiate. How long, O Lord?" Suddenly he turned upon Stephen, who was frightened. But now his voice was natural, and he thrust the paper into the young man's lap. "Have you read the President's message to Congress, sir? God help me that I am spared to call that wobbling Buchanan President. Read it. Read it, sir. You have a legal brain. Perhaps you can tell me why, if a man admits that it is wrong for a state to abandon this Union, he cannot call upon Congress for men and money to bring her back. No, this weakling lets Floyd stock the Southern arsenals. He pays tribute to Barbary. He is for bribing them not to be angry. Take Cuba from Spain, says he, and steal the rest of Mexico that the maw of slavery may be filled, and the demon propitiated."

They dared not answer him. And so he went back into his room, shutting the door. That day no clients saw him, not even those poor ones dependent on his charity whom he had never before denied. Richter and Stephen took counsel together, and sent Shadrach out for his dinner.

Three weeks passed. There arrived a sparkling Sunday, brought down the valley of the Missouri from the frozen northwest. The Saturday had been soggy and warm. Thursday had seen South Carolina leave that Union into which she was born, amid prayers and the ringing of bells. Tuesday was to be Christmas day. A young lady, who had listened to a solemn sermon of Dr. Posthelwaite's, slipped out of Church before the prayers were ended, and hurried into that deserted portion of the town about the Court House where on week days business held its sway. She stopped once at the bottom of the grimy flight of steps leading to Judge Whipple's office. At the top she paused again, and for a short space stood alert, her glance resting on the little table in the corner, on top of which a few thumbed law books lay neatly piled. Once she made a hesitating step in this direction. Then, as if by a resolution quickly taken, she turned her back and softly opened the door of the Judge's room. He was sitting upright in his chair. A book was open in his lap, but it did not seem to Virginia that he was reading it.

"Uncle Silas," she said, "aren't you coming to dinner any more?"

He looked up swiftly from under his shaggy brows. The book fell to the floor.

"Uncle Silas," said Virginia, bravely, "I came to get you today."

Never before had she known him to turn away from man or woman, but now Judge Whipple drew his handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose violently. A woman's intuition told her that locked tight in his heart was what he longed to say, and could not. The shiny black overcoat he wore was on the bed.

Virginia picked it up and held it out to him, an appeal in her eyes.

He got into it. Then she handed him his hat. Many people walking home from church that morning marvelled as they saw these two on Locust Street together, the young girl supporting the elderly man over the slippery places at the crossings. For neighbor had begun to look coldly upon neighbor.

Colonel Carvel beheld them from his armchair by the sitting-room window, and leaned forward with a start. His lips moved as he closed his Bible reverently and marked his place. At the foot of the stairs he surprised Jackson by waving him aside, for the Colonel himself flung open the door and held out his hand to his friend. The Judge released Virginia's arm, and his own trembled as he gave it.

"Silas," said the Colonel, "Silas, we 've missed you."

Virginia stood by, smiling, but her breath came deeply. Had she done right? Could any good come of it all? Judge Whipple did not go in at the door. He stood uncompromisingly planted on the threshold, his head flung back, and actual fierceness in his stare.

"Do you guess we can keep off the subject, Comyn?" he demanded.

Even Mr. Carvel, so used to the Judge's ways, was a bit taken aback by this question. It set him tugging at his goatee, and his voice was not quite steady as he answered: —

"God knows, Silas. We are human, and we can only try."

Then Mr. Whipple marched in. It lacked a quarter of an hour of dinner,— a crucial period to tax the resources of any woman. Virginia led the talk, but oh, the pathetic lameness of it. Her own mind was wandering when it should not, and recollections she had tried to strangle had sprung up once more. Only that morning in church, she had lived over again the scenes of the past, and it was then that a wayward but resistless impulse to go to the Judge's office had seized her. The thought of the old

man lonely and bitter in his own room decided her. On her knees she prayed that she might save the bond between him and her father. For the Colonel had been morose on Sundays, and had taken to reading the Bible, a custom he had not had since she was a child.

In the dining-room Jackson, bowing and smiling, pulled out the Judge's chair, and got his customary curt nod as a reward. Virginia carved.

"Oh, Uncle Silas," she cried, "I am so glad that we have a wild turkey. And you shall have your side-bone." The girl carved deftly, feverishly, talking the while, aided by that most kind and accomplished of hosts, her father. In the corner the dreaded skeleton of the subject grinned sardonically. Were they going to be able to keep it off? There was to be no help from Judge Whipple, who sat in grim silence. A man who feels his soul burning is not given to small talk. Virginia alone had ever possessed the power to make him forget.

"Uncle Silas, I am sure there are some things about our trip that we never told you. How we saw Napoleon and his beautiful Empress driving in the Bois, and how Eugenie smiled and bowed at the people. I never saw such enthusiasm in my life. And oh, I learned such a lot of French history. All about Francis the First, and Pa took me to see his châteaus along the Loire. Very few tourists go there. You really ought to have gone with us."

Take care, Virginia!

"I had other work to do, Jinny," said the Judge.

Virginia rattled on.

"I told you that we stayed with a real lord in England, did n't I?" said she. "He was n't half as nice as the Prince. But he had a beautiful house in Surrey, all windows, which was built in Elizabeth's time. They called the architecture Tudor, did n't they, Pa?"

"Yes, dear," said the Colonel, smiling.

"The Countess was nice to me," continued the girl, "and took me to garden parties. But Lord Jermyn was always talking politics."

The Colonel was stroking his goatee.

"Tell Silas about the house, Jinny. Jackson, help the Judge again."

"No," said Virginia, drawing a breath. "I 'm going to tell him about that queer club where my great-grandfather used to bet with Charles Fox. We saw a great many places where Richard Carvel had been in England. That was before the Revolution. Uncle Daniel read me some of his memoirs when we were at Calvert House. I know that you would be interested in them, Uncle Silas. He sailed under Paul Jones."

"And fought for his country and for his flag, Virginia," said the Judge, who had scarcely spoken until then. "No, I could not bear to read them now, when those who should love that country are leaving it in passion."

There was a heavy silence. Virginia did not dare to look at her father. But the Colonel said, gently: —

"Not in passion, Silas, but in sorrow."

The Judge tightened his lips. But the effort was beyond him, and the flood within him broke loose.

"Colonel Carvel," he cried, "South Carolina is mad! She is departing in sin, in order that a fiendish practice may be perpetuated. If her people stopped to think they would know that slavery cannot exist except by means of this Union. But let this milksop of a President do his worst. We have chosen a man who has the strength to say, 'You shall not go!'"

It was an awful moment. The saving grace of it was that respect and love for her father filled Virginia's heart. In his just anger Colonel Carvel remembered that he was the host, and strove to think only of his affection for his old friend.

"To invade a sovereign state, sir, is a crime against the sacred spirit of this government," he said.

"There is no such thing as a sovereign state, sir," exclaimed the Judge, hotly. "I am an American, and not a Missourian."

"When the time comes, sir," said the Colonel, with dignity, "Missouri will join with her sister sovereign states against oppression."

"Missouri will not secede, sir."

"Why not, sir?" demanded the Colonel.

"Because, sir, when the worst comes, the Soothing Syrup men will rally for the Union. And there are enough loyal people here to keep her straight."

"Dutchmen, sir! Hessians! Foreign Republican hirelings, sir," exclaimed the Colonel, standing up. "We shall drive them like sheep if they oppose us. You are drilling them now that they may murder your own blood, when you think the time is ripe."

The Colonel did not hear Virginia leave the room, so softly had she gone. He made a grand figure of a man as he stood up, straight and tall, those gray eyes a-kindle at last. But the fire died as quickly as it had flared. Pity had come and quenched it, — pity that an unselfish life of suffering and loneliness should be crowned with these. The Colonel longed then to clasp his friend in his arms. Quarrels they had had by the hundred, never yet a misunderstanding. God had given to Silas Whipple a nature stern and harsh that repelled all save the charitable few whose gift it was to see below the surface, and Colonel Carvel had been the chief of them. But now the Judge's vision was clouded.

Steadying himself by his chair, he had risen glaring, the loose skin twitching on his sallow face. He began firmly, but his voice shook ere he had finished.

"Colonel Carvel," said he. "I expect that the day has come when you go your way and I go mine. It will be better if — we do not meet again, sir."

And so he turned from the man whose friendship had stayed him for the score of years he had battled with his enemies, from

that house which had been for so long his only home. For the last time Jackson came forward to help him with his coat. The Judge did not see him, nor did he see the tearful face of a young girl leaning over the banisters above. Ice was on the stones, and Mr. Whipple, blinded by a moisture strange to his eyes, clung to the iron railing as he felt his way down the steps.

Notes

What tastes had Virginia inherited that made her enjoy these mental battles?

Why did she dread the arguments of this Sunday?

Give the points of the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

How does Virginia attempt to divert the judge's attack?

Explain "he swallows the Dred Scott Decision."

Express in your own words the judge's estimate of President Buchanan.

In what ways does the Colonel's argument seem logical?

What do we feel is the solution of the race question to-day?

What is the meaning of "your prejudice is hide-bound"?

What word should receive special emphasis in "They are our rights"?

What was the most important statement made by the judge?

Was there an evidence of friendship at the end of Part I?

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

A SLAVE AMONG SLAVES

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

I cannot remember a single instance during my childhood or early boyhood when our entire family sat down to the table together, and God's blessing was asked, and the family ate a meal in a civilized manner. On the plantation in Virginia, and even later, meals were gotten by the children very much as dumb animals get theirs. It was a piece of bread here and a scrap of meat there. It was a cup of milk at one time and some potatoes at another. Sometimes a portion of our family would eat out of the skillet or pot, while some one else would eat from a tin plate held on the knees, and often using nothing but the hands with which to hold the food. When I had grown to sufficient size, I was required to go to the "big house" at meal-times to fan the flies from the table by means of a large set of paper fans operated by a pulley. Naturally much of the conversation of the white people turned upon the subject of freedom and the war, and I absorbed a good deal of it. I remember that at one time I saw two of my young mistresses and some lady visitors eating ginger-cakes, in the yard. At that time those cakes seemed to me to be absolutely the most tempting and desirable things that I had ever seen; and I then and there resolved that, if I ever got free, the

height of my ambition would be reached if I could get to the point where I could secure and eat ginger-cakes in the way that I saw those ladies doing.

Of course as the war was prolonged the white people, in many cases, often found it difficult to secure food for themselves. I think the slaves felt the deprivation less than the whites, because the usual diet for the slaves was corn bread and pork, and these could be raised on the plantation; but coffee, tea, sugar, and other articles which the whites had been accustomed to use could not be raised on the plantation, and the conditions brought about by the war frequently made it impossible to secure these things. The whites were often in great straits. Parched corn was used for coffee, and a kind of black molasses was used instead of sugar. Many times nothing was used to sweeten the so-called tea and coffee.

The first pair of shoes that I recall wearing were wooden ones. They had rough leather on the top, but the bottoms, which were about an inch thick, were of wood. When I walked they made a fearful noise, and besides this they were very inconvenient, since there was no yielding to the natural pressure of the foot. In wearing them one presented an exceedingly awkward appearance. The most trying ordeal that I was forced to endure as a slave boy, however, was the wearing of a flax shirt. In the portion of Virginia where I lived it was common to use flax as part of the clothing for the slaves. That part of the flax from which our clothing was made was largely the refuse, which of course was the cheapest and roughest part. I can scarcely imagine any torture, except, perhaps, the pulling of a tooth, that is equal to that caused by putting on a new flax shirt for the first time. It is almost equal to the feeling that one would experience if he had a dozen or more chestnut burrs, or a hundred small pin-points, in contact with his flesh. Even to this day I can recall accurately the tortures that I underwent when putting on one of these garments. The fact that my flesh was soft and tender added to the pain. But I

had no choice. I had to wear the flax shirt or none; and had it been left to me to choose, I should have chosen to wear no covering.

In connection with the flax shirt, my brother John, who is several years older than I am, performed one of the most generous acts that I ever heard of one slave relative doing for another. On several occasions when I was being forced to wear a new flax shirt, he generously agreed to put it on in my stead and wear it for several days, till it was "broken in." Until I had grown to be quite a youth this single garment was all that I wore.

One may get the idea, from what I have said, that there was bitter feeling toward the white people on the part of my race, because of the fact that most of the white population were away fighting in a war which would result in keeping the Negro in slavery if the South was successful. In the case of the slaves on our place this was not true, and it was not true of any large portion of the slave population in the South where the Negro was treated with anything like decency. During the Civil War one of my young masters was killed, and two were severely wounded. I recall the feeling of sorrow which existed among the slaves when they heard of the death of "Mars' Billy." It was no sham sorrow, but real. Some of the slaves had nursed "Mars' Billy"; others had played with him when he was a child. "Mars' Billy" had begged for mercy in the case of others when the overseer or master was thrashing them. The sorrow in the slave quarter was only second to that in the "big house." When the two young masters were brought home wounded, the sympathy of the slaves was shown in many ways. They were just as anxious to assist in the nursing as the family relatives of the wounded. Some of the slaves would even beg for the privilege of sitting up at night to nurse their wounded masters. This tenderness and sympathy on the part of those held in bondage was a result of their kindly and generous nature. In order to defend and protect the women and children who were left on the plantations when the white males

went to war, the slaves would have laid down their lives. The slave who was selected to sleep in the "big house" during the absence of the males was considered to have the place of honor. Any one attempting to harm "young Mistress" or "old Mistress" during the night would have had to cross the dead body of the slave to do so. I do not know how many have noticed it, but I think that it will be found to be true that there are few instances, whether in slavery or freedom, in which a member of my race has been known to betray a specific trust.

As a rule, not only did the members of my race entertain no feelings of bitterness against the whites before and during the war, but there are many instances of Negroes tenderly caring for their former masters and mistresses who for some reason have become poor and dependent since the war. I know of instances where the former masters of slaves have for years been supplied with money by their former slaves to keep them from suffering. I have known of still other cases in which the former slaves have assisted in the education of the descendants of their former owners. I know of a case on a large plantation in the South in which a young white man, the son of the former owner of the estate, has become so reduced in purse and self-control by reason of drink that he is a pitiable creature; and yet, notwithstanding the poverty of the colored people themselves on this plantation, they have for years supplied this young white man with the necessities of life. One sends him a little coffee or sugar, another a little meat, and so on. Nothing that the colored people possess is too good for the son of "Old Mars' Tom," who will perhaps never be permitted to suffer while any remain on the place who knew directly or indirectly of "old Mars' Tom."

I have said that there are few instances of a member of my race betraying a specific trust. One of the best illustrations of this which I know of is in the case of an ex-slave from Virginia whom I met not long ago in a little town in the state of Ohio. I found that this man had made a contract with his master, two

or three years previous to the Emancipation Proclamation, to the effect that the slave was to be permitted to buy himself, by paying so much per year for his body; and while he was paying for himself, he was permitted to labor where and for whom he pleased. Finding that he could secure better wages in Ohio, he went there. When freedom came, he was still in debt to his master some three hundred dollars. Notwithstanding that the Emancipation Proclamation freed him from any obligation to his master, this black man walked the greater portion of the distance back to where his old master lived in Virginia, and placed the last dollar, with interest, in his hands. In talking to me about this, the man told me that he knew that he did not have to pay the debt, but that he had given his word to his master, and his word he had never broken. He felt that he could not enjoy his freedom till he had fulfilled his promise.

From some things that I have said one may get the idea that some of the slaves did not want freedom. This is not true. I have never seen one who did not want to be free, or one who would return to slavery.

I pity from the bottom of my heart any nation or body of people that is so unfortunate as to get entangled in the net of slavery. I have long since ceased to cherish any spirit of bitterness against the Southern white people on account of the enslavement of my race. No one section of our country was wholly responsible for its introduction, and besides, it was recognized and protected for years by the General Government. Having once got its tentacles fastened on to the economic and social life of the Republic, it was no easy matter for the country to relieve itself of the institution. Then, when we rid ourselves of prejudice, or racial feeling, and look facts in the face, we must acknowledge that, notwithstanding the cruelty and moral wrong of slavery, the ten million Negroes inhabiting this country, who themselves or whose ancestors went through the school of American slavery, are in a stronger and more hopeful condition, materially, intellectually, morally, and

religiously, than is true of an equal number of black people in any other portion of the globe. This is so to such an extent that Negroes in this country, who themselves or whose forefathers went through the school of slavery, are constantly returning to Africa as missionaries to enlighten those who remained in the fatherland. This I say, not to justify slavery — on the other hand, I condemn it as an institution, as we all know that in America it was established for selfish and financial reasons, and not from a missionary motive — but to call attention to a fact, and to show how Providence so often uses men and institutions to accomplish a purpose. When persons ask me in these days how, in the midst of what sometimes seem hopelessly discouraging conditions, I can have such faith in the future of my race in this country, I remind them of the wilderness through which and out of which a good Providence has already led us.

Ever since I have been old enough to think for myself, I have entertained the idea that, notwithstanding the cruel wrongs inflicted upon us, the black man got nearly as much out of slavery as the white man did. The hurtful influences of the institution were not by any means confined to the Negro. This was fully illustrated by the life upon our own plantation. The whole machinery of slavery was so constructed as to cause labor, as a rule, to be looked upon as a badge of degradation, of inferiority. Hence labor was something that both races on the slave plantation sought to escape. The slave system on our place, in a large measure, took the spirit of self-reliance and self-help out of the white people. My old master had many boys and girls, but not one, so far as I know, ever mastered a single trade or special line of productive industry. The girls were not taught to cook, sew, or to take care of the house. All of this was left to the slaves. The slaves, of course, had little personal interest in the life of the plantation, and their ignorance prevented them from learning how to do things in the most improved and thorough manner. As a result of the system, fences were out of repair, gates were

hanging half off the hinges, doors creaked, window-panes were out, plastering had fallen but was not replaced, weeds grew in the yard. As a rule, there was food for whites and blacks, but inside the house, and on the dining-room table, there was wanting that delicacy and refinement of touch and finish which can make a home the most convenient, comfortable, and attractive place in the world. Withal there was a waste of food and other materials which was sad. When freedom came, the slaves were almost as well fitted to begin life anew as the master, except in the matter of book-learning and ownership of property. The slave owner and his sons had mastered no special industry. They unconsciously had imbibed the feeling that manual labor was not the proper thing for them. On the other hand, the slaves, in many cases, had mastered some handicraft, and none were ashamed, and few unwilling, to labor.

Finally the war closed, and the day of freedom came. It was a momentous and eventful day to all upon our plantation. We had been expecting it. Freedom was in the air, and had been for months. Deserting soldiers returning to their homes were to be seen every day. Others who had been discharged, or whose regiments had been paroled, were constantly passing near our place. The "grape-vine telegraph" was kept busy night and day. The news and mutterings of great events were swiftly carried from one plantation to another. In the fear of "Yankee" invasions, the silverware and other valuables were taken from the "big house," buried in the woods, and guarded by trusted slaves. Woe be to any one who would attempt to disturb the buried treasure. The slaves would give the Yankee soldiers food, drink, clothing — anything but that which had been specifically intrusted to their care and honor. As the great day drew nearer, there was more singing in the slave quarters than usual. It was bolder, had more ring, and lasted later into the night. Most of the verses of the plantation songs had some reference to freedom. True, they had sung those same verses before, but they

had been careful to explain that the "freedom" in these songs referred to the next world, and had no connection with life in this world. Now they gradually threw off the mask, and were not afraid to let it be known that the "freedom" in their songs meant freedom of the body in this world. The night before the eventful day, word was sent to the slave quarters to the effect that something unusual was going to take place at the "big house" the next morning. There was little, if any, sleep that night. All was excitement and expectancy. Early the next morning word was sent to all the slaves, old and young, to gather at the house. In company with my mother, brother, and sister, and a large number of other slaves, I went to the master's house. All of our master's family were either standing or seated on the veranda of the house, where they could see what was to take place and hear what was said. There was a feeling of deep interest, or perhaps sadness, on their faces, but not bitterness. As I now recall the impression they made upon me, they did not at the moment seem to be sad because of the loss of property, but rather because of parting with those whom they had reared and who were in many ways very close to them. The most distinct thing that I now recall in connection with the scene was that some man who seemed to be a stranger (a United States officer, I presume) made a little speech and then read a rather long paper — the Emancipation Proclamation, I think. After reading we were told that we were all free, and could go when and where we pleased. My mother, who was standing by my side, leaned over and kissed her children, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. She explained to us what it all meant, that this was the day for which she had been so long praying, but fearing that she would never live to see.

For some minutes there was great rejoicing, and thanksgiving, and wild scenes of ecstasy. But there was no feeling of bitterness. In fact, there was pity among the slaves for our former owners. The wild rejoicing on the part of the emancipated

colored people lasted but for a brief period, for I noticed that by the time they returned to their cabins there was a change in their feelings. The great responsibility of being free, of having charge of themselves, of having to think and plan for themselves and their children, seemed to take possession of them. It was very much like suddenly turning a youth of ten or twelve years out into the world to provide for himself. In a few hours the great questions with which the Anglo-Saxon race had been grappling for centuries had been thrown upon these people to be solved. These were the questions of a home, a living, the rearing of children, education, citizenship, and the establishment and support of churches. Was it any wonder that within a few hours the wild rejoicing ceased and a feeling of deep gloom seemed to pervade the slave quarters? To some it seemed that, now that they were in actual possession of it, freedom was a more serious thing than they had expected to find it. Some of the slaves were seventy or eighty years old; their best days were gone. They had no strength with which to earn a living in a strange place and among strange people, even if they had been sure where to find a new place of abode. To this class the problem seemed especially hard. Besides, deep down in their hearts there was a strange and peculiar attachment to "old Master and old Missus," and to their children, which they found it hard to think of breaking off. With these they had spent in some cases nearly a half-century, and it was no light thing to think of parting. Gradually, one by one, stealthily at first, the older slaves began to wander from the slave quarters back to the "big house" to have a whispered conversation with their former owners as to the future.

NOTES

Booker Taliaferro Washington. Born near Hale's Ford, Va., c. 1858. Died at Tuskegee, Ala., Nov. 14, 1915.

Teacher in Hampton Institute until selected by state authorities as head of Tuskegee Institute in 1881. He was a writer and speaker on racial subjects.

He was born a slave and after the Civil War worked in the mines of West Virginia and attended school in the winter.

If you are interested in this selection read Chapters II, III, IV, V, in "Up from Slavery," Booker T. Washington.

Words and Phrases

"badge of degradation"
"racial feeling"
"imbibe the feeling"
"scenes of ecstasy"
"grape-vine telegraph"

CADET GRANT AT WEST POINT

ULYSSES S. GRANT

In the winter of 1838–39 I was attending school at Ripley, only ten miles distant from Georgetown, but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this vacation my father received a letter from the Honorable Thomas Morris, then United States senator from Ohio. When my father read it he said to me, "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment."

"What appointment?" I inquired.

"To West Point; I have applied for it."

"But I won't go," I said. He said he thought I would, and I thought so too, if he did.

Besides this argument in favor of my going to West Point there was another very strong inducement. I had always a great desire to travel. Going to West Point would give me the opportunity of visiting the two great cities of the continent, Philadelphia and New York. This was enough. When these places were visited I would have been glad to have had a steamboat or a railroad collision, or any other injury happen by which I might have received a temporary accident sufficient to make me ineligible, for a time, to enter the Academy. Nothing of the kind occurred, and I had to face the music.

A military life had no charms for me, and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army even if I should be graduated, which I did not expect. The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came — the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks — I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I stayed to graduation, I would have to remain always. I did not take hold of my studies with avidity, in fact I rarely ever read over a lesson the second time during my entire cadetship. I could not sit in my room doing nothing. There is a fine library connected with the academy, from which cadets can get books to read in their quarters. I devoted more time to these than to the books relating to the course of studies. Much of the time, I am sorry to say, was devoted to novels, but not to those of a trashy sort. I read all of Bulwer's then published, Marryat's, Scott's, Washington Irving's works, Lever's, and many others that I do not remember. Mathematics was very easy to me, so that when January came, I passed the examination taking a good standing in that branch. In French, the only other study at that time in the first year's course, my standing was very low. In fact if the class had been turned the other end foremost I should have been near the head. I never succeeded in getting squarely at either end of my class, in any one study, during the four years. I came near it in French, artillery, infantry, and cavalry tactics, and conduct.

During my first year's encampment, General Scott visited West Point, and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no intention then of remaining in the army.

At last all the examinations were passed, and the members of

the class were called upon to record their choice of arms of service and regiments. I was anxious to enter the cavalry, or dragoons, as they were then called, but there was only one regiment of dragoons in the army at that time, and attached to that, besides the full complement of officers, there were at least four brevet second lieutenants. I recorded, therefore, my first choice, dragoons; second, infantry; and got the latter.

Having made alternate choice of two different arms of service with different uniforms, I could not get a uniform suit, until notified of my assignment. I left my measurement with a tailor, with directions not to make the uniform until I notified him whether it was to be for infantry or dragoons. Notice did not reach me for several weeks, and then it took at least a week to get the letter of instruction to the tailor, and two more to make the clothes and have them sent to me. This was a time of great suspense.

Two incidents happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from. Soon after the arrival of the suit I donned it, and put off for Cincinnati on horseback. While I was riding along a street of that city, imagining that every one was looking at me, with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott, a little urchin, bareheaded, barefooted, with dirty, ragged pants held up by a single gallows, turned to me and cried, "Soldier! will you work? No, siree; I'll sell my shirt first!"

The other circumstance occurred at home. Opposite our house in Bethel stood the old stage tavern where man and beast found accommodation. The stable-man was rather dissipated, but possessed a sense of humor. On my return I found him parading the streets, and attending in the stable, bare-footed, but in a pair of sky-blue nankeen trousers, just the color of my uniform trousers, with a strip of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seams in imitation of mine. The joke was a huge one in the

U. S. Grant
Bvt: 2d Lt: 4th Infty.

minds of many people, and was much enjoyed by them; but I did not appreciate it so highly.

NOTES

What impression do you get from the conversation between General Grant and his father?

What is the significance of the expression "face the music"?

Explain what is meant by "to study with avidity."

Why didn't General Grant study with avidity?

Describe General Grant's personal appearance.

What meaning do you get from the child's speech?

Point out the joke of the stableman's attire. Why didn't General Grant get it?

SOLDIER, REST!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
  Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armor's clang, or war-steed's champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
  At the day-break, from the fallow,

And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.
— From "The Lady of the Lake."

NOTES

This song was sung by Ellen to the hunter.
The remainder of the song is found in Canto I — Section 32.

WORDS AND PHRASES

"isle's enchanted hall"
"war steed's champing"
"sedgy shallow"

LEE'S SURRENDER

FROM MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT

When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to

show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked

to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war — I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living for some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about twenty-five thousand:" and I authorized him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

When news of the surrender first reached our lines our men

commenced firing a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the victory. I at once sent word, however, to have it stopped. The Confederates were not our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall.

I determined to return to Washington at once, with a view to putting a stop to the purchase of supplies, and what I now deemed other useless outlay of money. Before leaving, however, I thought I would like to see General Lee again; so next morning I rode out beyond our lines towards his headquarters, preceded by a bugler and a staff-officer carrying a white flag.

Lee soon mounted his horse, seeing who it was, and met me. We had there between the lines, sitting on horseback, a very pleasant conversation of over half an hour, in the course of which Lee said to me that the South was a big country and that we might have to march over it three or four times before the war entirely ended, but that we would now be able to do it, as they could no longer resist us. He expressed it as his earnest hope, however, that we would not be called upon to cause more loss and sacrifice of life; but he could not foretell the result. I then suggested to General Lee that there was not a man in the Confederacy whose influence with the soldiery and the whole people was as great as his, and that if he would now advise the surrender of all the armies I had no doubt his advice would be followed with alacrity. But Lee said, that he could not do that without consulting the President first. I knew there was no use to urge him to do anything against his ideas of what was right.

I was accompanied by my staff and other officers, some of whom seemed to have a great desire to go inside the Confederate lines. They finally asked permission of Lee to do so for the purpose of seeing some of their old army friends, and the permission was granted. They went over, had a very pleasant time with their old friends, and brought some of them back with them when they returned.

When Lee and I separated he went back to his lines and I re-

turned to the house of Mr. McLean. Here the officers of both armies came in great numbers, and seemed to enjoy the meeting as much as though they had been friends separated for a long time while fighting battles under the same flag. For the time being it looked very much as if all thought of the war had escaped their minds.

NOTES

In the quiet little home of William McLean, one of a little cluster of houses about Appomattox Court House, the two greatest generals of the Civil War met and drew up the conditions of surrender. It was agreed that General Grant should put his proposition in the form of a military note to which General Lee could return a formal answer. The Union commander, accordingly, drew up the following memorandum,—

Appomattox Court House, Va.,
April 9, 1865.

General,—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, viz.—The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of his command. The arms, artillery, and public property, to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, officers and men will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they reside.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.

To this memorandum General Lee responded as follows:

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
Apr. 9, 1865.

General,—I have received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, General.

Locate Appomattox Court House.

At this notable meeting, contrast these two great generals as to personal appearance and attire.

Why was General Grant jubilant over the receipt of his letter? Why does he say he thought their cause was one of the worst and for which there "was no excuse"?

What "old army" is referred to?

What were the names of the "two countries" that Lee implied we were?

What kind and generous act was done by General Grant?

In what condition was Lee's army?

What did Grant do to relieve it?

Why did he not take Lee's sword?

Who was President of the Confederacy?

Whose surrender finally closed the War?

Memorize the words of these noted men — Lee in his farewell address to his soldiers said, "Remember that we are one country now. Bring your children up to be Americans."

General Grant said he never wished to see another uniform in battle and he voiced the deep feeling of the people when he said, "Let us have peace."

THE DEAD COMRADE

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

At the burial of General Grant, a bugler stood forth and sounded "taps."

I

Come soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,
There is nought to regret.

II

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier —
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

III

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with thee!
What was wrong, O forgive it;
His spirit make free.
Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed!
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell — for a day.

FAITH AND FREEDOM

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

Notes

Poems dedicated to National Independence, Part I, Sonnet 16.
What tongue did Shakespeare speak?
The faith and morals of what nation did Milton hold?

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF CITIZENS

S. E. FORMAN

Read the bill of rights in the constitution of your State and you will find there, set down in plain black and white, the rights which you are to enjoy as an American citizen. This constitution tells you that you have the right to your life, to your liberty, and to the property that you may honestly acquire; that your body, your health and your reputation shall be protected from injury; that you may move freely from place to place unmolested; that you shall not be imprisoned or otherwise punished without a fair trial by an impartial jury; that you may worship God according to the promptings of your own conscience; that you may freely write and speak on any subject providing you do not abuse the privilege; that you may peaceably assemble and petition government for the redress of grievances. These are civil rights. They, together with many others equally dear, are guaranteed by the State and national constitutions, and they belong to all American citizens.

These civil rights, like the air and the sunshine, come to us in these days as a matter of course, but they did not come to our ancestors as a matter of course. To our ancestors rights came as the result of hard-fought battles. The reading of the bill of rights would cause your heart to throb with gratitude did you but know the suffering and sacrifice each right has cost.

Now just as our rights have not been gained without a struggle, so they will not be maintained without a struggle. We may not have to fight with cannon and sword as did our forefathers in the Revolution, but we may be sure that if our liberty is to be preserved there will be fighting of some kind to do. Such precious things as human rights cannot be had for nothing.

One of the hardest battles will be to fulfil the duties which accompany our rights, for every right is accompanied by a duty.

If I can hold a man to his contract I ought (*I owe it*) to pay my debts; if I may worship as I please, I ought to refrain from persecuting another on account of his religion; if my property is held sacred, I ought to regard the property of another man as sacred; if the government deals fairly with me and does not oppress me, I ought to deal fairly with it and refuse to cheat it; if I am allowed freedom of speech, I ought not to abuse the privilege; if I have a right to a trial by jury, I ought to respond when I am summoned to serve as a juror; if I have a right to my good name and reputation, I ought not to slander my neighbor; if government shields me from injury, I ought to be ready to take up arms in its defense.

Foremost among the rights of American citizenship is that of going to the polls and casting a ballot. This right of voting is not a civil right; it is a political right which grew out of man's long struggle for his civil rights. While battling with kings and nobles for liberty the people learned to distrust a privileged ruling class. They saw that if their civil rights were to be respected, government must pass into their own hands or into the hands of their chosen agents. Hence they demanded political rights, the right of holding office and of voting at elections.

The suffrage, or the right of voting, is sometimes regarded as a natural right, one that belongs to a person simply because he is a person. People will say that a man has as much right to vote as he has to acquire property or to defend himself from attack. But this is not a correct view. The right to vote is a *franchise* or privilege which the law gives to such citizens as are thought worthy of possessing it. It is easy to see that everybody cannot be permitted to vote. There must be certain qualifications, certain marks of fitness, required of a citizen before he can be entrusted with the right of suffrage. These qualifications differ in the different States. In most States every male citizen over twenty-one years of age may vote. In four States, women as well as men exercise the right of suffrage.

But the right of voting, like every other right, has its corresponding duty. No day brings more responsibilities than Election Day. The American voter should regard himself as an officer of government. He is one of the members of the *electorate*, that vast governing body which consists of all the voters and which possesses supreme political power, controlling all the governments, federal and State and local. This electorate has in its keeping the welfare and the happiness of the American people. When, therefore, the voter takes his place in this governing body, that is, when he enters the polling-booth and presumes to participate in the business of government, he assumes serious responsibilities. In the polling-booth he is a public officer charged with certain duties, and if he fails to discharge these duties properly he may work great injury. What are the duties of a voter in a self-governing country? If an intelligent man will ask himself the question and refer it to his conscience as well as deliberate upon it in his mind, he will conclude that he ought to do the following things:

1. To vote whenever it is his privilege.
2. To try to understand the questions upon which he votes.
3. To learn something about the character and fitness of the men for whom he votes.
4. To vote only for honest men for office.
5. To support only honest measures.
6. To give no bribe, direct or indirect, and to receive no bribe, direct or indirect.
7. To place country above party.
8. To recognize the result of the election as the will of the people and therefore as the law.
9. To continue to vote for a righteous although defeated cause as long as there is a reasonable hope of victory.

"The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;

To-day of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.

"To-day alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!"

—WHITTIER.

NOTES

Read the remaining stanzas of "Poor Voter on Election Day."
What great question of suffrage is before the world to-day?
Make a chart showing on one side your special duties and on the other your rights as a citizen of the town or city in which you live.
What are the qualifications of a voter in your state?

DUTY

A CIVIC CREED FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are his children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States, and we believe our flag stands for self-sacrifice, for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works. Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare only,— she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.

NOTES

Compare the "Epebic Oath of Athens."
Read Hermann Hagedorn's "You Are the Hope of the World."

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in āle.
ā as in āle.
a̋ as in sen′-a̋te.
â as in âir.
ă as in făt.
ä as in ärm.
à as in àsk.
a as in in′-fa̤nt.
a̤ as in a̤ll.
ē as in ēve.
e as in e̋′vent.
ĕ as in ĕnd.
ẽ as in hẽr.
e as in nov′-e̤.
ı̄ as in ı̄ce.
ı̋ as in i-dı̋a.
ĭ as in pĭn.
ō as in ōld.
ő as in ő-bey′.
ô as in ôrb.
ŏ as in ŏdd.
ū as in ūse.
ű as in űnite′.
ṳ as in iṅ rṳde.
u as in fṳll.
ŭ as in ŭp.
û as in ûrn.
y as in pit′-y̆.
o͞o as in fo͞od.
o͝o as in fo͝ot.
ou as in out.
oi as in boil.

GLOSSARY

A

ab″-ŏ-rĭg′-ĭ-năl (rij), native.
ai-le-rons (ā-lē-rons), small extra wing tip of aeroplane for maintaining balance.
ăl″-à-băs′-tẽr, very fine and very smooth white stone.
"Allons mes enfants" (Allon mesänfän), "On! My little ones."
al-tĭm′-ĕ-tẽr, an instrument for measuring altitudes.
"A quel rēgiment?" Which regiment?
ăsp′-ĕn, a poplar having trembling leaves.
ăs-pĕr′-ĭ-ties, severities, harshnesses.
au courant (ō-cu-ran′), informed on current affairs.
av-a-ri-cious (av″-a-rĭsh′-us), grasping; greedy of gain.

B

băg-găt′-i-wē, an Indian ball game.
bas-tion (băs′-chun), part of a fortification which protects an adjacent wall.
bĕrth, a place assigned at a dock or pier or where a vessel may cast anchor.
biv-ouac (bĭv′-wăk), an encampment for the night of soldiers, usually without tents.
Black-hole, a military lockup or dungeon.
blas′-phe-mies (blas′-fĕm-ies), evil or profane speech against God.
Bō-hē′-mĭ-an, a restless vagabond. Bohemia produced the first Gypsies.
bŏss-es, dome-like masses of rock.

C

cais-son (kā′-sŏn), an ammunition chest.
cà-rēēn′, to rock from side to side.
cär′-tĕl, a written agreement usually in regard to war prisoners.
Cav-a-liers (cav-à-lērs′), the supporters of Charles I and Charles II of England.
cen-time (sän-tēm), the smallest unit of French money, equal to one-fifth cent.
chev′-a-lier (shĕv′-à-lēr), a gallant gentleman.

chrō″-nō-mĕt′-rĭ-căl (kro-), pertaining to the chronometer, a timepiece of greatest possible exactness.
cit′-ȧ-dĕl (sĭt-), a strong fort.
coch″-lē-ā′-rĭȧ (kŏk′-), an herbaceous plant of the mustard family
Cŏck′-ney dialect, Old London dialect.
cŏm′-mō-dōre, a naval officer ranking next below rear admiral and next above captain. Not in use since 1899 except as a retiring rank for captains with Civil War record.
copse′-wood (kŏps′-wood), a grove of clipped trees.
cŏp′-pĭce, a grove of small trees cut often for fuel.
Cor-sair′ (kōr-sâr′), a pirate ship or airship.
cov′-e-nant (kŭv′-ē-nănt), an agreement or promise.
crȧ-văt, a neck cloth.
crĭmps, those who entice people to a place where they are robbed, or impressed into the army or navy.
cŭt′-lăss, a short heavy sword-like weapon used in hand to hand naval warfare.
cŭt′-tle-fĭsh, an ocean fish having ten long arms for securing its prey.
cyn′-o-sure (sȳ′-nō-sụre), an object which attracts general interest or attention.

D

dăv′-its, a pair of cranes projecting from the side of a boat used in raising and lowering life boats.
deal (dēēl), a plank made from a timber tree of the soft pine variety.
"De la Reine." "Of the Queen."
de′-pot (dēē′-pō), a place for the storing of provisions.
dy′-năs-tў, succession of rulers of a country in one line of family descent.
dўs-pĕp′-sĭ-ȧ, difficult and painful digestion.

E

ĕf′-fĭ-că-cў, power.
ē-lĭç′-ĭts, draws out.
ĕm-blāz′-ŏn-rў, brilliant colored representation or embellishment.
ē-nĭg-mȧ, a riddle.
ĕp′-ạu-let, a shoulder ornament worn to denote rank.
ē″-quĭ-lĭb′-rĭ-ŭm, a state of balance.
et′-i-quette (ĕt′-ĭ-kĕt), forms required by good breeding or to be observed in court or official life.
ey′-ry (ā̈′-rў), nest of a bird built in a very high place.

F

făg′-ging, doing drudgery or menial work for another, especially a custom in English public schools where a boy who does such work receives the protection of the one who imposes it.
făn′-tá-sy, a mental picture; a fancy.
feint (fānt), pretense.
fē-tish, an object of blind devotion.
flag′-ged (flăgd), paved with large flat stones.

G

gen-dar′-me-rie (zhän-dăr′-mā-re), French armed police.
găr′-ri-son, military force stationed within a fort.
glori-ette (glōr-i-ĕt′), a pavilion; a summer house.
grif-fin, one who guards a thing carefully.
guil′-der (gil′-der), the monetary unit of Holland, worth about forty-two cents.
gŭt′-tŭr-ăl, coarse throaty sounds.

H

hal-yards (hăl-yērds), ropes for hoisting flags or sails.
hän′-gär, a shed in which aëroplanes are housed.
Hăn′-ni-băl, a Carthaginian General.
ha-rangue′ (hà-răng′), forcible speech to a public gathering.
haz′-ards (haz′-ērds), risks; perils.
hū′-mid, damp.

I

in-ge-nu-i-ty (in-jē′-nū-i-ty), cleverness; skill.
in-sa-ti-a-ble (in-sā′-shà-bl), very greedy.
in-sig-ni-a, distinguishing marks or tokens; badges.
I-răn′, the Kingdom of Persia.
i-ris-ed (ī′-rist), having colors like a rainbow.

J

Jem′-shid, the fourth king of the earliest Persian dynasty.
jaun′-dic-ed (jän′-dist), having a greenish yellow color.

K

knot (nŏt), a nautical mile.

L

lăb′-y̆-rı̆nth, a confusing arrangement of paths.
light′er, a barge or small vessel used in loading and unloading ships.
lı̆m′-bŏ̆, a slang word meaning prison or confinement.
lı̆n′-sĕy wo͝ol′-sĕy, cloth made of linen and wool mixed.
lōach, a small freshwater fish.

M

mas-sa-cre (măs-ȧ-kĕr), an indiscriminate killing of people in most cruel ways.
mi-nu-ti-ae (mı̆-nū′-shı̆-ȧ), small unimportant details.
mŏn′-ti-băn̆ks, gambling places.
mŏ̆-rāines, heaps of debris deposited by glaciers.
mŭ′-kle, much (Scotch).
my̆r′-ı̆-ăd, innumerable.

N

na-ive-ly (nä-ēve′-ly), artlessly; in an openly frank manner.
năv′-i-gā″-tor, an officer of the ship who has charge of the time pieces, charts, speed measurements and who makes calculations laying out the ship's course.
nŏn′-dĕ-scrı̆pt, indescribable.
nox′-ious (nŏx′-shŭs), disagreeable; harmful.

O

ŏ̆s′-cı̆l-lāt-ed, swung back and forth.
păl-i-sāde′, a fence made of strong stakes set deep in the ground for protection.
păl′-pi-tāte, to throb, to flutter.
păr′-ȧ-dŏs, a barrier or screen protecting from the rear.
pĕm′-mi-can, a condensed food made from dried beef, dried fruits and fat, pressed into cakes. Entirely indispensable in Arctic explorations.
pē-năl-code, laws defining crimes and giving their punishments and penalties.
Pĕr-sĕp′-ŏ̆-lis, a capital of Persia.

pew′-ter (pū′-ter), an alloy of tin and lead used in England in making cooking and table utensils.
phē-nŏm′-ē-nȧ (fē-), uncommon, curious or marvelous facts.
pi-broch (pē′-brŏk), a wild irregular form of Scottish martial music.
pick-a-rōōn, a rogue, an adventurer.
pĭn′-to brŏn′-cō, a spotted Indian pony.
plŭm′-mĕt, a weight fastened on the end of a line used in making soundings.
poig′-nant (poin′-ȧnt), keen; acute.
Pois-sy′ (Pwä-sÿ′), a town in the Seine district of France.
prē-cĭs′-ion, exactness.
prie-dieu (prē-dÿū′), a prayer desk.
prĭg, a conceited, self-satisfied person.
psalm′-o-dy (säl′-mŏ-dÿ), psalm singing.
punc-til-i-ous (pŭnk-tĭl′-yŭs), very exact.
Pūr′-ĭ-tans, those who opposed the policies of Charles I of England.

Q

queue (kū), a braid of hair hanging from the back of the head.
Qui vive (kē-vēv′). Who goes there?

R

rōan, a chestnut colored horse spotted with gray or white.

S

Säm″-ȧr-cänd′, the capital of Tamerlane's empire in South Turkestan and the site of his tomb.
scur-ri-lous (skŭr′-i-lŭs), vulgar; abusive.
shăl′-lōps, small open fishing boats.
sil-hou-ette (sĭl-ŏo-ĕt′), the outline of a shadow or reflection.
săm′-ples, medicinal plants and herbs.
sou (sū), a former French coin equal to five centimes or one cent.
Southern Cross, a constellation in the Southern Hemisphere.
spŏn′-sŏn, a bow like projection from the side of a warship to aid in training of heavy guns.
squad′-ron (skwŏd′-ron), a detachment of war vessels under command of the senior officer.
stär′-board watch, time during which the captain's section of the crew is on duty.
swedg′-ed (swāj-ed), subsided; grew calm.

T

tăc′-it, silent.
tact′-u-al (tăk′-chū-ăl), pertaining to the sense of touch.
tăt-tōō′-ing, pricking colors into the skin with needles.
tech-nic (tĕck′-nĭk), pertaining to the useful arts or to any science or business.
tĕ-mĕr′-ĭ-ty, boldness.
tō-lĕ-dō, a sword named for the town of Toledo, Spain, where they were first made.
trĕp″-ĭ-dā′-tion, nervous fear.
trun′-ion (trŭn′-yŭn), two opposite cylindrical projections on the sides of a cannon upon which it turns.

V

va-cil-la-ting (văs-ĭ-lā′-ting), being changeable or fickle.
vĭs′-tăs, avenues or ways.
"Vite-vite." (vēēt′-vēēt′), quick, quick.
"Vive le roi" (Vēēv′-li-rwă′). Long live the king.
vŏl′-plāne, to swoop toward the earth from a great height.
Vŭl′-căn, Roman god of fire.

W

waive (wāve), to refrain from demanding.

Y

Yĭd′-dĭsh, a combination of German, Hebrew and Slavic, spoken by the Jews in Germany.

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